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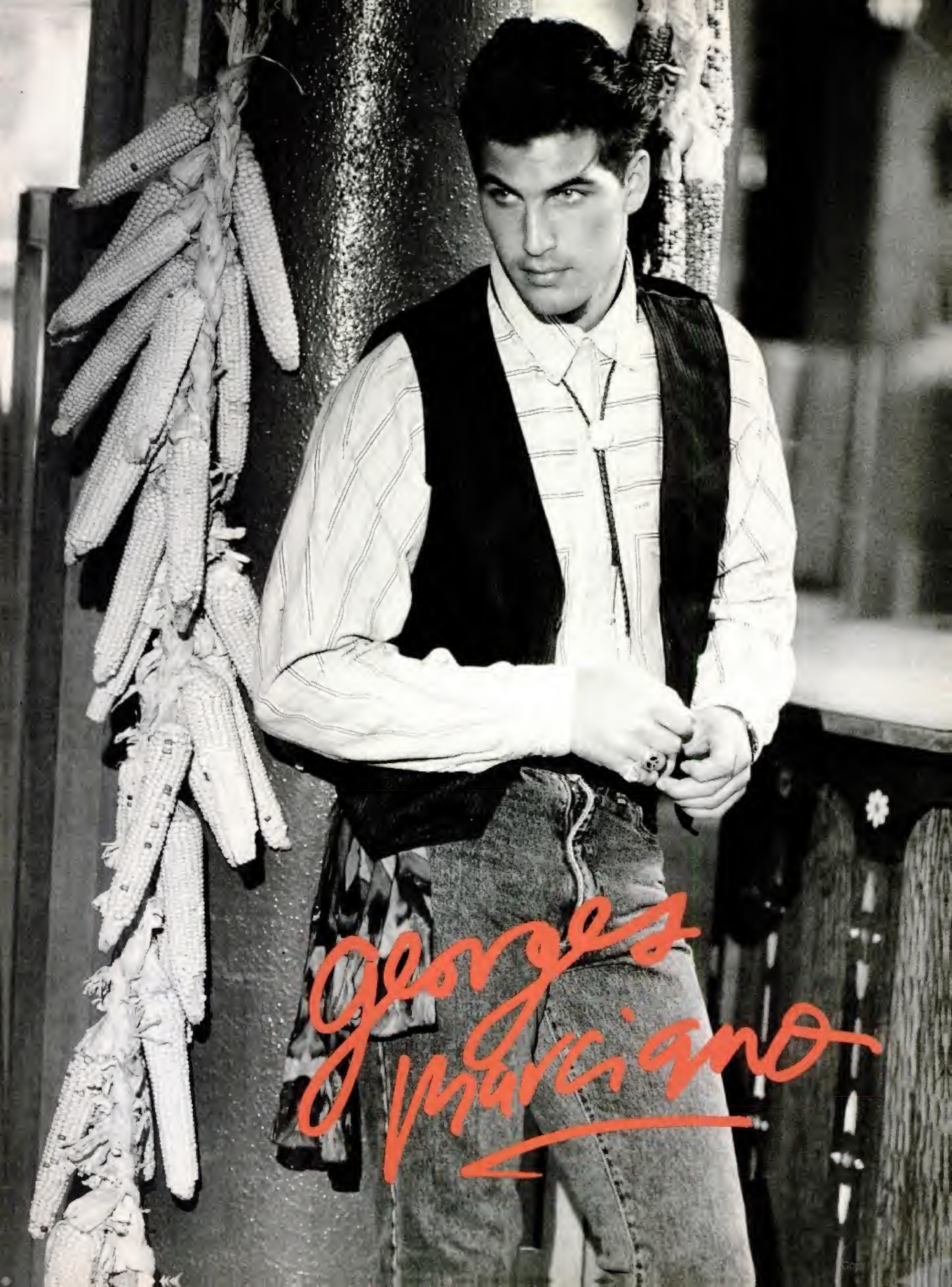
RECESS

This One



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george
marciano



DEPARTMENTS

GREAT EXPECTATIONS 11

NAKED CITY

Insect fragments where you least expect them. "Joe Montana, what are you going to do now that you've said, 'I'm going to Disney World'?" In The Fine Print: almost indescribably gruesome ways to die. Plus, a ponytail rap session, etiquette-by-fiat at uptown magazines, and all the usual suspects—the Kravises, the Trumps, the Perelmans, the Wengers—have some fun debasing Salvation Army volunteers 40

THE SPY MAP

Manhattan is one big groovy outdoor gallery of bad public art. By ANNE D. BERNSTEIN. Illustrated by ROSS MACDONALD 84

PARTY POOP 122

NEW, IMPROVED NEW YORK

CEO Nemo's marvelous midtown aqua shaft. Illustrated by BLAIR CLARK .. 128

CONTEN

FEATURES

HERE WAS NEW YORK

Remember when the subway was a magical swirl of rebel art? When you could camp out on the street if you had no better place to go? When Koch was mayor and a soda pop at the movies cost only \$2.50? JOHN TIERNEY looks back fondly on the golden age of New York. Why, it seems like only yesterday .. 66

DO NOT DEFROST ME, OH MY DARLIN'

Yes, and after their severed heads are taken out of the liquid nitrogen, warmed up, reinjected with vital fluids and surgically attached to new bodies, it'll be their turn to laugh at the rest of us. Of course, by then the rest of us will all be dead (and, even worse, deteriorated beyond resuscitation). NED ZEMAN talks to the defrostees of the next century—or maybe the one after that—and resolves the Walt Disney canard once and for all 72



IVANA! IVANA! IVANA! IVANA! IVANA!

You know her as an Olympic skier, fashion leader, licensed interior designer, hotel executive and wife to a certain billionaire casino operator from Queens. But of course, there's more. With Ivana, there's always more. JONATHAN VAN METER finally gets to the bottom of the top woman .. 86



THE COVER
Photograph of Ivana Trump by
Adam Scull/Rangefinders.

SECRETS OF THEIR SUCCESS

Buried in the old files of casting agents lies a rarely seen world of shag haircuts, snagged teeth, come-hither looks and pre-rehabbed facial structures. HENRY ALFORD dusts off the old eight-by-tens and résumés of some of Hollywood's biggest stars from the days when they were just goofy-looking nobodies 102

COLUMNS

IGNATZ RAZTZWIKIZWKI high-fives totally freaking dyn-o-mite rock-crit dudes in Review of Reviewers; CHRIS BLAZAKIS and JO STOCKTON air the former first lady's dirty laundry in The Trade; HENRY ALFORD on Eating and reading "nubbins"; CELIA BRADY wonders if the antitrust division of the Justice Department knows that CAA controls The Industry; JAMES GRANT catches a Morgan Stanleyite unloading his yacht (is this the 1990s?) but finds a referee turned player on The Street (it's still the 1980s); and ELLIS WEINER on the difference between hip and Shinola in How to Be a Grown-up 110



OUR UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By ROY BLOUNT JR. 126

1989

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G A P

Gap pocket-t \$9.50, as worn by
TINA CHOW, jewelry designer.
Photographed by Herb Ritts.



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"THIS MAY BE AMERICA'S SQUAREST CITY NOW," POLITICAL OPERATIVE Raymond Strother said of Washington, D.C., apropos of John Tower. *America's Squarest City*. That is, needless to say, an

honorific for which there are countless contenders. We're thinking Salt Lake. We're thinking Knoxville and Stamford. We're thinking Indianapolis, Grand Rapids and Spokane. We're thinking of Squaresvilles from coast to coast, from the Rio Grande all the way up to . . . well, to Canada itself. Of course, Washington is the one city that draws the very squarest squares from all over America. And now, with the official expressions of shock about congressional adultery and drinking and shady moneymaking, no city is as disingenuously righteous—which is to say, Washington may be square, but even more, it's *fake* square, America's Eddie Haskell-est City. (That said, Tower did embody nearly all that we find unacceptable: infidelity, meanness to colleagues,

Texas Republicanism, extreme shortness.) 🍷 All the new mock propriety aside, official Washington is having more good old-fashioned *fun* than ever—comedy politics. Even as he fought to convince the nation

that he was a sober, serious leader worthy of its trust, Tower took time out to announce that he glues his hair to his head each day with a product called Mennen Protein 29. "It's not an oil," Tower

was careful to point out. "It's an *emulsion*. The same thing that goes into Spray Net, I guess." And he said of his experience in the limelight, "I woke up every morning and laughed myself silly over what I was reading in the newspapers." Well the great thing is, Senator, *so did we*.

🍷 While Tower was busting a gut, ethics monitor C. Boyden Gray—the administration's Jeff to his Mutt—was telling knee-

slappers of his own. "I was not in the loop during the campaign," Gray said when asked about

his own ethical lapses. "I never saw that ethics fact sheet." *Never saw the ethics fact sheet*. Hilarious! We're only sorry we didn't think of the line first. 🍷 The chuckle-



This may be America's squarest city

fest may have started in 1985, back when Oliver North was trying to raise millions for the contras from Nelson Bunker Hunt. According to a witness at North's trial, Ollie told Hunt that if necessary, he would lie to Congress about the fundraising—whereupon, the witness says, Hunt "sort of *chortled*."

But in George Bush's Washington, amid all the laughter, there's warmth as well. Just ask Gerald B.H. Solomon, the Republican congressman from upstate New York. "George Bush is more of a *buddy*," he said, "as opposed to being a *president*." Meanwhile, the vice president, no doubt one of Bush's best buddies, was spreading the fun around the world. Visiting Central America, he was in top form. "We expect them," Dan Quayle said of death-squad-sponsoring government officials in El Salvador, "to work toward *the elimination of human rights*"—pause, then the final zinger—"the elimination of human rights *in accordance with the pursuit of justice*." Lenny lives! (We got so caught up in Washington's new comedy politics that on the very eve of Quayle's trip, when El Salvador's Marxist guerrillas promised not to attack any visiting American officials, we

thought *they* were joking, too. But no.)

The hilarity has been nonstop beyond the Beltway too. The *New York Post* ran a plebiscite to choose a *60 Minutes* replacement for Diane Sawyer. The ABC morning anchorman Forrest Sawyer (no relation) got 190 votes of the 302 cast, but it turned out that his agent, Arthur Kaminsky, had cast 189 of those. Arthur, you crazy, wacky nut! "We thought it'd be *hysterical*," Kaminsky said after he was caught. And—what do you know—it was! If only we'd thought of it first.

And way, way beyond the Beltway, down in Fort Lauderdale, there is WWNN-AM, which has begun broadcasting self-help tapes by the Leo Buscaglias and Wayne Dyers of the world—Buscaglia, Dyer *and nothing else*, 24 hours a day. WWNN, the first radio station outside Tehran to adopt an "all-motivational" format, is the flagship of the Winners News Network. If only we'd thought of it first!

And now, comedy *science*—humorous biochemistry. Consider the fashion for foods containing fatty acids called CLA. CLA seems to prevent cancer. And which food is extraordinarily rich in CLA? *Cheez Whiz*. In our day, we were serious, finger-

it-into-the-mouth-directly-from-the-jar Cheez Whiz buffs. But not once did we think of curing cancer with it. If only we had!

Then, when there's a really, *really* funny story, the comedian disavows it—and gets the biggest laugh of all! In the federal trial of two sports agents on trial for . . . well, for being sports agents, more or less, the Buffalo Bills' star running back, Ronnie Harmon, testified. The agents represented Harmon as a college player. Harmon said he'd been an entirely legitimate student at the University of Iowa, that his major was computer sciences—even though he neglected to take *any courses in computer sciences*! (If only we'd thought of it.) Instead, Harmon took courses in football coaching, soccer, bowling and billiards, managing to rack up a grade point average of 1.62: C minus. Wish we'd thought of that! After his junior year, threatened with academic probation, he took a summer-school course in watercolor painting—but he got a D and became ineligible anyway! If only we'd thought of it. And if only—if *only*—we'd thought of the punch line: his university education, Harmon wanted to make quite clear at the trial, was "*not a joke*." D

May Auction Calendar

- 2 Furniture, Paintings and Decorative Objects
- 3 American & European Paintings
- 9 Impressionist, Modern & Contemporary Paintings
- 11 Antique & Fine Jewelry
- 16 Animation Art
- 17 Arms & Armour
- 22 19th Century Paintings, Drawings, Watercolors & Sculpture
- 23 19th Century Furniture, Paintings, Decorative Objects & Rugs
- 30 English Furniture, Porcelain, Silver & Chinese Export from The Estate of Doris Duckworth, Houston, Texas

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May 13, Arms and Armour, the Art of the Duel, by Paul Carella

May 20, How to Know your Decorative Arts, by Nancy Kaneb

All viewings and sales are open to the public. For further information call or visit Christie's East, 219 East 67th Street, New York, NY 10021. Tel: 212/606-0400.

From *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* (film © Walt Disney Co., 1937) Dopey reaching out, gouache on full celluloid, applied to a printed promotional background, 6 x 5 in. Estimate: \$1,500–\$2,000. To be sold May 16.



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C'est kwǎń·trō waye küł

C'est Kwǎn-trō, geste ăz

she hat alwāze tōld me 'twould be.

O'er I's, she sēd, innasnifter.

Kwǎn-trō—Je love it bien. Je love her

bien. C'est Kwān-trō. C'est

her lie bātion. C'est mon lie bātion.

C'est waye, waye kül.



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From the SPY mailroom: Do we *really* want to get involved in the controversy over the state of Washington's recent declaration that arugula is a "Class-A noxious weed" and therefore illegal to grow? Scott C. Spangenberg, a Seattle



reader, would like us to, but we think we'll pass. We're red-leaf-lettuce types ourselves, and besides, there are more im-

portant matters at hand.

Patrick Byrne ("Philosophy, King's College, Cambridge, England") writes, "After having often seen the name Carol Alt in your magazine I saw her picture in the October issue, and now would like to date her. Can you arrange this?"

At least Mr. Byrne has the satisfaction of knowing what the object of his curiosity looks like. Not so Catherine Davenport's mother, who may or may not live in New Brunswick, New Jersey, as Catherine Davenport does. *Who are these people?*, you're wondering. Two or three seconds ago, literally, you'd never heard of the Davenport clan, yet now they complicate your lives and ours with their problems. Which are...? Well, they don't know "just what the bosomy dirty-book writer Shirley Lord actually looks like," and they want SPY to run a photo of Ms. Lord. We already have—several times, in fact. There she is, for example, in the November 1987 Party Poop, flanked by fellow bad writers Donald Trump and Abe Rosenthal, her husband. More recently Ms. Lord was among the gals honored for remaining "Forever Young" (see our Nice Issue, April 1988, under the category "The Serving-Wench Look"). In other words, Davenports, most longtime SPY readers should be able to recognize the well-endowed pornographess at 50 paces.

There followed, in the mailroom, ten Davenport-free days. Then this arrives, from "X," of Somerset, New Jersey: "Dear SPY: I'm writing regarding the letter sent to you by my friend Catherine Davenport. My mother, a woman of exquisite decorum and taste far exceeding that of Ms. Davenport's mother... has also been badgering me mercilessly about the sordid details of the bosomy

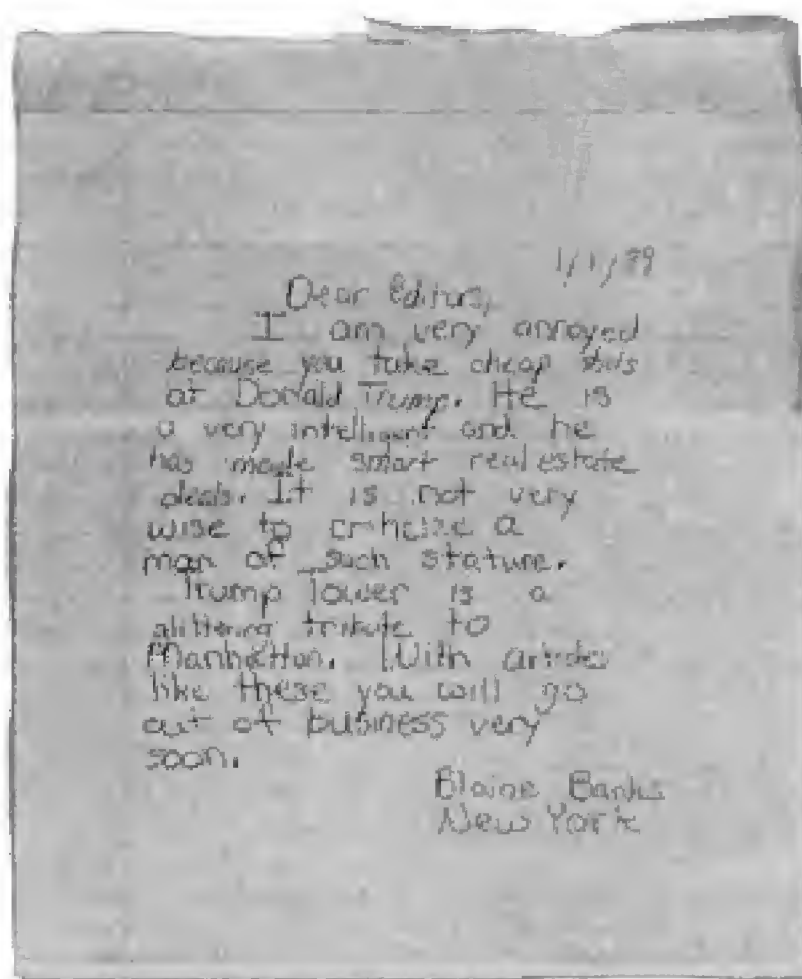
dirty-book writer Shirley Lord's life and 'adventures.' Might an unauthorized biography be in order?" It—or something like it—might. By the way, are you, in fact, one of the Somerset Xs?

In the January/February issue, we attributed to Ernest Hemingway the quote "The rich are different from you and me" ("Papa's Got a Brand-New Mag," by Bradley W. Bloch). A couple of readers wrote in claiming that the line belongs to F. Scott Fitzgerald. As much as we hate to disprove our letter-writing readers, we stand firm. It was Hemingway who wrote the line, and he wrote it in *The Snows of Kilimanjaro*. But, as Dr. Johnson once said, "To err is human."

SPY's examination of the revolving door that (sort of) separates politics and journalism ("Everybody's a Great Communicator," by Jack Hitt and Bob Mack, November 1988) could have benefited from a footnote. While the story scrupulously traced Pierre Salinger's career from editor to president's press secretary to U.S. senator to correspondent and back to editor, his 1968 detour into acting might also have been mentioned. Elizabeth Royte of Manhattan and John Nadeau of Brooklyn both wrote in citing Salinger's appearance as "Lucky Pierre," lawyer for Catwoman and the Joker, on Episode 111 of the *Batman* TV series. Holy oversight!

A couple more follow-ups: First, readers will be relieved to hear that the dress code at the Frick Art Reference Library has loosened up since we ran "Life Intimidates Art" (by Andy Aaron, June 1988). Skirts are no longer required on women, and in a related development, pens may now be used in the library. "The rules have changed," a Frick spokesperson confirmed simply, with the elegant understatement that characterizes the best kind of genuinely momentous announcements. We wondered aloud whether this shift in policy was due in part to SPY's coverage. "It is absolutely not because of the article." Pause. "It was a very silly article—the rule needed to be changed." Pause. "That was a really silly article."

Second, John McGrath of Labrador, Newfoundland, Canada, has finally cleared up that peninsula-or-not nonsense (Letters to the Editor of *The New Yorker*, January/February). Mr. >



DEAR EDITORS **H**ow come you cost so much? My *Premeire* [sic] magazine only costs \$12 a year—and it's so big, the mailman has to fold it in half to fit in my mailbox (plus it has big glossy photos of stars like Arnold Schwarzenegger and Mel Gibson). I feel like I'm getting ripped off when I pay

\$19.97 a year for my subscription to SPY (almost \$8 more than *Premeire*! [sic]), when I think what a great deal *Premeire* [sic] is. Is SPY planning on running any special subscription-renewal rates this year?

Michael Miller
San Francisco, California

No way, Mr. Miller. We figure you can afford SPY with all the money you're saving on those subscriptions to, uh, *Premiere*, and, for all we know, *Highlights for Children* and *Tiger Beat*.

DEAR EDITORS **I**t has been a delightful tradition in my family for the past few generations for the paternal grandfather to present his grandsons with a subscription to SPY on their eighth birthday (girls get their first pumps from Grandma). I am now 27 years old, so, you see, I've been reading SPY for about 18 years now. Speaking as a completely impartial observer, all I can say is, if this David M. Halbfinger speaks and acts anything like how he writes, he must be one pompous and scary twit. Apropos of nothing, did you know that *halbfinger* means "half finger"? Frightening, huh?

Patrick Barnes
Columbus, Ohio

DEAR EDITORS **I** have to agree with Michael Gates [Letters, November]. SPY has lost what made it so different. I feel that I must pull a "remember when?" on you. Remember when . . .

- one had to go to New York City to buy SPY?
- three-quarters of its 29 ads came from local businesses?
- Taki wrote for SPY?
- there wasn't a bar code on the cover?
- there wasn't a year on the cover (SPY was once timeless)?
- SPY didn't have to rely on tacky marketing techniques to sell subscriptions ("Stick with SPY for the holidays")?
- SPY had articles on people who lived in New York City?

- SPY didn't strive so hard to attract advertisers by printing ads on flat paper?

Yes, I remember the good old days, last year, when I would have to ask a friend to pick up an issue when he went to the city and that faithful magazine/bible would be filled with names that I didn't recognize and little esoteric jokes that I didn't under-

LETTERS TO SPY

stand. Today I can go to the corner store and pick up a copy filled with political satire that fails to produce a small utterance of laughter. I hope that you are making a bundle, which I would assume you are, with the increased number of ads and such. Have fun in the future; I'm going back to reading *Interview*.

David Gartner
East Amherst, New York

DEAR EDITORS **T**he excerpts from Shirley Lord's book were great [*The Times*, June and November]. Can you tell me where I can get her books?

Emily Rosenthal
New York

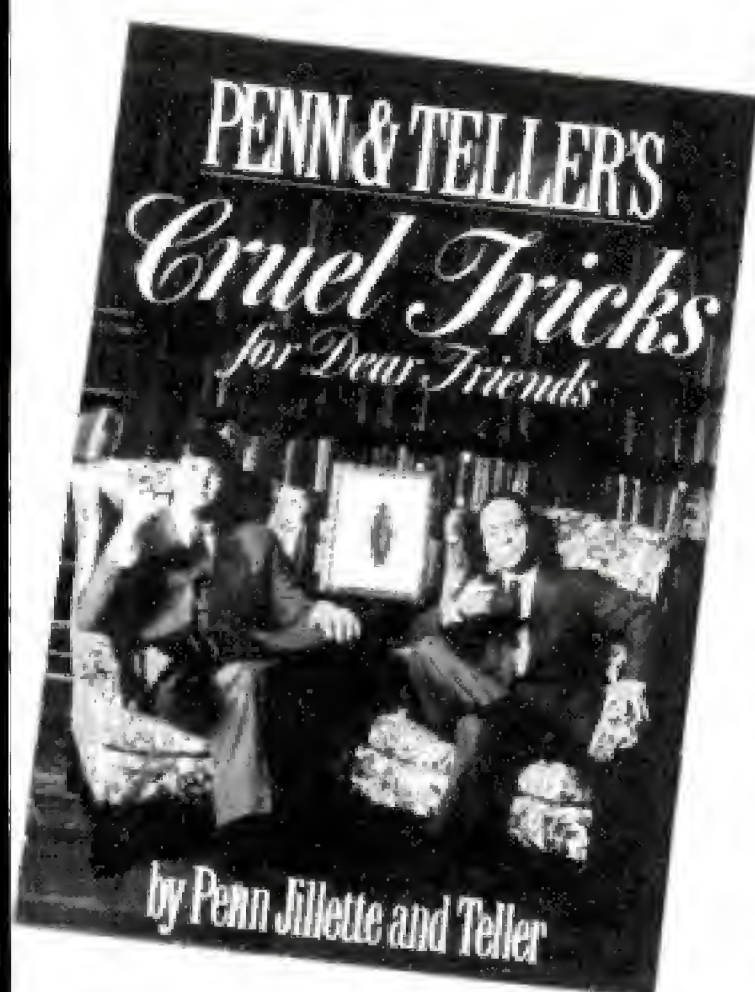
Although your last name leads us to believe that this might just be a craven attempt by one family member to boost the book sales of another, we shall cast suspicion to the wind. Emily, as you have no doubt learned by now from the *Times Book Review*, Shirley Lord's next dirty book, *Faces*, was published by Crown a month and a half ago. (See dirty excerpt page 64 of this issue!) Golden Hill is out of print, but the Strand has copies that they are selling for \$7.50 each. Coliseum Books has copies of *One of My Very Best Friends* for \$3.95. But you have to move fast. ➡➡

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McGrath: "Labrador is not a peninsula, but there *is* a Labrador peninsula. It consists of the northern portion of the province of Newfoundland and the northern portion of the province of Quebec. The Labrador peninsula is a geographic entity and Labrador is a political entity. I know that you know the difference because I explained it to your 'fulfillment person' a few years ago when I was having difficulty with my subscription." Mr. McGrath has also enclosed a local map and an example of local humor. Thank you, sir. The map helps. But the cartoon, as you predicted, we just don't get. Which moose is talking? Or doesn't it matter?

SPY likes Jeannie Cromie of Burbank/Toluca Lake, California. She bought the *Separated at Birth?* paperback and enjoyed it so much ("Wonderful, hysterical, etc." —Jeannie Cromie, Burbank/Toluca Lake, California) that she decided to subscribe to SPY. *Just like the marketing seminar said would happen!* But there's trouble in paradise. Jeannie Cromie begs to differ with one of the captions in the book. "How dare you say Jim Morrison is **OVERRATED???** Dead, yes. Cottage industry, yes... [But] Jim is *the most underrated* person that ever existed; not only his voice... but as a kind and unique human being... Please note this somewhere accordingly, and send me copies of such." *The most underrated?* More so than Sam Shepard, for example? Come on.

"I am a student at Columbia College actively involved in our several arts programs," begins an anonymous handwritten note. "I, and my colleagues, have found that in running these programs our worst nemesis has been the administration. Can you please make various bitter and random attacks—no matter what you say it will apply to someone in the Office of Student Activities." The adjectives the writer then uses to characterize individuals from that office make them sound like the Six Dwarfs: Evil, Goofy, Doofy, Insane, Generally Hostile and Bald. Although we sympathize, it is not in SPY's nature to make bitter and *random* attacks.

What we *can* offer you right now, if you think it will help, is a *specific* bitter attack on Juliette Smith of San Francisco. She's asking for it anyway. "I

teach '83 Places to Meet People' and 'How to Find a Lover,' " she writes to SPY. "My newsletter [*In the Know*, for single professionals] has been rambling on for three and a half years. . . . I'm sure you could have a field day with me and I need the publicity!" Juliette: *If you will use your considerable influence on Columbia's Office of Student Activities to smooth the way for the projects of certain SPY-reading undergraduates, we in turn might resist quoting from the poem you've included in your November newsletter.* Deal? No? Okay, then. The poem is called "Listen." Deal? No? Fine, have it your way. It begins:

We are the smilers

We are the friendly ones
(Deal? No?)

Putting best feet forward
in red high heels
with long eyelashes. . . .

(Pardon us, but it's no wonder these people are still single if you're advising them, however obliquely, to wear shoes covered in eyelashes.)

We speak in yeses,
we talk of connection. . . .

Okay, okay, we'll stop. But please see what you can arrange over at Columbia. And by the way, all you *In the Know* subscribers: Don't believe everything you read. Because if you insist on turning up at social functions in shoes that blink, you can "speak in yeses" till you're blue in the face and it isn't going to help your cause one bit. Take it from us, we've been there.

So, Ms. Smith: was that the sort of field day you had in mind? ☺

C O R R E C T I O N
In the March issue Gore Vidal wrote a long letter that intended, among other things, to correct the suggestion in our story on feuds last November that he was a chronic litigator. Although we stated that we were standing by our story, based on a reevaluation of the material gathered for the article and on new material we now concur with Mr. Vidal's complaint about our discussion of his litigation history, and retract our statement that he "sued [Robert] Guccione . . . William F. Buckley Jr. and many, many others." We find that there is no basis whatsoever for regarding Mr. Vidal as a litigious personality.

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DEAR EDITORS **P**ardon my tardiness, but I just got my hands on your November issue and found a *really embarrassing* error.

I refer, of course, to page 124 ["How to Become President," by Paul Simms, November], where you transpose the locations of the Democratic and Republican conventions. Your readers, savvy bunch, have probably deluged the office with sneering letters to point this out, but I thought I'd add my voice to the chorus, just to exercise my right to bitch. Kind of like voting. And about as effective.

And thanks for the piece on locations of the damned ["The SPY Map of Jinxed Locations," by Bob Mack and John Brodie, November]. Especially for the inclusion of 1271 Avenue of the Americas, the Time & Life Building. Since I've done time at *Picture Week*, *TV Cable Week* and *Home Office* (some of us have a special gift for being in the right place at the right time), this item brought a special glow to my cheeks and gladdened my heart.

Lesley Gaspar
New York

Actually, you're the first person who caught that mistake. Feel like doing time at SPY? Just kidding. Put that résumé away!

DEAR EDITORS **W**e at *Cracked* cordially invite you to cease and desist using "smiley faces" on the cover of your magazine—as witnessed on the December issue. As you can see from the enclosed copies of *Cracked*, Sylvester P. Smythe, our mascot, often sports the aforementioned smiley face, and we feel that SPY's continued use will confuse readers over which humor magazine they are really buying and could possibly be reflected in the loss of *Cracked* revenue. Your compliance will be appreciated!

Michael Delle-Femine
Editor in chief
Cracked
New York

DEAR EDITORS **A**s I sat trying to remove a foreign body from my teeth the other morning, a copy of SPY in my lap, I grew curious about whether Peter Gambaccini, the compiler of your compendium of "Third World Capitals That Sound Like Sexual Practices and/or Gum Diseases" [December], created this

titillating tongue twister of a list because of his own personal torment. I'd never question my dentist if he told me I had a bad case of Gambaccini.

And while we're on the subject, I happen to be a quadricostal, trilingual, bicontinental single young female, and I'd be grateful if Mr. Gambaccini knew any bilingual single young males interested in pursuing a semantic relationship. Thank you so much, *tante grazie, merci bien*.

Katherine Relf
San Diego, California

DEAR EDITORS **C**ongratulations on your fine seventies retrospective [December]. Please allow me to correct one small point, though: John Irving is not seventies fiction. The constitutive seventies novel concerns the sexual, spiritual, political, feminist and narcotic awakening of a deeply neurotic, tenuously married urban female of thirtysomething. Seventies fiction is Erica Jong.

Michael Krantz
New York

DEAR EDITORS **N**ice job of 1970s-bashing. Along with K-Tel and Robert Stigwood Organization albums, a few choice *Good Times* episodes on videocassette and a bottle or two of Boone's Farm "wine," it's a necessity, an *owner's manual*, to any proper 1970s theme party.

In particular, your A-to-Z "catalog of supersnazzy seventies-speak" was dead-on, if a trifle incomplete ["The Dumb Decade," by Bob Mack, December]. Here, then, a superimportant supplement, an alliterative addendum of names you *didn't* include:

bottle bill
catalytic converters
Cobbie Cuddlers
David Doyle
Goober Grape
Ho Ho's
Jimmie "J.J." Walker
K-cars
Kei and Mie (Pink Lady)
Marsha Mason
Carol Merrill
Melissa Manchester
Penelope Pitstop
Sherwood Schwartz
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Larkspur, California

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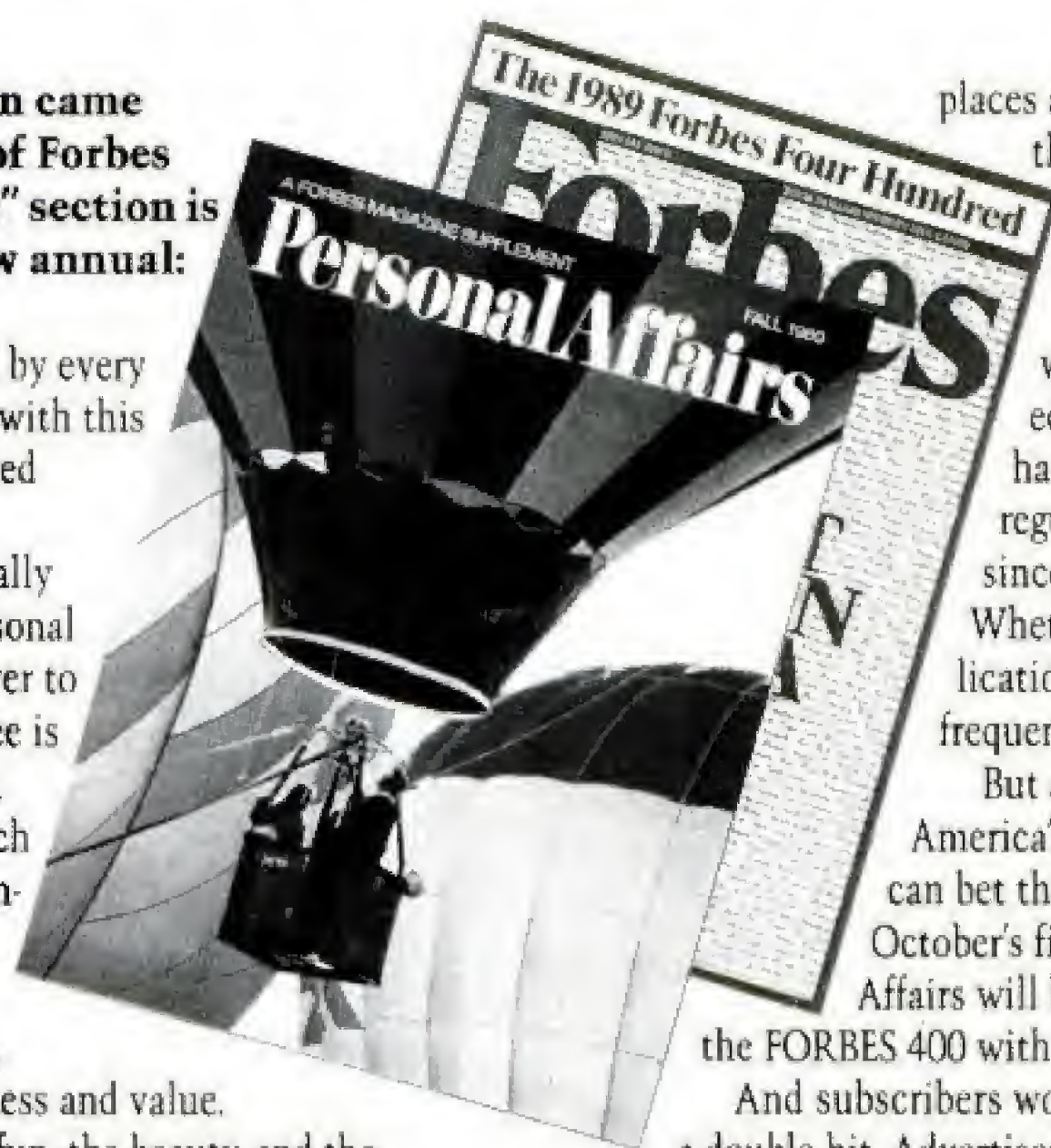
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DEAR EDITORS Intelligentsia, how could
you! How could you, of
all erudite and comprehensive publica-
tions, fail to include the magnificent gift
that Volkswagen bestowed on America in
the 1970s? I refer, of course, to the inscu-
table *Thing*, of which there seem to be
about 100 remaining on the roads of
America, mostly, I suspect, in Colorado
and northern California.

Robert Mangino
New York

DEAR EDITORS We read with great in-
terest "Why Johnny
Can't Act" [by Jay Martel, December].
May we mention that we have had Evelyn
Neinken, a fine teacher of acting tech-
niques, on our FM radio and cable-TV
shows as a regular guest for a long time,
and she is representative of the best in this
field. She believes in Acting, not Acting
Out—in Drama, not Trauma. Evelyn
Neinken teaches Stanislavsky plus one step
more, and this has worked well for hun-
dreds of her students over the years.

Richard H. Roffman
Richard H. Roffman Associates
New York

DEAR EDITORS Re "Why Johnny Can't
Act": I studied acting
with Robert Patterson. I completed the
program. I learned how to see the world
from the inside of a character different
from myself. I learned how to get in touch
with what really moved me. I learned how
to approach a script and do my work
whether or not a director was there to help.
But above all, I learned how to work.

Robert Patterson is a very demanding
teacher. I think any problems I had in class
came from my own resistance to the almost
classical sense of discipline he insisted we
learn. That discipline is an essential tool.
Without it, it is impossible to do serious
creative work in the chaotic world outside
of class. It is the most valuable thing I
learned from him.

John Wyeth
New York

DEAR EDITORS After reading your arti-
cle on Bob Greene
["You Wouldn't Want to Be Bob Greene,"
by Magda Krance, December], I had a

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sickening, Greenesque, nostalgic flashback. Years ago my friend and I, budding writers, were so impressed with two of Greene's columns that we wrote to him.

We did it in a restaurant, on a napkin, telling him that we had set his columns to a calypso beat and that (if his byline photo was accurate) his head looked as if it had been the product of a head-shrinking-crafts class.

He wrote back, asking us to phone him. We did. We chatted. He invited us to join him for a drink if we were ever in Chicago.

I have this strange tingling sensation that we might have turned up in one of his columns, perhaps in the "Bob Reprints Other People's Writing" category.

Also, in "The Most Serious Roles of Their Lives" [by Eddie Stern, January/February], you misspelled *Marbury* v. *Madison* as *Marberry* v. *Madison*. I doubt Mr. Cosell made this mistake, since he too is NYU-trained counsel.

Norwood Pierson Beveridge
Briarcliff Manor, New York

DEAR EDITORS **R**eally, you were too gentle with Bob Greene. I recall his infamous column of November 26, 1979, during the height of the Iran hostage crisis. Greene, intrepid reporter and Voice of His Generation, leads us to believe that what he misses about the sixties is less along the lines of John Lennon than it is of General William Westmoreland: "I look at the aerial shots of those million Iranians moving towards our embassy. And I think — just for a moment — what a lovely sight it would be to see a halo of bombs floating slowly into their midst. . . . Look at all those surging million Iranians, think about what they stand for, and all of a sudden napalm and fragmentation bombs don't have quite the same ring they used to. As a matter of fact, they sound like pretty interesting tools."

It's nothing personal with Bob, you understand, it's just the thought of good old boys like Bob getting pushed around (rather than doing the pushing) by "the nothing countries of the world — the Irans, the Pakistans, the rest of them. . . . There are many of us who muse on the thought of all Iran being erased from the Earth in an instant, and find comfort in that thought."

Loren Santow
Chicago, Illinois

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DEAR EDITORS I am sending a copy of your article "Mr. Stupid Goes to Washington" [by Michael Hirschorn, January/February] to Vice President Quayle and will suggest that he employ his attorneys to file a multimillion-dollar lawsuit against your organization for libel and slander. The country needs an example made of libelers. Freedom of speech does not include the right to destroy a man's good name.

You owe him, his family and his children an immediate written apology. You should have the good sense to withdraw that issue of your magazine from the newsstands and wherever it is being distributed. He has been our congressman and has faithfully performed his duties in an excellent manner. You have offended the proud state of Indiana, millions of voters and many people who know that Dan Quayle is a fine, intelligent, capable man who is being maliciously tormented by the media, comedians and rags.

Have a nice day!

Helen L. Cardinal
Albion, Indiana

DEAR EDITORS Go ahead, scoff at him. But I think Christopher Kochmanski was onto something when he charged that the "real reason" SPY sneered at Rhodes scholars ["All Rhodes Lead Nowhere in Particular," by Andrew Sullivan, October] was because *The New Republic* is funnier [Letters, January/February]. Two writers in the issue in which Kochmanski's letter appeared thought enough of the editor of that magazine to cite his wit in their stories (pages 64 and 87).

David Farkas
Cleveland, Ohio

Well, *The New Republic* may be funnier, but all we care about is that SPY remain the magazine of choice for cranky letter writers from Cleveland.

DEAR EDITORS Are you preternaturally fond of the word *preternaturally*?

It only appears about 7 million times in your cop-out we-haven't-got-the-time-to-put-out-two-issues-over-the-holidays combined January/February issue. (Yeah, I know, this is my second letter in two days.)

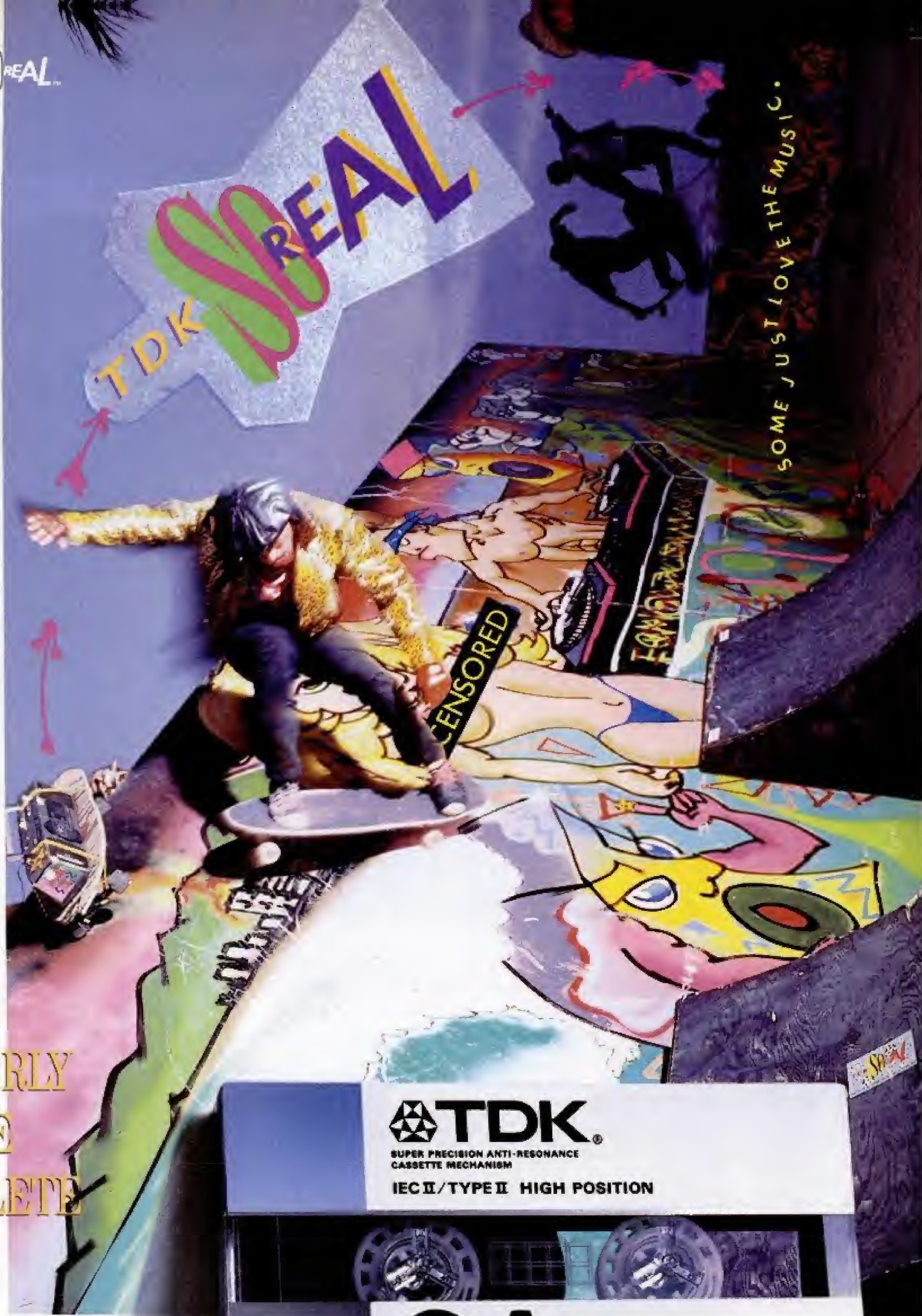
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DEAR EDITORS **A** quick reading of the January/February issue of SPY reveals the following:

On page 58: J. J. Hunsecker refers to a woman as a "bosomy dirty-book writer";

On page 80: Michael Hirschorn observes how "rude and thoughtless" it is to refer to the size of a woman's breasts;

On page 94: Avery Chenoweth refers to a woman as a "bosomy dirty-book writer."

Hmm. Suddenly the Puck Building seems like SPY's glass house.

*J. Michael McLeod
Ann Arbor, Michigan*

DEAR EDITORS **T**hank God "Michael Levine's World and Welcome to It" is back. I was grief-stricken when I presumed that the series had ended prematurely after a less than exciting interview with Lou Ferrigno. I was waiting for December's entry and combed SPY from cover to cover—but no Michael Levine to be found—*anywhere*. You can imagine how relieved I was when I came across the "incomparable Fred Travalena" in the January/February issue. Any chance of a follow-up interview with Rachel McLish?

*Laurie Long
San Francisco, California*

No.

DEAR EDITORS **C**elebroDynamics, the fledgling physics of the falling famous, is a fine first effort ["It's Raining Cats and Michael Landon," by Jeff Wise, January/February], but your researchers made some serious errors. Suicidal Superman George Reeves didn't throw himself off a building, he blew his brains out. A 9-gram bullet traveling at 1,000 feet per second would have released about 310 foot-pounds of energy as it smashed through his skull—sufficient energy to light your 60-watt bulb for 7 seconds.

And a plunging Perry Mason would have about 4,500 percent more energy on impact than your researchers stated. Next spring break your researchers might want to travel down to Daytona Beach, Florida, where each year around half a dozen drunken college students, peeing from the tops of multistory hotels, tumble to their deaths.

*Rick Rosner
New York*

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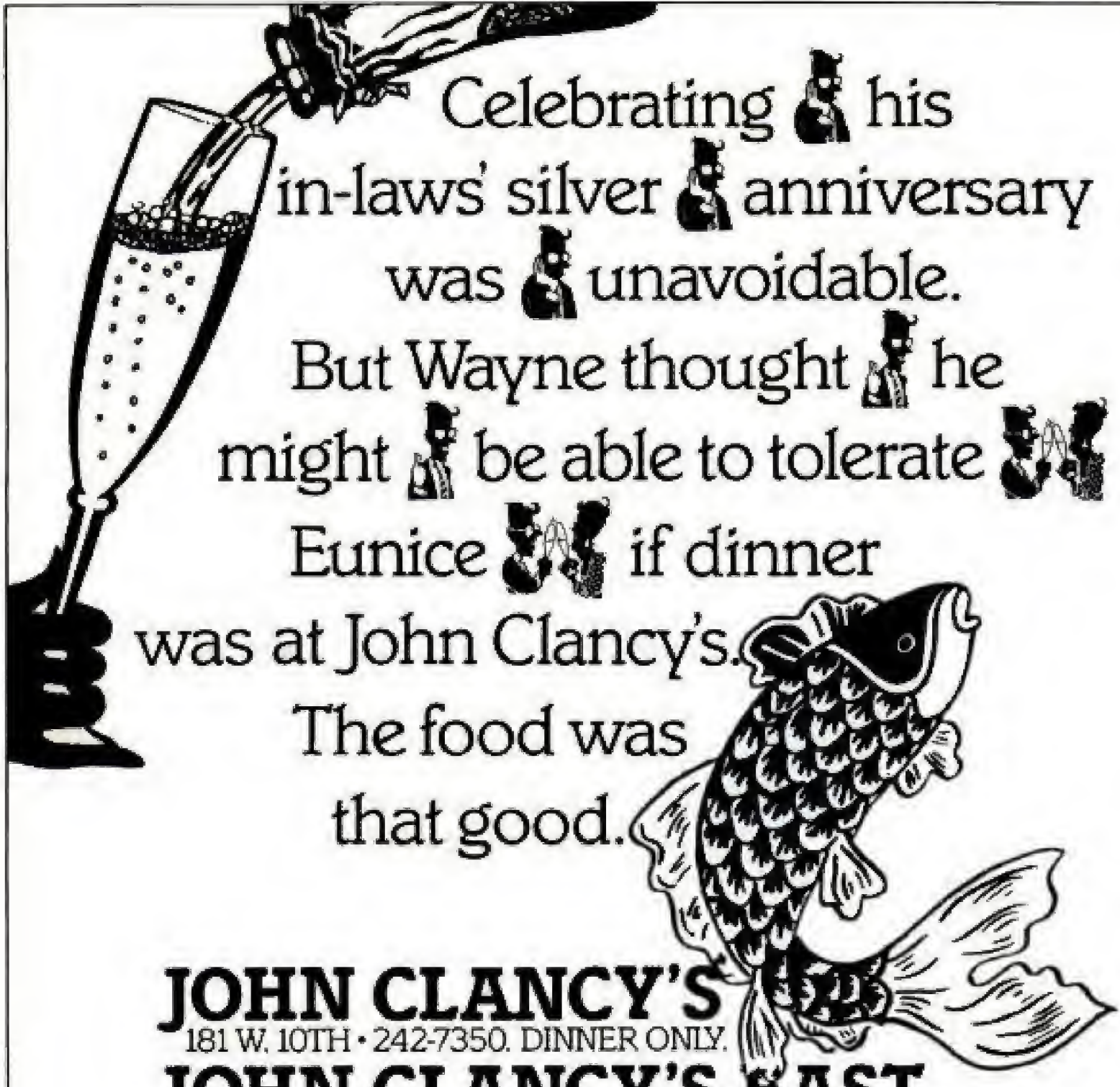


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DEAR EDITORS Concerning January/February's "The SPY Map, Celebrity Pro-Am Golfathon U.S.A." [by Elissa Schappell]: the last time the AT&T Pebble Beach National Pro-Am was held at the *Cyprus* Point Golf Course, a military putsch in the clubhouse played havoc with tee times and hampered the televising network's ability to showcase the celebrities in their bulletproof vests. However, the last time the tourney was held at the *Cypress* Point [Golf] Club in Pebble Beach, California (one of three courses used in the event—the other two are the Pebble Beach Golf Links and the Spyglass Hill Golf Club), the viewing public was kept in the dark about what the place looks like. No cameras, you see, at Cypress Point. It's very private. Something like 200 members, tops. Bob Hope, a member, has a great joke about the club. "We had a membership drive one year," he said. "We drove out 40 members." The other line is that if God played golf, this is where He'd belong. It turns out He *does* play golf, and He's on the waiting list.

Brian McCallen
Senior editor
Golf magazine
New York



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DEAR EDITORS I just read about the "Scarecrow Syndrome" ["If I Only Had a Brain," by Terri Minsky, January/February], and something is *really puzzling* me about "The Thinking Man's World" [by Eddie Stern].

How in the world did you find all of those quotations containing the phrase *the thinking man*? Do you actually have every back issue of *Horizon* magazine since 1965 typed into a computer data base? And if it was possible to find this phrase so easily by using a computer search, why did you not include the month along with the year when citing your sources?

Perhaps you retain someone on your staff who has read every one of these magazines for decades and remembers only this phrase, the name of the magazine it appeared in and the year the issue was printed—a sort of thinking man's idiot savant.

I am suspicious. However, I am certainly not going to try to *prove* that you made up all of those magazine quotations, since I have no desire to read section C of *every single issue* of The New York Times

FROM THE DIRECTOR OF "PSYCHO III" AND THE CREATOR OF "THE NAKED GUN."


SHE'S LOOKING
FOR ONE THING
IN A MAN...
GOOD TASTE.

LUCKY STIFF

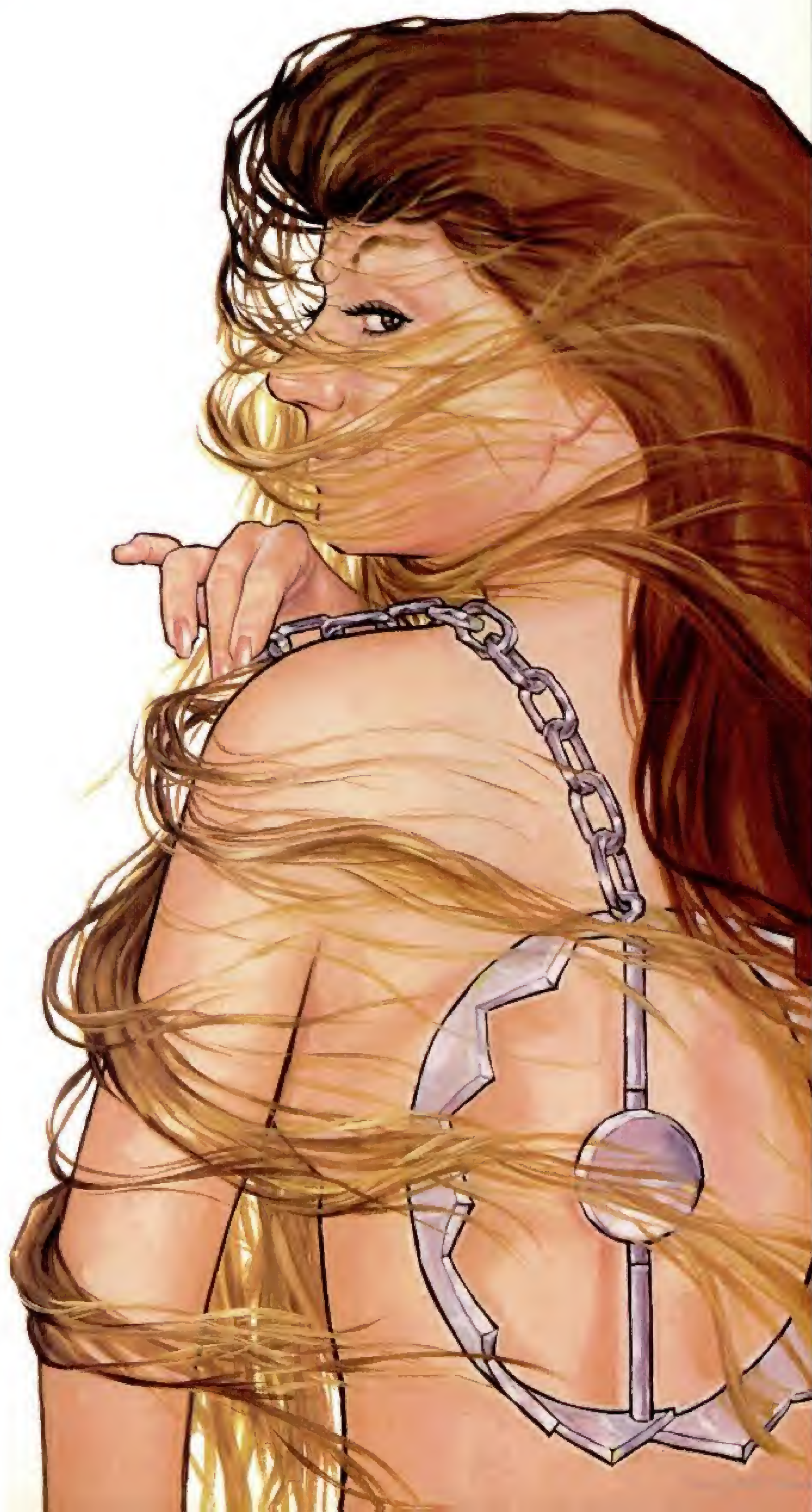
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PROFT • Produced By GERALD T. OLSON
Directed By ANTHONY PERKINS

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printed in 1985 to find that the one phrase referring to Kenneth King as "a thinking man's choreographer" is not there. Just call me curious.

Ruth Kopelman
New York

People who doubt too much never know what to believe. If you don't take our word for it, Ms. Kopelman, or if you've misplaced your back issues of Horizon (Autumn 1965) and Hobbies (October 1977), you can come read them in our archives. The New York Times's "Kenneth King Is a Thinking Man's Choreographer" (by Jack Anderson, May 10, 1981) should be available on microfilm at your local library.

DEAR EDITORS I can't figure out why, in the January/February Party Poop, you referred to Swifty Lazar as a "wee etymological curiosity." Are you sure you didn't really mean

- (a) entomological
- (b) endomorphic
- (c) scatological
- (d) all of the above?

Please help me. I wish I could untangle this mystery by myself, but sometimes I'm not too swift.

Jim Weis
Atlanta, Georgia

DEAR EDITORS Judging from the photo of Swifty Lazar appearing in Party Poop, it seems obvious that *wee entomological curiosity* would be the more apt description of Mr. Lazar. Were you intentionally challenging your readers to strive for the more obtuse reference, or was this one of the extremely rare (and therefore noteworthy) occasions when you failed to discern the most pointedly unflattering appellation for one of your society pals?

Robert Haavie
Brooklyn, New York

Regarding Mr. Weis's letter, well, we don't think we could put it any better, by way of explanation, than Mr. Haavie did.

DEAR EDITORS I find that I am increasingly dissatisfied with SPY, even disturbed by it. Since your publisher and main editors are not Jews, one might expect that SPY would not follow a leftist, ACLU line, but that is what it does

continuously and relentlessly. The continuous attacks on Donald Trump, even though he was on the cover once, and on Vice President Quayle are disgusting. Is it because they have blond hair and blue eyes? That is what motivates their Jewish-media attackers, and, of course, also their conservative views. Trump deserves credit, and Quayle should be given a chance to prove himself. No mention was made of Nixon's statement that Quayle is highly intelligent.

SPY's policies amount to gross debunking, an unfortunate part of the tearing-down trend in our society. Our traditional culture and even our nationhood are being threatened by subversive forces of which SPY has become a part. There were already enough leftist publications, many more than enough, without SPY becoming one of them. What is needed are conservative publications to stem the tide of subversion.

D. Stuart Carr
Richmond, Virginia

DEAR EDITORS Please continue the care and feeding of Mr. Ignatz Ratzwikizwki, with sincerest wishes for continued success of your outrageous "upscale switchblade."

John Dinsmore
Lexington, Kentucky

Care and feeding of Mr. Ignatz Ratzwikizwki, alas, must cease with this issue—his final Review of Reviewers column begins on page 110. Relax: his departure had, we swear, nothing at all to do with your compliment, and in any event Mr. Henry "Dutch" Holland will be picking up in June where Mr. Ratzwikizwki left off.

DEAR EDITORS We have had it up to here with people who are fed up with people who are sick to death of magazines that print letters from people who just can't take it anymore. Period. Also, does SPY really stand for Special Pink Yeast? Our friend Sandy said so.

Chip Kidd and Barbara DeWilde
New York

SPY welcomes letters from its readers. Address correspondence to SPY, The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012. Please include your daytime telephone number. ☎

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 HOLD OF MY HEART
 (DUET WITH GENE PITNEY)
YOUR KISSES BURN
 (DUET WITH NICO)



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SIPS & SPLILLS

THE COOL OF POOL:
DOM RUINART
ROSÉ CHAMPAGNE
MAKES A SPLASH.

If you think a pool hall has to be a room with high stakes, low morals, and seedy characters, you've got to get wise to the latest goings-on in the club world.

Just get a hold of the guest list to the most recent Dom Ruinart Rosé Champagne party and ask a few of the invitees about the recent cool of pool. They'll no doubt tell you that billiards is back, but this time they're keeping company with red velvet drapery, chintz sofas, and the finest champagne.

Enter Dom Ruinart Rosé Champagne, host of New York's first bubbly billiard bash, held recently at The Billiard Club, the posh Chelsea hotspot created from the shell of a former record and tape warehouse.

Clutching a cue stick in one hand, and delicately holding a glass of the tête de cuvée in the other, would-be Fast Eddies and sharpshooting Sheilas challenged each other at one of the world's most skillful games.

Meanwhile, at a table near the glass-block bar, three-time female World Billiard Champion Loree Jon Jones readied and steadied herself for the trick shots she had promised the champagne-sipping crowd. What followed was a demonstration that astounded pool players and amateurs alike.

"Billiards is a skillful game and Dom Ruinart is a carefully made champagne. It's a match made in heaven," said Melik Kaylan, contributing editor at *Connoisseur* magazine.

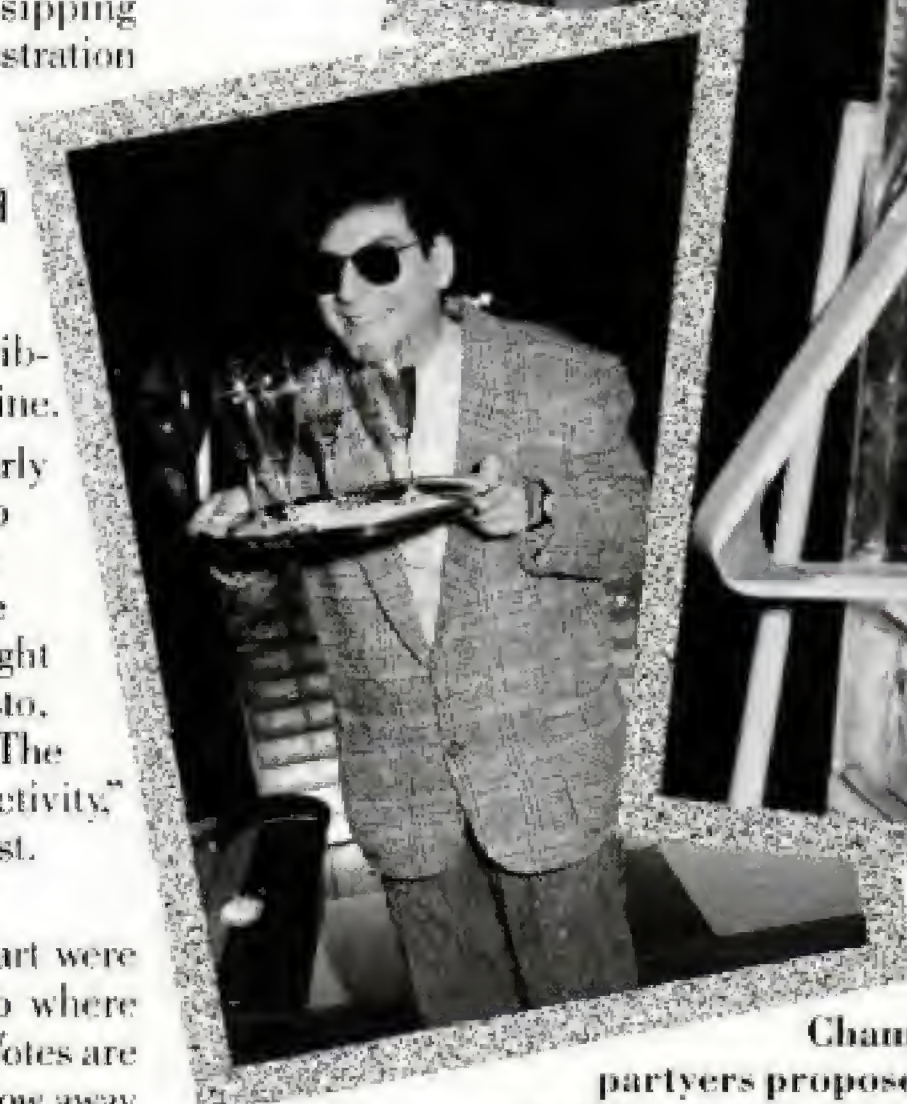
Many guests gave up on pool early in the evening, deciding instead to stick to something they know well: the art of sipping champagne. The dark-haired, dark-sunglassed knight of the nighterawlers, Michael Musto, was among them. "Just watching 'The Color of Money' was a strenuous activity," quipped the *Village Voice* columnist. "I'll stick to sipping the bubbly."

As the last cases of Dom Ruinart were quaffed, guests conjectured as to where Dom Ruinart would uncork next. Votes are in for clubs like MK and B². So throw away that cue stick and dust off that slide rule.

Photography by George Carroll Whipple, III



e 1989 Imported by Schieffelin & Somerset Co., New York, N.Y.



(Top to Bottom)
Female World Billiard
Champion Loree Jon Jones;

partyers propose a toast; Dirty Dancing star Max Cantor shows what really goes on in a pool hall; Dom Ruinart in a love triangle; *Garçon, s'il vous plaît*, more champagne.



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THE USUAL SUSPECTS



H. KRAVIS



E. BRADLEY



B. BLASS

THE FINE PRINT

by Jamie Malanowski

HEDGING THEIR BETS

For the first time since 1977, the office of mayor of New York is genuinely up for grabs. At one point earlier in the year, there were enough prospective candidates—eight wanna-bes who thought Mayor Koch vulnerable, one incumbent who thought himself invincible—to field a baseball team (our dream lineup: Dinkins, CF; Stein, 3B; Giuliani, SS; Hynes, 1B; Goldin, 2B; Ravitch, LF; Messinger, RF; Lauder, C; Koch, P). The sheer number of candidates, given their elaborate minuet (*I'll certainly run if Ed doesn't, but I won't if Dave does*), must have been vexing for the usual power brokers, that gang of real estate speculators, developers, underwriters, lawyers, brokers, contractors and municipal labor-union nabobs whose livelihoods are predicated on handling the public's business. How nerve-racking it must have been for them, not knowing whose favor to curry or what the consequences would be if they sucked up to someone who eventually decided to run for a lesser office. Some of these creative minds solved their problems by donating to more than one candidate. Here are some contributors who backed more than one candidate, and the perfectas and trifectas that got their money.

Those who gave to Koch

THE RICH REALLY ARE different from you and me: *they're evil*—or, at least, they pay pious poor people to debase themselves amusingly at fancy private parties. Details of an extraordinary dinner conducted last Christmas are just now slithering into public view. The 20 revelers included, in fact, a solid plurality of usual suspects: eyeliner-and-comic-book mogul **RONALD PERELMAN**; his wife, **CLAUDIA COHEN**; **DONALD** and **IVANA TRUMP**; groceries commissar **HENRY KRAVIS** and his dress-designer wife, **CAROLYNE ROEHM**; and nonbillionaires **JANN** and **JANE WENNER**. For entertainment the Perelmans had ordered in a Salvation Army band—*how recherché!*—and, best of all, a sad, dumpling-cheeked Salvation Army Santa Claus. Wealthy guest after wealthy guest sat on the rented Santa's lap in turn, and each was given a personalized gift—tiny Henry Kravis, for instance, on the eve of his pointless \$25 billion takeover of RJR Nabisco, got a giant Oreo cookie. Is that *cute*, or what? Is that *fun*, or what? Is this the twilight of the millennium, or what?

MOST PEOPLE WHO work for most magazines dress more or less decently, and conduct themselves more or less politely. But these days, at least at banal glossies run by middle-aged women, *that's simply not good enough*. At **JUDY PRICE's** *Avenue*, the Upper East Side shopper, there is an organized campaign to enforce sartorial niceness: every single man on the staff, including the lowliest, bohemianest art department paste-up person, absolutely must—*must*—wear a necktie to work every day. And when **GAEL LOVE**, the woman responsible for *Fame*, was looking to hire a receptionist, she insisted—*insisted*—that the prospective employee had to speak with a British accent. Meanwhile, at *Mirabella*, **RUPERT MURDOCH's** new style magazine for older women, the etiquette policing is more feudal, a matter of queenly propriety: staff members have been gravely ordered never to refer to their publication director as *Mirabella*, or *Grace*, or even **GRACE MIRABELLA**, but only—*only*—as *Miss Mirabella*.

THE SCENE: EARLY MORNING at a La Guardia airport lounge for first-class passengers. The bad comedian: **HOWIE MANDEL**. The message: There's a man outside who says he'd like to meet you, Mr. Mandel. *Well, okay*, says the affable *Walk Like a Man* star, *send him in*. Moments later, up saunters the only current *60 Minutes* correspondent who wears earrings—**ED BRADLEY**. Mutual backslapping ensues. *Love those inflated-surgical-glove gags*, enthuses Bradley. *Love those plastic-surgeon exposés*, confesses Mandel. Then, the celebrity display rituals dispensed with, up walks perennial Mandel opening act and traveling companion **LOU DINOS**, who eagerly seizes Bradley's hand, pumps it and earnestly gushes, *Famous Amos! My man!*

MERCEDES HOOKS HER BASS, read the unappetizing headline in *WWD*, bannered above an amusingly catty unsigned account of the **SID BASS-MERCEDES KELLOGG** wedding. Some excerpts: "There were those who said that such a public display was vulgar but Mercedes could care less. . . . Mercedes treats Sid like a God, bolstering his ego at every turn. . . . 'She never stops touching him,' says one acquaintance. 'It can get embarrassing.' Sid, friends say, was eager for this kind of treatment. . . . He paid almost \$200 million in order to marry her. . . . The crowd [at the wedding] ran the social gamut from A to B, with a preponderance of Bs. Some guests had been invited two months ago, while others were invited just last week, after others declined their invitations." What the newspaper didn't report was that one man who didn't even make the Bass-Kellogg B-list—but apparently not for lack of trying—was none other than catty omnifeuder and *WWD* chairman of the board and editorial director **JOHN FAIRCHILD**. In fact, so unaccountably eager was Fairchild to attend the affair at the not-yet-renamed-for-Trump Plaza hotel that he reportedly interceded with fellow fleshy old fashion guy **BILL BLASS** in a desperate last-minute attempt to wangle an invitation—alas, to no avail.

HOLD THE PICKLES, HOLD THE APHIDS

Food and Vermin Tips from the FDA

When it comes to food contamination, the Food and Drug Administration assures us that mammalian excreta, rat hair, insects and their larvae, and various kinds of mold pose "no hazard to health" when consumed in moderation. But how much is *too* much? At what point does the FDA step in and say, for example, *The rodent feces in this batch of cocoa exceed government standards*, or *There are simply too many maggots in this tomato sauce*? Here is a handy guide.



How many whole insects are acceptable per half pound of apple butter?..... 9
What's the cutoff number of aphids per pound of frozen broccoli?..... 272
How many milligrams of mammalian excreta may importers include in every pound of cocoa beans?..... 10

As far as canned mushrooms are concerned, how many tiny maggots may there be in every pound? ... 90
How many maggots one-twelfth of an inch or longer may there be? 21
What is an unacceptable number of rodent hairs in a pound of noodles? 9
In an ounce of paprika?..... 11

Speaking of paprika, how many insect fragments may there be in each ounce? 75
How many insect fragments may there be in one pound of peanut butter? 135
In a one-pound sample of popcorn, how many kernels may be gnawed by rats before the FDA is bound to take action? 19
How many maggots may there be in 3.5 ounces of tomato puree? 1
What is considered an acceptable number of rodent hairs per pound of wheat flour?..... 8

—Ed Sikov

PRIVATE LIVES



Lee Atwater entertains some friends with a Negro spiritual.

ILLUSTRATION BY DREW FRIEDMAN

THE SPY LIST

Clara Bow in *Call Her Savage*

Leda

Linda Lovelace

Ike Snopes in *The Hamlet*

Titania in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*

Gene Wilder in *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (But Were Afraid to Ask)*

Debra Winger in *Life magazine*

Roger Vadim

Certain national fraternity brothers of Dan Quayle's

THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

and Goldin: developer Edward Gordon (individually to Goldin, corporately to Koch); developers Paul and Seymour Milstein; New York Mets co-owner Fred Wilpon

To Koch and Dinkins: underscrutinized rich guy Robert Goelz; former *Time* chairman Andrew Heiskell; developer Robert Kandel, former Koch representative to the Board of Estimate; restaurateur Warner Leroy; landlord Jack Rudin; developer Larry Silverstein; developer Robert Tishman (individually to Koch, corporately to Dinkins); the law firm of Berger & Steingut (cash to Dinkins, while partner Lawrence Mandelker acts as Koch's campaign treasurer)

Koch and Stein: Mike Milken lawyer Arthur Liman; banker David Rockefeller; adman Carl Spielvogel; architecture buff Barbara Lee Diamonstein-Spielvogel; Shredded Wheat king Henry Kravis; Shredded Wheat queen Carolyn Roehm; landlord Lewis Rudin; takeover lawyer Joseph Flom

Koch and Goldin and Stein: power lawyer and stadium-name-giver William Shea

Koch and Goldin: developer Richard LeFrak

Koch and Dinkins and Stein: American Express chairman James D. Robinson III (individually to Koch and Stein, corporately to Dinkins); developer Leonard Litwin

Koch and Stein and Messinger: minister of propaganda Howard Rubenstein

Goldin and Dinkins and Messinger: The Uniformed Firefighters Association

Stein and Dinkins: Kennedy brother-in-law and errand boy Stephen Smith; condo peddler and former Trump hireling Louise Sunshine

Stein and Messinger: Republican adman Jerry Della Femina

Goldin and Stein and Messinger: Donald Trump

GET IT WHILE YOU CAN

Fame is fleeting, nowhere more so than on television. One day you're Michael Cole or Peggy

A WHOLE DAMN CENTURY OF KENNEDYS

SPY's Handy Timetable for Planning Camelot(s) Redux



THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

Lipton or Clarence Williams III, and kids across America are saying *solid* instead of *okay*, and you think it will never end. Then five short years fly by, the show is canceled, and you find yourself deliciously grateful when you manage to get a small part in an episode of *Murder, She Wrote*.

No one in the history of show business seemed to understand its vagaries more clearly than John Houseman. When mass-market fame came to him as Professor Kingsfield on *The Paper Chase*, Houseman cashed in with a vengeance, endorsing anything that met his price, from Smith Barney to Ray Catena's New Jersey Mercedes dealership. His example lives on. The young stars of today's most esteemed TV programs are showing a Housemanian instinct for seizing the moment. Among them:

Timothy Busfield, who plays Elliot on *thirtysomething*, the camp rerun of tomorrow on TV today, has become a spokesperson for the Beef Industry Council. Busfield may be forgiven this professional lapse, having already debased himself earlier by playing a bit-part nerd in both *Revenge of the Nerds* movies, an excuse not available to his Seagram's Wine Cooler-pitching costar, **Melanie Mayron**, or to the actor who plays the high-minded Gary, **Peter Horton**, who has signed to sell Coca-Cola Classic. **Blair Underwood**, who plays the smarmy, precocious Jonathan Rollins on *L.A. Law*, wangled a celebrity guest appearance on the Burt Reynolds-Bert Convy game show *Win, Lose or Draw*, served as a judge of last year's Miss America pageant and made a personal appearance at the opening of a Macy's store in Virginia. (Underwood also received college credit toward his degree from Carnegie Mellon for acting in *L.A. Law*.) One of his costars, **Corbin Bernsen**, pitches lingerie for Maidenform; **Susan Ruttan**, the woman who plays his secretary, regularly shows up on *The New Hollywood Squares*. **Kelsey Grammer**, who plays Dr. Frasier Crane on *Cheers*,

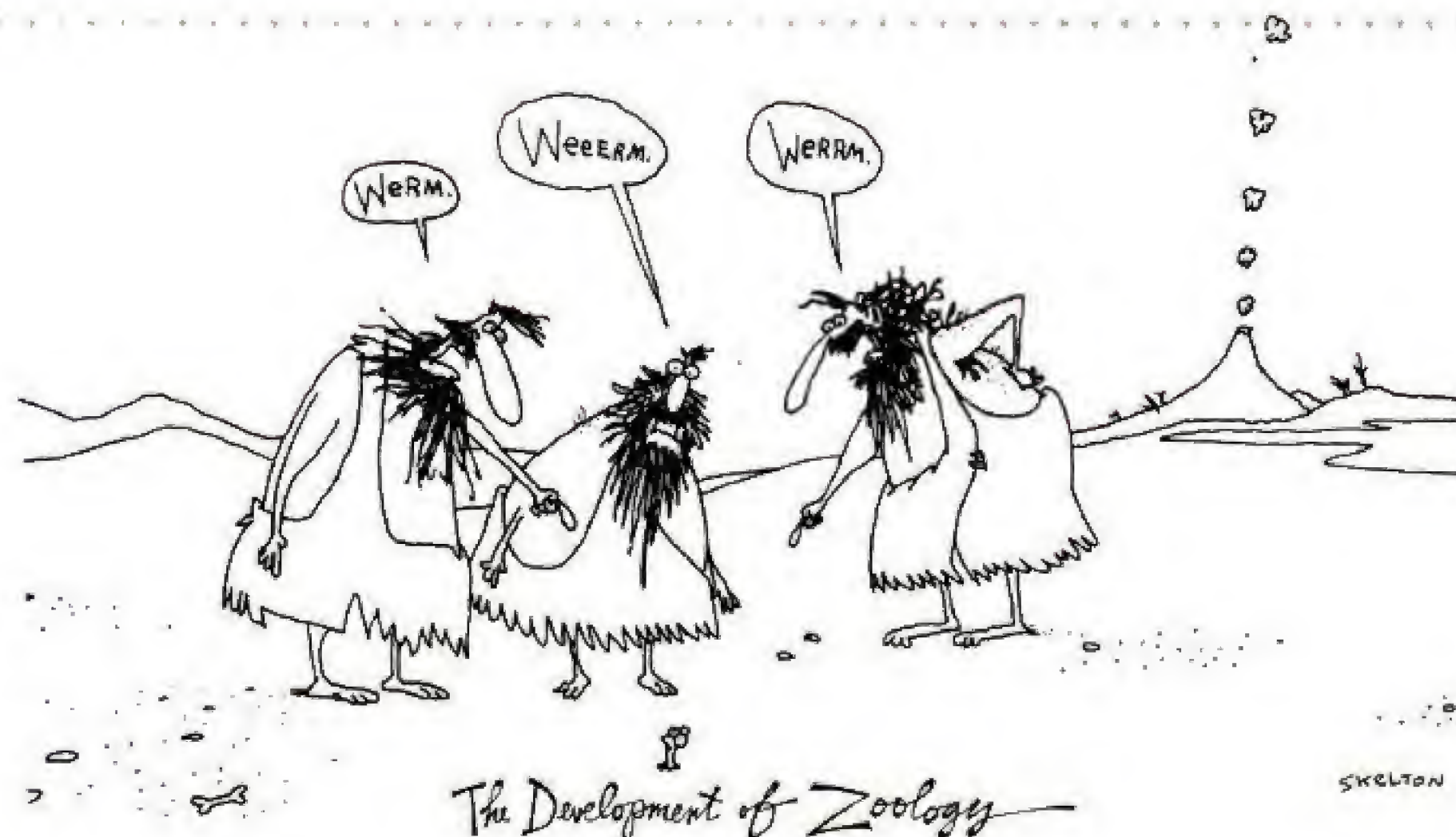
Good news for Kennedy worshippers: Although the frisky, prolific sons and daughters of Joe and Rose are themselves no longer inclined to breed, the next generation has begun working to ensure that America will not face the twenty-first century without Kennedys. Since 1984, with the participation of outsiders, the 28 Kennedy kids have managed to produce a total of eight offspring. At that rate, by the turn of the century there will be 22 additional new Kennedys, all of whom can be expected to mate and breed, run for the House or the Senate, and hold a significant-though-shrinking segment of the Democratic Party in their thrall.

Currently there are two Kennedys in Congress—Senator Ted, who will get no promotions, and Representative Joe II, one of America's dopiestic congressmen. But time is on the Kennedys' side. Ten years from now, all 28 Kennedy cousins will be eligible for House seats—and 21 of them will be old

enough to run for president. Does this sound like a problem, since Massachusetts has only eleven House seats, two Senate seats, one governor and only one city worth being mayor of? No. Carpetbaggery, especially in New York, is an old family tradition, and Bobby Kennedy Jr. is registered as a Westchester County lawyer. And while voters in Maryland rejected Kathleen Kennedy's 1986 attempt to assume a congressional seat in the Washington suburbs, young Patrick Kennedy has successfully homesteaded a state assembly district in Rhode Island. Moreover, young Joe will surely run for higher office one of these days, freeing his hand-me-down congressional seat in Cambridge (which he inherited from Uncle Jack by way of Tip O'Neill) for some out-of-work sibling or cousin. Here, as a service to our readers, is a handy SPY Clip 'n' Save chart of the federal electoral eligibility of all the acknowledged members of the Kennedy gene pool.

Kennedy Kids	Eligible for House	Eligible for Senate	Eligible for White House	Kennedy Kids	Eligible for House	Eligible for Senate	Eligible for White House	Kennedy Kids' Kids	Eligible for House	Eligible for Senate	Eligible for White House
Kathleen Kennedy Townsend	Now	Now	Now	Timothy Shriver	Now	Now	1994	Maevie Townsend	2004	2009	2014
Joseph P. Kennedy II	Now	Now	Now	John Kennedy Jr.	Now	1990	1995	Joseph P. Kennedy	2005	2010	2015
Robert Shriver III	Now	Now	Now	William Smith	Now	1990	1995	Matthew R. Kennedy	2005	2010	2015
Robert Kennedy Jr.	Now	Now	Now	Kara Kennedy	Now	1990	1995	Michael Kennedy Jr.	2008	2013	2018
Maria Shriver	Now	Now	1990	Edward Kennedy Jr.	Now	1991	1996	Rose K. Townsend	2008	2013	2018
Christopher Lawford	Now	Now	1990	Robin Lawford	Now	1991	1996	Kyle Kennedy	2009	2014	2019
Sydney Lawford	Now	Now	1991	Christopher Kennedy	Now	1993	1998	Robert F. Kennedy III	2009	2014	2019
McKelvy	Now	Now	1991	Mark Shriver	Now	1994	1999	Peter Lawford McKelvy	2010	2015	2020
Mary C. Kennedy Ruhe	Now	Now	1991	Anthony Shriver	1990	1995	2000	Christopher Lawford McKelvy	2012	2017	2022
Caroline Kennedy Schlossberg	Now	Now	1992	Matthew M. Kennedy	1990	1995	2000	Rory Gifford Kennedy	2012	2017	2022
Stephen Smith Jr.	Now	Now	1992	Patrick Kennedy	1992	1997	2002	David Lawford	2012	2017	2022
Michael Kennedy	Now	Now	1993	Amanda Smith	1992	1997	2002	Sophia Shriver	2012	2017	2022
Victoria Lawford Pender	Now	Now	1993	Douglas Kennedy	1992	1997	2002	Alexandra Lawford	2013	2018	2023
Mary K. Kennedy	Now	Now	1994	Rory E. Kennedy	1993	1998	2003	Pender			
				Kym Smith	1997	2002	2007	Rose Kennedy Schlossberg	2013	2018	2023
				Kennedy Kids' Kids				Kathleen Kennedy	2013	2018	2023
				Meaghan Townsend	2002	2007	2012				

—Bill Thomas



**“He works as hard as he plays.
And he drinks Johnnie Walker®”**



Good taste is always an asset.



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THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

recently began hawking Toyotas and has joined the *New Hollywood Squares* family of amiable time-wasters.

Jasmine Guy, who plays the stuck-up Whitley on *A Different World*, has made celebrity guest appearances on both *The New Hollywood Squares* and *Win, Lose or Draw*, performed on *Lou Rawls's Parade of Stars Telethon* and persuaded the city of Atlanta to proclaim a Jasmine Guy Day. Morton Downey Jr., who stands to make more than \$1 million this year just from speaking engagements, is also pocketing endorsement fees from Samsung Electronics and the Autoland car dealerships.

And though not specifically cashing in, Johnny Depp of *21 Jump Street* has certainly made the most of available opportunities by getting engaged to the momentarily popular actress Jennifer Grey.

Thanks to *Quincy, M.E.*, most Americans know that medical examiners and forensic pathologists are those kind and humane men and women who study death in order to illuminate life. Among the scholarly journals that help them stay current in their field is *The American Journal of Forensic Medicine and Pathology*. Some of the articles in *AJFMP* look at the big picture of death and disease (see, for example, "Suicide by Hanging: A Review of 56 Cases"), but many more are case studies of more exotic deaths. These cases are generally of four sorts.

Accidental Death. Typical is an account of four Norwegian divers who were killed when one of the chamber doors of their diving bell suddenly opened and the atmosphere instantaneously decompressed. One was shot through the opening of the bell and disintegrated. "The scalp with long, blond hair was present, but the top of the skull and the brain were missing. . . .

MAY DATEBOOK

*Enchanting and
Alarming Events
Upcoming*

2 Fleet Week Day at Yankee Stadium. The annual Fleet Week frenzy of sailboat, whaleboat and lifeboat races, diving and sea-rescue demonstrations, flotillas and fireworks takes a break as Navy, Marine and Coast Guardspeople go to the ballpark. *Lifeboat* races? **2** Andy's posthumous 15 minutes tick down: the Warhol retrospective finally closes at MoMA. **3** Ten years ago today Margaret Thatcher won

the general election in Britain. Nine years ago this year, the English Beat released "Stand Down Margaret." Maybe a remix—say they'd boosted the bass a bit, or *something*—would have been more effective. **5** Ann B. Davis born in Schenectady, New York, 1926. **5-10** The Association of Metropolitan Sewerage Agencies convenes at The Waldorf-Astoria. The gathering, a spokesman said, is for those involved in "municipals across the country that handle sewage—agencies that



deal with waste." (Open to the public.) **5-14** An international field of top cyclists pedal *Le Tour de Trump's* 933 miles from Albany through a turn in Virginia toward a *très élégant, très French* denouement at our very own Monaco, the Trump Plaza Hotel and Casino in Atlantic City. \$250,000 in prize money and ultraglamorous merchandise. **9** Architect and former fascist Philip Johnson

speaks at NYU's "The Creative Edge: An Exploration of the Arts" series. Interested hecklers are reminded that in order to attend they must sign up for the entire six-evening series (\$295), which includes Tom Wolfe and Stephen Sondheim, among others. "The Creative Edge" marks the auspicious linkage of its moderator, Richard Brown (the insufferable movie-course grandstander), and its sponsor, *Time* (the corporate sibling of *Cooking Light* magazine). **14** Mother's Day. Show your affection for Mom by taking her on a four-hour-long "Great Historic Disasters of New York" walking tour, sponsored by the 92nd Street Y. **16-18** The first annual New York Secretary Show; Madison Square Garden. **21** Norwegian Constitution Day Parade; Brooklyn. Last year's parade included a float stocked with accordion players. Somehow, a parade permit was issued again this year. **24** Gary Burghoff born, 1940. **27** Twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of Jawaharlal Nehru, India's prime minister. Unironic outbreak of Nehru-jacket-wearing reported. **30** Keir Dullea turns 53. **D**

UH-OH! IT'S DAFFYNITION TIME!

Former Journalist Edition

screen /'skrin/ n [ME *scrine*, fr. MF *escren*, fr. MD *scherm*; akin to OHG *skirm* screen, L *corium* skin — more at CUIRASS] (15c) **1**: a protective or ornamental device (as a movable partition) shielding an area from heat or drafts or from view **2**: something that shelters, protects, or hides: as **a**: a growth or stand of trees, shrubs, or plants **b**: a protective formation of troops, ships, or planes **c**: something that covers or disguises the true nature (as of an activity or feeling) (greets strangers with a ~ of excessive friendliness — Tony Schwartz) **3**: (1) a maneuver in chess sports for back-sitting a piece

screen
screw 1
: one
screw
sere

— Reprinted from Webster's Ninth New Collegiate Dictionary, page 1055



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THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

The soft tissues of the face were found, however, completely separated from the bones. . . . The right thigh, leg, and foot were missing, but the knee joint was found. . . . The penis was present, but invaginated. . . . The liver had been found somewhere on the deck. It was complete, as if dissected out of the body."

Death by Apparently Innocent Objects. The *Journal* has reported on a death caused by a nut (presumably a peanut—though the experts are not certain, and anyway a peanut is not a true nut, but a legume), which an elderly woman sucked into her lung sometime before she died of pneumonia; black pepper (which killed a boy who had inhaled a large amount of it); and seat belts (which, during the course of restraining a woman involved in a minor automobile accident, tore the inner surface of the carotid arteries in her neck, causing her to die two days later). And by money: there was the case of the 58-year-old woman who died of chronic copper poisoning, the result of swallowing, over the years, 275 coins, which examiners found in her stomach. "There were 174 pennies, 33 nickels, 37 dimes, and 31 quarters amounting to . . . \$14.84. . . . The coins showed varying degrees of discoloration and surface wear. According to the American Numismatic Association grading system, the coins were in about good or very good condition."

Death During the Course of Unusual Sex Acts. The *Journal* has run pieces on death caused by the rectal insertion of cocaine during sex, accidental strangulation during sadomasochistic sex, what is termed "an exceptional case" of necrophilia (as opposed, presumably, to everyday cases) and several instances of some of the more unusual of the 250 to 500 autoerotic deaths that are estimated to occur each year in the United States. Among these cases was that of a 60-year-old man who was found dead, completely rolled up, as though in a cocoon, in 14 blankets that had been partially sewn and

SEPARATED AT BIRTH?



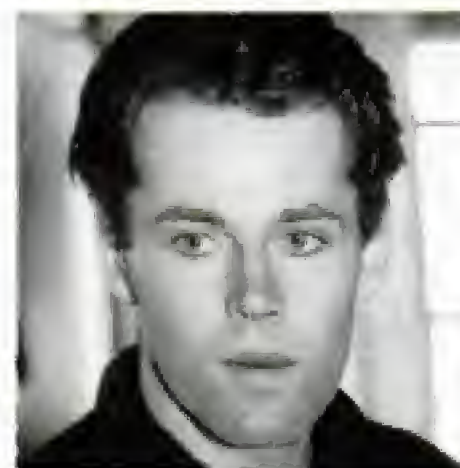
Mario Cuomo . . .



and Chico Marx?



Rob Lowe . . .



and Henry Fonda?



Barry Diller . . .



and Doris Duke?

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN YOUR MOTHER AND YOUR DOG?

A Sincerely Touching SPY Mother's Day Service Feature

*a*lthough it may not be a problem right now, it is very possible that on or around May 14 the seasonal burst of intimacy that you experience with your mother will allow you to see that the similarities between her and your dog—the two greatest sources of unconditional affection in your life—are profound. After all, consider them individually: There is your dog—easily distracted, increasingly prone to taking long afternoon naps, eager to impress upon you how little he's been eating. And then there is your mother—easily distracted, increasingly prone to taking long afternoon naps, eager to impress upon you how little she's been eating.

It isn't that your mother isn't beautiful. It isn't that you don't respect your dog for his essential dogness. It is, rather, that, as creatures of the same small planet, we must all put aside our differences and search for what we *share*.

WHEN DEAN WITTER TALKS, PEOPLE LISTEN TO E. F. HUTTON

*a*t the corner of Kings Highway and Coney Island Avenue stands Dean Witter Reynolds's sole Brooklyn outpost, only 7.8 miles (as the vulture flies) from their headquarters in the World Trade Center. To entice Brooklynite would-be investors, their pockets stuffed with surplus cash, Dean Witter commissioned a mural for the Coney Island Avenue wall. The mural, painted during the early days of the Reagan administration, forecast the close of the Dow Jones Industrial Average year by year through 1990. Like a fixed star over the roiling financial seas, this would-be-prophetic mural remained unchanged through both the stock market run-up of the mid-eighties and its 508-point crash in 1987.

Nina Lewnes, operations manager for the branch, says that there are no plans to revise the mural. Perhaps this is because a second story would have to be built to accommodate the 2722-point historic high of the Dow, and this is not a time when brokerage houses feel like investing in bricks and mortar.

WHERE THE SHREWD DEAN WITTER ARTIST PREDICTED THE DOW WOULD PEAK	WHERE THE DOW ACTUALLY CLOSED	PERCENT ERROR
8/25/87 1450	2722	-47
10/19/87 1450	1738	-17
10/88 1475	2149	-31
12/88 1500	2168	-31



—Andy Aaron

SIMILARITIES

Have proprietary attitude toward garbage and its disposal

Are sometimes asked to stay indoors due to inability to mix well with others

Are uncomfortable with the concept of a 500cc Kawasaki

Are eager to sample many different cuisines

Are responsible for the proliferation of small, oval area rugs

Are surly and unpleasant when awakened from afternoon naps

Are unable to pivot—must bodily complete large circle in order to turn fully

—Henry Alford



KNOWING IS ALL.



KNOWING

THE FRAGRANCE FROM

ESTÉE
LAUDER

NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS

PROFILES IN DISCOURAGEMENT

The Koch Record on Whistle-Blowing



THE FINE PRINT CONTINUED

taped together. He was wearing two pairs of hot pants, long johns, socks and a vest. His arms were above his head and his penis was covered by a plastic bag. He apparently spread the blankets out and rolled himself up in them in an effort to decrease the supply of oxygen to his brain, something that can heighten sexual stimulation. Then, as he was masturbating, he became overheated, his oxygen supply was cut off, and when he couldn't escape, he became a victim of autoerotic asphyxiation. Examiners found some 60 blankets in his apartment.

In another case involving hypoxia, a 59-year-old antiques dealer died while inhaling nitrous oxide from a dental anesthetic machine. He was wearing a rubber apron that stretched from neck to mid-thigh, three woolen cardigans, a woman's blouse, two pairs of women's slacks and a pair of black bloomers. He was surrounded by 112 pages' worth of magazines, photos, watercolors and other materials, all concerning "bondage and sexual activity related to anesthesia and dental procedures."

The *Journal* also tells the story of a 57-year-old man who suffered a fatal heart attack while having sex with a vacuum cleaner and stimulating himself anally with a table leg. "Most [autoerotic fatalities] have been ruled accidental deaths. In this case, however, death was classified as natural based on the decedent's medical history. . . ."

Be assured that the *Journal's* interest in unusual erotic practices isn't limited to those that kill. One article describes a 20-year-old man whose boyfriend had administered an enema of concrete mix. After the mass hardened, the man began suffering great pain. The concrete, which had formed a model of his rectum, was removed during surgery. "The patient was kept overnight and discharged uneventfully the following morning. The attending physician recommended a psychiatric consultation but the patient

On those rare days when an aide or a political crony is not testifying before an investigative committee or a grand jury, or is not actually standing trial, or is not committing a crime that will later require him or her to stand trial, Mayor-for-Life Ed Koch tries to remind New Yorkers of his reputation for honesty and candor. But whether or not he personally deserves that reputation, he certainly doesn't encourage honesty in others. Consider, for instance, the lot of the major whistle-blowers of the Koch administration:

Civil Servant: Edward Nicaastro, a lawyer who worked as contract manager for the Department of Environmental Protection

What He Reported: That DEP was awarding cement contracts for New York's billion-dollar water tunnel without considering other bids

What Resulted: The Department of Investigation (DOI) substantiated Nicaastro's claims; a deputy commissioner resigned

His Fate: Nicaastro was demoted to budget manager for a garage and denied a pay increase; later he was given another post, director of administrative services, where he is not allowed to oversee contracts

Civil Servant: Irwin Levin, a social worker in the Human Resources Administration

What He Reported: That in nine cases of child abuse, HRA social workers had neglected to ensure the safety of the children, all of whom eventually died

What Resulted: When the DOI failed to act, Levin brought the case to then City Council president Carol Bellamy, who called on Stanley Brezenoff, chief of HRA, to investigate. However, no action was taken until Levin took his story to the newspapers

His Fate: The HRA demoted Levin, cut his pay, transferred him to a different job and fined him a month's pay for divulging confidential information about clients. Continuing media interest eventually persuaded Koch to order the DOI to investigate. Levin's allegations were substantiated, but the DOI found that his demotion and pay cut were justified, since he had disclosed private information. (Brezenoff, meanwhile, was promoted to first deputy mayor.) Levin was eventually reinstated

Civil Servant: Herbert Rosenblum, a manager in the Medicaid unit of HRA

What He Reported: That the city was paying Medicaid fees for 14,000 people who were ineligible, many because they were dead

What Resulted: His findings were substantiated and the ineligible people dropped from the rolls

His Fate: Rosenblum was demoted and given a job outside Medicaid. He was later reinstated

Civil Servant: Joan Stake, director of an HRA investigative unit on fraud and mismanagement

What She Reported: She investigated and backed up Levin's and Rosenblum's allegations about child abuse and fraud

Her Fate: Her unit was dissolved

Civil Servant: Peggy Moberg, an aide in the City Planning Commission

What She Reported: That zoning-law variances supported by Bronx planning commissioner Ted Teah, then a law partner and political ally of Stanley Friedman's, would excessively benefit a particular real estate developer and harm the community

What Resulted: The development proceeded

Her Fate: Moberg was fired and had her unemployment compensation blocked; after taking her case to her union and to an arbiter, she received \$10,000 in back pay. She was offered her job back but declined

Civil Servant: Sideris Caramintzos, a chemical engineer in the Department of Environmental Protection

What He Reported: The improper treatment of hazardous waste by Hexagon Laboratories, a chemical company in the Bronx. The ineffective treatment process had been approved and designed in part by his supervisor at DEP

What Resulted: His allegations were not contested. Hexagon eventually closed down

His Fate: Caramintzos was fired; the city later compensated Caramintzos without acknowledging improper conduct on its part

Civil Servant: Judith Piesco, a deputy director of the Department of Personnel

What She Reported: Testifying before a state senate committee, she said that an illiterate could pass the city's written Police Department examination, which had been drafted under the auspices of her boss

What Resulted: The test has not been changed

Her Fate: Piesco was fired for insubordination

Civil Servant: Pat Ivory, a worker at the Division of Water Supply

What He Reported: That DEP employees at upstate reservoirs were falsifying time sheets, doing home-improvement work for supervisors on city time and using city vehicles for personal business

What Resulted: A DOI investigation corroborated allegations by Ivory and other DEP workers

His Fate: Ivory was fired for gambling on the job

—Jamie Malanowski



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**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.**

16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine
av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb. '85

Philip Morris Inc. 1988

declined."

Unusual Suicides. Typical of such accounts is what the *Journal* calls "A Bizarre Case of Vehicular Suicide." Apparently investigators suspected murder when they found the upper and lower halves of a man's body on the shoulder of the Long Island Expressway near an abandoned Toyota Corolla. As it turned out, the man had killed himself by putting his car in drive and then leaning across the console and hanging out the passenger-side window. Then, as the car moved forward at approximately 25 miles per hour, he was cut in half at the waistline by a road sign (EXIT 39N, GLEN COVE RD. NORTH, GLEN COVE). The upper half of the body dropped next to the sign, while the lower half stayed in the car for about 100 feet before tumbling out.

The *Journal*, it should be noted, offers its readers more than compelling studies of human nature at the fringe. There are useful ads ("New! A Field Guide for Human Skeletal Identification"; "New! The Testimony of Teeth"), diverting correspondence (a doctor from Turin writes in with what he believes to be the first reported account in Italy of death from fisting) and trend articles ("Homicidal Poisoning: A Dying Modality of Lethal Violence?"). There are also helpful service pieces, offering pathologists a Skeletal Remains Checklist, and tips on camera batteries ("Most medical examiners have experienced the irritation or embarrassment of arriving at a scene of death only to find that the batteries in our flash are either dead or take forever to recharge the flash.") There is, finally, an article about Posttraumatic Stress Disorder, an emotional problem afflicting pathologists who must constantly deal with death. The disorder frequently manifests itself in "insomnia . . . depression, hyperalertness, increased startle responses, pessimism, and recurring intrusive thoughts of the etiologic stimulus." In other words, they keep finding themselves at the oddest moments wondering, *Why do such things happen?* ☛

Dear Dr. Nick,

I am worried about someone. He seems to be having a difficult time expressing his anger, or even his annoyance, or even a mild gripe. He is a talented man whose abilities have won him fame, admiration and wealth, as well as the heart of a beautiful though admittedly materialistic singer-actress, who married him. Nevertheless, my friend has a tendency to lash out at people. He once threw a rock at a photographer and then camera-whipped him. He also beat a reporter on that occasion. Another time he saw a man, an old friend of his wife's, kiss her on the cheek. He beat and kicked the man and whumped him with a chair. On another occasion he beat a movie extra who was taking pictures. He actually served time in prison after that attack. Now I hear that last New Year's Eve he beat his wife, gagged her, tied her to an armchair and left her that way for nine hours. She has filed for divorce, but what do you think—does he need to seek professional help?

ASK DR. NICK

Timely Advice from an Actual Psychiatrist



Dr. Nick replies:

*Your friend certainly has a problem, and it may well have a psychiatric basis. He seems to have very little ability to regulate what he's feeling at a given time. The examples you give all involve anger and insecurity, but I would wonder whether he doesn't have trouble with love, sadness, guilt and other strong emotions. People with **borderline personality disorders** have this difficulty, which often leads to erratic or dangerous behavior. **Psychopaths** (and, incidentally, people with temporal-lobe epilepsy) may also display the kind of aggression your friend has shown.*

*If his problem is limited to those incidents you describe, a diagnosis of **intermittent explosive disorder** could be entertained. This applies to a person who has had several discrete episodes of aggression disproportionate to the precipitant.*

(Dr. Nick, the nom de plume of the SPY psychiatrist, points out that he has never seen or spoken to the subject, and says that it's highly irresponsible of him to offer a diagnosis in a magazine. The subject, Dr. Nick notes, might be just fine.) ☛

A CORPORATE-FUNDED PRO-POLLUTION LOBBYING GROUP BY ANY OTHER NAME

or every group of do-gooders banding together to rail against some form of corporate or governmental abuse, there's a corresponding group quietly raising money to defend that very abuse. But because those in favor of bulldozing forests or pumping crud into the atmosphere generally don't like to advertise it, their organizations are named with the same sort of Orwellian doublespeak that has given us freedom fighters, Peacekeeper missiles and cheese foods.

Like how about:

Washington Forest Protection Association: A trade organization, made up of the largest timber companies in Washington State, that fights against various logging restrictions.

Clean Air Working Group: Representatives of the oil, steel, aluminum, paper and automobile industries who lobby against tougher revisions of the Clean Air Act.

The National Environmental Development Association: A group composed of self-serving representatives of industry, labor and agriculture who believe "the financial burden of unjustified environmental measures could destroy industry's ability to provide the tax base for general social progress."

Citizens for the Sensible Control of Acid Rain: Run

from a PR office in Washington, D.C., this "grass-roots" organization hired lobbyists to mail 80,000 letters denouncing a bill to control acid rain.



Living Lakes: An organization of coal-burning power companies that makes a big show of lining acidified lakes with crushed limestone in order to undercut support for industry regulations that would eliminate acid rain in the first place.

Ducks Unlimited: A group of hunters and others who raise money for the preservation of waterfowl habitats in order to have plenty of game to kill.

Whitetails Unlimited: See Ducks Unlimited.

Alliance for Responsible CFC [Chlorofluorocarbons] Policy: With growing public pressure to restrict the use of ozone-damaging chemicals, this association of CFC users and producers aims to ensure "economically feasible legislation."

The National Agricultural Press Association: A recently disbanded organization, publisher of the *Primrose and Cattleman's Gazette*, a neo-Nazi magazine that printed articles such as "How the Jewish Question Touches the Farm" and ran ads for the Aryan Nation.

—Elizabeth Royte
(research assistance by William Smith)



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"TED KOPPEL! NOW THAT YOU AND THE *NIGHTLINE* GANG HAVE WON THE ALFRED I. DUPONT-COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY AWARD FOR EXCELLENCE IN BROADCASTING, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NEXT?"

We've all seen the commercials. As "When You Wish Upon a Star" tinkles in the background, a montage of film clips shows the hero or heroine vanquishing his or her opponents in some astoundingly recent national competition. Off camera, a voice asks, for example, "Joe Montana, now that you and the San Francisco 49ers have just won the Super Bowl, what are you going to do *next*?" And on the field, in

the middle of actual postgame hubbub, Joe, grinning the sweat- and mud-soaked grin of victory, says, "I'm going to *Disney World!*" (West Coast viewers heard "I'm going to *Disneyland!*")

It is a solemn moment. Before the entire nation the victor promises that the next thing he will do after wiping the fizz out of his eyes will be to visit a Disney park. We all understand the word *next*; it means immediately

succeeding, No. 2 on the agenda, *as soon as I am done with this, I'll do that*. And so we believe—because athletes wouldn't lie—that as soon as he showers, our hero will go see Mickey. But we have been deceived.

Soon the NBA championship series will end and some beautiful giant in nylon shorts will probably promise that he's going to Disney World *next*. And we, no longer quite so innocent, will start the clock.

DISNEY SHILL	OCCASION	DID HE/SHE GO?	WHAT'S HIS/HER IDEA OF NEXT?	WHAT DID HE/SHE DO IN THE MEANTIME?
Orel Hershisier, Los Angeles Dodgers pitcher	Selected World Series MVP in October 1988	Yes	Three days	Virtually as soon as he showered and toweled off, he visited Disneyland. Said his spokesman, "I know he went. I'm sure he went. I'm positive. He's such a family man, so I know he went right away"
Joe Montana, San Francisco 49ers quarterback	Led his team to victory in Super Bowl XXIII, January 1989	Yes	Eight days	"He rested. He went to the AT&T Pebble Beach golf tournament. Other than that he stuck close to home," says a spokesperson
Phil Simms, New York Giants quarterback	Selected Super Bowl MVP in January 1987	Yes	One month	Perhaps honed his speaking skills for his future gig as a spokesperson for The Disney Channel. Announcer: <i>So, what are you doing during the strike?</i> Phil (echoing his pledge): <i>I'm watching movies on The Disney Channel</i>
Brian Boitano, ice skater	Won an Olympic gold medal in figure skating in February 1988	Yes	Two months	According to a spokesman, "He won the gold medal, then he had to go to Europe to win the world championship. Then he went [to Disney World] for an entire week. He may have eaten lunch in between. Oh, I didn't say that"
Magic Johnson, Los Angeles Lakers guard	Selected MVP of the NBA championship series in June 1987	Yes	Two months	According to his spokesman, "He went to the Bahamas, he was on Carson, he did appearances for Spalding, Converse, did some clinics, signed autographs, made commercials—he did everything"
Gretchen Carlson, beauty queen	Crowned Miss America 1989 in September 1988	Yes	Two months	Cut the tape at suburban shopping malls, opened supermarkets, appeared at various trade shows and handed out autographed photos of herself for fans
Doug Williams, Washington Redskins quarterback	Selected Super Bowl MVP in January 1988	Yes	Three months	According to a spokesman, "He did appearances, appearances, appearances . . . anything that paid; some charitable, some personal things. Everybody wanted a piece of Doug Williams"
Frank Viola, Minnesota Twins pitcher	Selected MVP of the 1987 World Series	Yes	Three months	"He did appearances and played golf," said a representative
Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, Los Angeles Lakers center	Helped the Lakers win the NBA title in June 1988	No	Eleven months and counting	"He's been playing basketball, that's all he has time for," says a spokesman. "That and dealing with retirement ceremonies"
Dennis Conner, publicity-mad seafarer	Won the America's Cup in September 1987	No	One year, seven months and counting	"He's been busy with the 1988 America's Cup," says a mouthpiece. "He's doing regattas." He's also been making commercials for Wrigley's gum, American Express, Sperry Top-Siders, Marlboro, Pepsi and Rolex watches

Despite a good effort, Montana failed to better not only Hershisier but also the unofficial holder of second place, Nicholas Daniloff, the Moscow bureau chief for *U.S. News and World Report* who in 1986 spent 14 days in KGB captivity. Although he apparently recorded no statement about Disney World upon his release—*No sir, Mr. Eisner, we can't get our camera crew into Moscow by this afternoon*—Daniloff showed up at Disney World, an only somewhat less totalitarian environment than the one he had just departed, a scant *six days* after returning to the U.S. He was there to speak at a joint celebration of Disney World's fifteenth anniversary and the bicentennial of the Constitution.

—Elissa Schappell



Yachting time from Paris.

Michel Herbelin is an artist. Instead of paint, he works with gold and steel to create watches of exceptional originality and spirit.

His Newport watch is a tribute to starry nights on deck, and days at the office when the wind is up and the sea beckons.

Crafted in France, the stainless steel and 18K gold-

plated case is as trim and carefully detailed as a racing sloop—and resists water down to 100 feet.

The strap is genuine shark-skin, and attaches to the case with nautical-style pins and porthole hinges. A gold rope pattern circles the enamel dial, with a ship's spoked wheel at 12 o'clock. The regatta-accurate quartz movement is Swiss. \$249.



*"The sea never changes and its works,
for all the talk of men, are wrapped in mystery."*

—Joseph Conrad

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Roseanne Barr	4
Barbara Bush	4
Sean Penn	4
Mort Zuckerman	4
Adolf Hitler	3
Bette Davis	3
SPY	2
Fran Lebowitz	1
Kelly McGillis's marriage	1

CHRONICLE OF OUR DEATH FORETOLD

*A SPY Public Service
Countdown*

"My pal **Donald Trump** . . . said that SPY magazine is in trouble financially and will not be around much longer. I chided the handsome mogul, of whom I am very fond . . . that he should not indulge in wishful thinking. He said, 'No, you'll find this is true if you just investigate. **I predict they won't even be around in a year.**'"

—Liz Smith in the
Daily News,
September 29, 1988



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR OF *THE NEW YORKER*

SPY publishes *Letters to the Editor of The New Yorker* because *The New Yorker* doesn't. Still. Address correspondence to "Dear Bob," c/o SPY, The Puck Building, 295 Lafayette Street, New York, N.Y. 10012.

DEAR BOB,

While enjoying the museum show "The Art of *The New Yorker*: A 60-Year Retrospective," I noticed a sort of scary trend (Fig. 1). What are you doing to replenish the ranks? Is there dancing at your Christmas party?

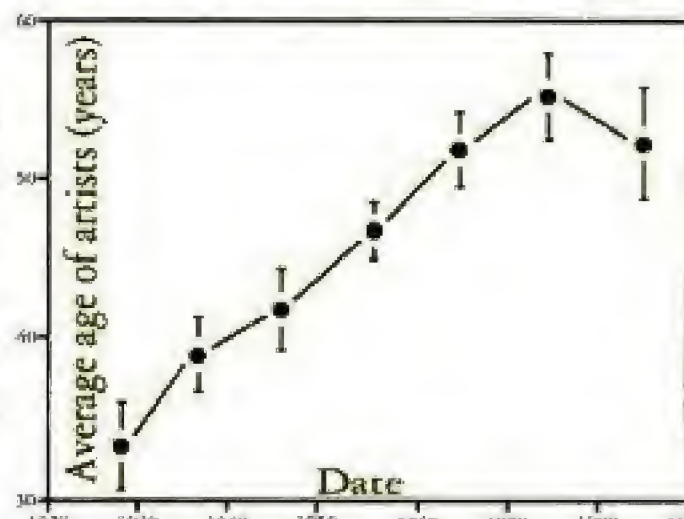


Fig. 1. The ungreening of *The New Yorker*. (Each point is a mean of the ages of between 7 and 20 staff artists. Bars show the standard errors of the means; the true mean is within one standard error of the sample mean about 70 percent of the time.)

Seth Roberts
Berkeley, California

Concern about the graying of *The New Yorker* is unfounded, according to that magazine's art editor, Lee Lorenz. "That is categorically untrue—many of the people in that retrospective are dead," Lorenz told SPY. "It's not as though we have a

staff and when one keels over we trot in another. We take on new artists and writers all the time. We're interested in how good they are, not how old they are."

On the other hand, Lorenz admitted, "We don't have a Christmas party. There is a little informal gathering, and, yes, everyone is spry enough to get up and dance." There isn't any music, he said, but people can dance if they want to. And isn't that what really counts? ☺

BLURB-O-MAT

Capsule Reviews by Eric Kaplan™, the Movie Publicist's Friend



THE RACHEL PAPERS, starring Ione Skye, Jonathan Pryce (MGM/UA)

Eric Kaplan says, "See *Rachel Papers* twice! The first time to laugh! The second time to cry!"

HOW I GOT INTO COLLEGE, starring Anthony Edwards (Twentieth Century Fox)

Eric Kaplan says, "Prepare to enroll in Super-Funny 101!"

DEAD CALM, starring Sam Neill (Warner Bros.)

Eric Kaplan says, "If you don't scream, you're not watching this movie!"

THE WITCHES, starring Anjelica Huston (Warner Bros.)

Eric Kaplan says, "A wickedly funny brew! Anjelica Huston casts a magic spell you won't shake off soon!"

SECOND SIGHT, starring John Larroquette, Bronson Pinchot (Warner Bros.)

Eric Kaplan says, "Laughter has a new name—John Larroquette!" ☺





A New Vision

The essence of Napa Valley's finest vineyards and California's innovative winemaking style, captured in the classic tradition of France.

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FAMILY PLOT

Call Us Crazy, but Some Kind of Pattern Seems to Be Developing Here

anet Leigh (*Psycho*) is the mother of the young actress Jamie Lee Curtis, who made a widely noted seminude appearance during the 1980s in *Trading Places*.

Ingrid Bergman (*Indiscreet*, *Notorious*, *Spellbound*) is the mother of the young actress Isabella Rossellini, who made a widely noted nude appearance during the 1980s in *Blue Velvet*.

Grace Kelly (*Rear Window*, *To Catch a*

Thief, *Dial M for Murder*) was the mother of the young actress-model Princess Stephanie, who has made widely noted seminude appearances during the 1980s in various periodicals.

Tippi Hedren (*The Birds*, *Marnie*) is the mother of the young actress Melanie Griffith, who made a widely noted nude appearance during the 1980s in *Body Double*. ☛

LOGROLLING IN OUR TIME

"There is always something special about a story of hers."

—Joyce Carol Oates on Alice Adams's *Return Trips*

"Her most magnificent novel."

—Adams on Oates's *You Must Remember This*

"Lake Wobegon joins Thurber's Columbus as an absurd definition of a very real Midwest."

—New Yorker writer Veronica Geng on New Yorker writer Garrison Keillor's *Lake Wobegon Days*

"A funny and gorgeous book."

—Keillor on Geng's *Love Trouble Is My Business*

"A newspaperman's epic, bristling with activity."

—Barbara Tuchman on Harrison Salisbury's *A Journey for Our Times*

"A compelling tale, a marvelous feat of scholarship."

—Salisbury on Tuchman's *The First Salute*

—Howard Kaplan

TEN YEARS AGO IN SPY

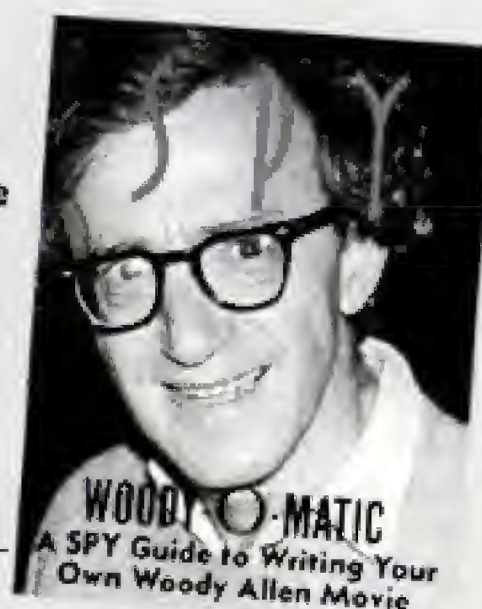
SPY: What about the new regime there?

Salman Rushdie: Khomeini? What a joke! He ought to be called Kho-maniac.

SPY: [Laughs.] You'd better be careful. The guy seems to have a pretty short fuse.

Rushdie: Ha! Screw the motherf-----.

—from "The SPY Interview: Salman Rushdie,"
by David Owen, SPY, May 1979



CELESTIAL HINDSIGHT

SPY's Horoscope for Skeptics

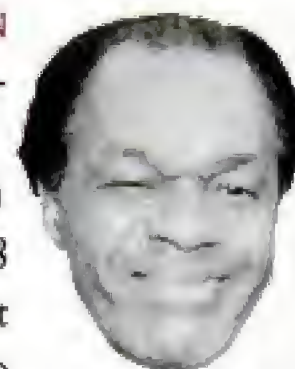
nother look at the horoscopes of familiar people on momentous days of their lives.

Subject: MARION BARRY, mayor of Washington, D.C.

Sign: Pisces (b. 3/6/36)

Date: December 22, 1988

Notable Activity: Went to hotel to visit friend who had allegedly offered drugs to maid, and in whose room were found traces of cocaine
Horoscope: "Surround yourself with good role models." —Joyce Jillson, *Daily News*



Subject: DAVE WINFIELD

Sign: Libra (b. 10/3/51)

Date: January 9, 1989

Notable Activity: Was sued by George Steinbrenner for alleged misuse of funds of his David M. Winfield Foundation
Horoscope: "A longstanding relationship now appears to be going through a crucial or unhappy phase." —Patric Walker, *New York Post*



Subject: GEORGE STEINBRENNER

Sign: Cancer (b. 7/4/30)

Date: January 17, 1989

Notable Activity: Was pardoned by President Reagan for felony committed in 1974

Horoscope: "Friends are especially loving and protective." —Laurie Brady, *Star* magazine



Subject: PETER BOGDANOVICH

Sign: Leo (b. 7/30/39)

Date: December 30, 1988

Notable Activity: Married 20-year-old Louise Hoogstratten, sister of murdered girlfriend Dorothy Stratten
Horoscope: "Know your limits when indulging your appetites with loved ones." —Joyce Jillson, *Daily News*



—George Mannes



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SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Cigarette
Smoke Contains Carbon Monoxide.

16 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb.'85.

I USED TO LOVE YOU, BUT IT'S ALL OVER NOW

The Ebb and Flow of Great Expectations at Yankee Stadium

Yankee fans still cherish the dream—not that the team will play in the October Classic, but that 162 games can pass without George Steinbrenner publicly haranguing his employees. The Yankees have several new players this year, accomplished athletes who joined the team during the off-season, and who, to a man, expressed with charming ingenuousness their delight in the opportunity to wear pinstripes and to work for an ex-felon—oops, sorry, make that *fully pardoned ex-felon*. “The Yankees treated me as someone they greatly respected,” infielder Steve Sax said when he was signed in November of last year. “George Steinbrenner is very committed to winning. . . . I don’t feel like there’s going to be any problem,” pitcher Andy Hawkins said when he was signed in December. Dave LaPoint, another pitcher, appeared to be working himself up to almost religious hysteria over his new job. “I never met George Steinbrenner,” he said before closing his deal last December, “[but] I stood five feet away from him once, and I could feel the energy radiating.”

Veteran Yankee-watchers have met dozens of blissful arrivals over the years and have learned to discount the new-boy earnestness. History has shown that freshly minted Yankees almost always express vast enthusiasm and almost always see their opinions . . . evolve. Consider the experiences of these players.

Goose Gossage explained in November 1977 why he’d accepted Steinbrenner’s offer. “The great team the Yankees are and the class organization they are had something to do with it,” the ace reliever said. In 1982 he offered a revised opinion of his boss: “I’m sick of the whole situation. . . . [Steinbrenner’s] got to stop treating us like animals and start treating us like people.”



Dave Collins, the outfielder, expressed confidence when he was signed in December 1981 by saying, “It will be exciting to play for Mr. Steinbrenner.” Before a full season passed, Collins had offered a revised opinion of his boss. “I want out,” he said. “I don’t have peace of mind.”



Tommy John showed great enthusiasm about coming to work for Steinbrenner in November 1978: “I like playing for a winner.” Four years later John offered a revised opinion of his boss: “I just feel sorry for the man. He doesn’t know fact from fiction.”

Dave Winfield was also attracted by Steinbrenner’s hunger for victory. “I want to win,” he said just before signing in 1980. “With the Yankees . . . every time I show up at the ballpark . . . I got a chance to win.” By 1988 the outfielder had offered a revised opinion of his boss. “With Steinbrenner,” Winfield wrote in his autobiography, *Winfield: A Player’s Life*, “it’s win or lose, live or die. The man shows up and the fun’s gone, the pressure’s on.”



Don Baylor, the designated hitter, was bowled over by the owner in 1982: “Mr. Steinbrenner is . . . like myself; he likes to win. . . . [He] comes out and says, ‘I want you as part of this ball club with its winning tradition,’ and here I am.” Three years later Baylor offered a revised opinion of his boss. “It’s tough enough to play in New York,” he said after being traded to Boston, “but the players have to deal with [Steinbrenner] along with everything else. I’m just glad I requested a trade and it was granted. Look at poor [Ken] Griffey. He’s been wanting out for four years and he’s still there.”

Don Mattingly, the All-Star first baseman, brimmed with confidence when the Yankees signed him to a new contract in January 1988: “Three years [of contractual employment] and a lot of money shows their respect for me.” Within eight months he was offering a revised opinion of his boss. “They give you money but no respect,” he said. “Call us babies, call us whatever you want. If you don’t treat me with respect, I don’t want to work for you.”



Roy Smalley, the shortstop, was confused by but amenable to the trade that brought him to New York from Minnesota in 1982. “If the Yankees want to [pay me



\$2.5 million to be a backup], it’s okay with me,” he said. Two years later he offered a revised opinion of his boss: “[Steinbrenner] pays salaries, and large ones, but I don’t think that gives him the right to denigrate a person and assault his personality. I’m not an unreasonable guy. I’m not a crybaby. I’m not ignorant. But I’ve had a knot in my stomach for two weeks. That’s how much I hate this stuff.”

The king of revised opinions of Steinbrenner, of course, is Billy Martin. He was delighted when he was hired in 1975, saying, “I’m very happy, very proud to be coming back to New York.” Three years later he offered his first revised opinion of his boss and of his nemesis, Reggie Jackson: “The two of them deserve one another. One’s a born liar, the other’s convicted.” The following summer Martin revised his revised opinion of his boss: “I get along great with George Steinbrenner.” Four months after that he offered a new revision of his revised opinion of his boss: “I do not want or need any more of George Steinbrenner’s so-called help.” Three years later he reversed his new revision of his revised opinion of his boss: “I’m not just his manager now, I’m his friend. . . . I’m going to have an apartment in Manhattan, and he said we’ll go to lunch.” Fired within the year, however, Martin later offered a revised revision of his revised revision of his opinion of his boss: “We didn’t exactly communicate well.” He then recast his revision of his revised revision of his revised opinion of his boss: “We’re good friends now. We’re closer now than we’ve ever been before.” Five months later he reversed his recast revision of his revised revision of his revised opinion of his boss: “He was 0-8-1 [as an assistant football coach in college]. I want to know how he got the tie.” Then, two years later, he recast his reversal of his recast revision of his revised revision of his revised opinion of his boss: “I want to bring back the winning tradition that our fans expect.” Finally, seven months later, in June 1988, he retracted his recast reversal of his recast revision of his revised revision of his revised opinion of his boss. “I won’t ever come back as manager,” Billy Martin said. —Larry Hettelman

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THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF HAIR, PART 5(a)

Very Modern Men Talking About Their Ponytails: A SPY Roundtable Life-style Rap Session

these quotes were collected individually by reporter ANNE D. BERNSTEIN. They have been edited to simulate the kind of vigorous yet caring give-and-take that might result if a bunch of men sat cross-legged on pillows sipping tea and white wine and talking about hair.

SPY: *The masculine ponytail—trend, statement or uninterested grooming? Let's cut through the doublespeak and ask the gut questions: Why a ponytail? . . . Why a ponytail on you in 1989?*

Jon, 35, art director, 5-inch ponytail: "I started losing my hair, and I think [a ponytail] looks better than a comb-over [see "The Illustrated History of Hair, Part IV," April]. It's a way of having hip, happening hair. I'd rather be referred to as 'the guy with the ponytail' than 'the guy with the bald head.' "

Paul, 20, stock boy and aspiring fashion designer, 7-inch ponytail: "I saw a couple of guys with long hair and it looked pretty cool, so I said, 'Why not?' "

Ralph, 27, Legal Aid assistant, 16-inch ponytail: "I take a certain amount of comfort in the fact that mine is long enough to make the statement that I was somewhat ahead of the pack [his current growth dates from 1984]. I found myself getting attached to a foot and a half length [of ponytail] in a way that I don't think I would have done if it was shorter. . . . I feel committed."

Kahtan, 25, Trump Tower shoe salesman, 6-inch ponytail: "I was inspired by Napoleon . . . before he became emperor."

Daniel, 34, fashion photographer, 15-inch ponytail: "When I was growing up, I had long hair very early on [1965]. They tried to throw me out of school ten times. When I hit my early twenties [in the mid-1970s], I cut it short, which coincided with a part of my life where I was trying to 'make it.' I wanted to be able to function with straight people. But I was still the rebel that I always was. When I grew my hair back, it was like, 'Where have I been all these years?' "

SPY: *But in the eighties—the age, after all, of postmodernism, an age when many fear that the ironic gesture is the only credible personal*

gesture left—do ponytails on men still have the same sociopolitical impact they did back in the late 1960s? And precisely what does it signify in 1989, Zeitgeist-wise, when we see a man with his hair in a ponytail wearing a suit?

John, 52, author of *The New Dress for Success*, no ponytail: "I don't see it as a matter of men in suits growing ponytails but of men with ponytails putting on suits. That's the order of sequence I see. They're actually becoming more conservative. It's sort of their last holdout . . . 'Yes, I'm wearing a suit, but . . .' "

Jon: "A ponytail gives you greater credibility [as an art director]. It says, 'I know what I'm talking about because I have a ponytail and I'm wearing nice clothes. . . .' [Yet] when I go to New Jersey, where my parents live, it's very strange. My three little nephews ask me if I'm a girl."

Ed, 35, vice president of international project finance for Fuji Bank, 7½-inch ponytail: "My ponytail is a statement of confidence more than anything else. I can be the way I am [i.e., ponytailed] and be accepted that way because my work reflects my ability—not how I dress. . . . It's what you bring to the table that matters."

SPY: *But what about the deeper meaning of bound tresses?*

Werner, 87, Jungian analyst, no ponytail: "[Ponytails have] always reminded me of the Chinese. People who I have met with that hairstyle seem to have a leaning toward Eastern philosophy. Some people might have taken [to wearing a ponytail] as a kind of archetypal expression of their relatedness to [Asian and Native American cultures]. There may also be a conscious or unconscious wish to express some kind of androgynous setting."

SPY: *Yes, but have you ever been mistaken for Karl Lagerfeld?*

Daniel: "I was at a wedding and an older woman came up to me and said, 'We're trying to figure out who you are. We see this distinguished-looking man with a ponytail. You're not that fashion designer, are you?' "

THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF HAIR, PART 5(b)

Women Talking About Men Wearing Ponytails: Yet Another SPY Roundtable Life-style Rap Session

SPY: *The masculine ponytail—let's hear what the women say. Gals?*

Kerri, 25, SoHo boutique saleswoman: "Some people do look good with ponytails. Then there are the guys who come in like, 'Ciao, Babe! My hair's in a ponytail now!'"

Astrid, 21, SoHo boutique saleswoman: "One reason they're popular is because ugly guys look better with ponytails."

Ellen, 26, SoHo boutique manager: "The hot guys who look hot in it will always look hot."

Kerri: "The stupid nerds who try to put their hair in a ponytail, like, they ruin it for the cool guys."

Astrid: "You'll be able to tell the losers. They won't know when to cut theirs off."

THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF HAIR, PART 5 (C)

Fig. 1: Origins of the Modern American Male Ponytail

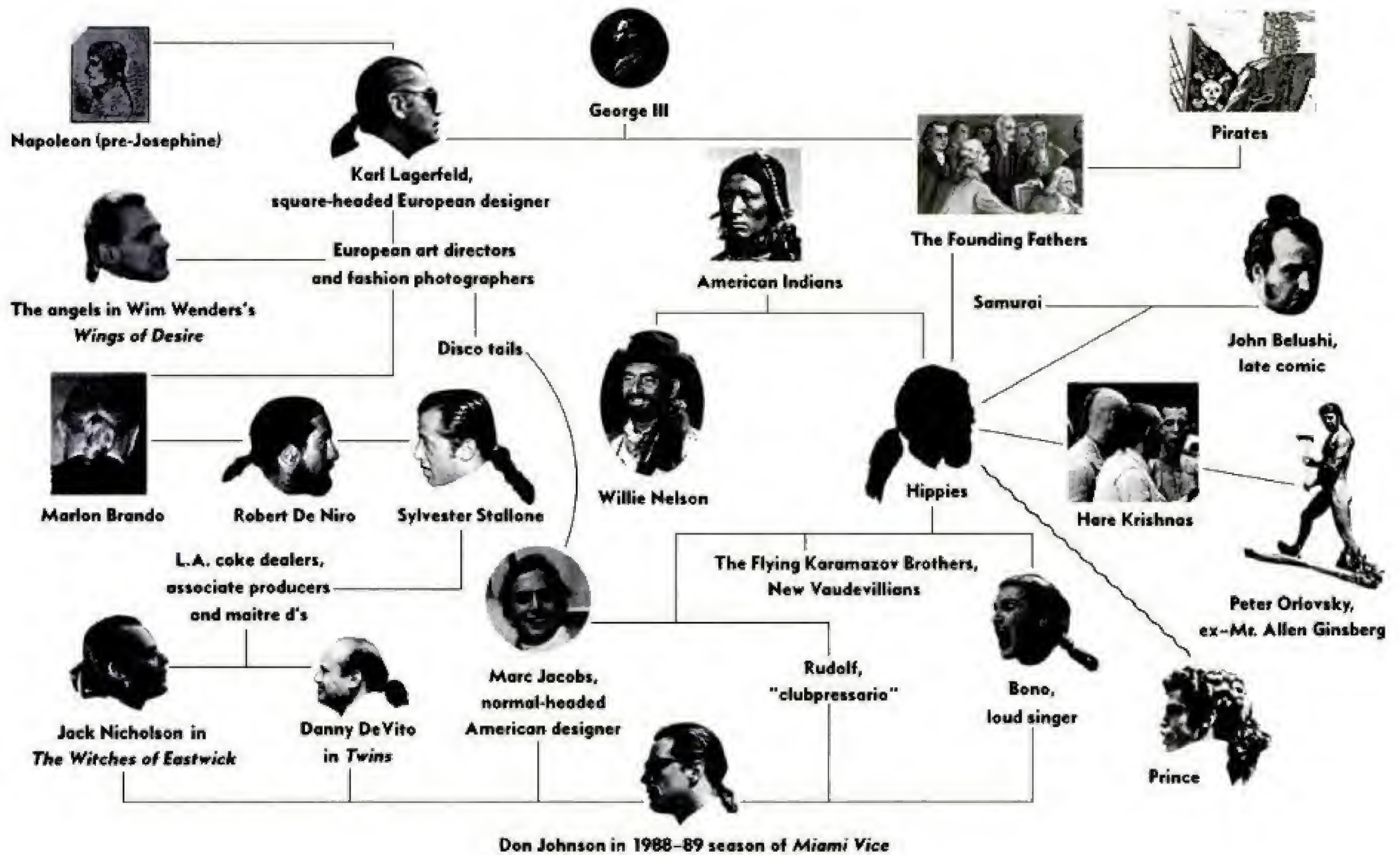


Fig. 2: Variations in Late-Twentieth-Century Masculine Ponytail Length and Their Cultural Referents

LENGTH	REPRESENTATIVE PROFESSION	AVERAGE AGE	PONYTAIL STATEMENT
1" <i>fastener: rubber band; hair wide</i>	software sales representative	27	Hola, babes
3" <i>rubber bands red or blue depending on mood</i>	advertising art director	38	They call me the Wildman!
5" <i>rubber bands red or blue depending on mood</i>	demonstrator of men's skin-care products	25	Yes, my hair is long, but it's clean
7" <i>rub. chosen from Yankee Division (not hair)</i>	assistant fashion editor	29	Go away
9" <i>rub. chosen from Yankee Division (not hair)</i>	student	19	1968 must have been awesome
12" <i>some rubber band from CATER dept</i>	messenger	22	My body will deliver this package to 1420 Broadway, but my mind will be listening to Dokken
15" <i>some rubber band from CATER dept</i>	journeyman rock musician	40	I used to tour with Leon Russell
15+"	potter	43	Why must something be cut simply because it grows? —A.D.B.

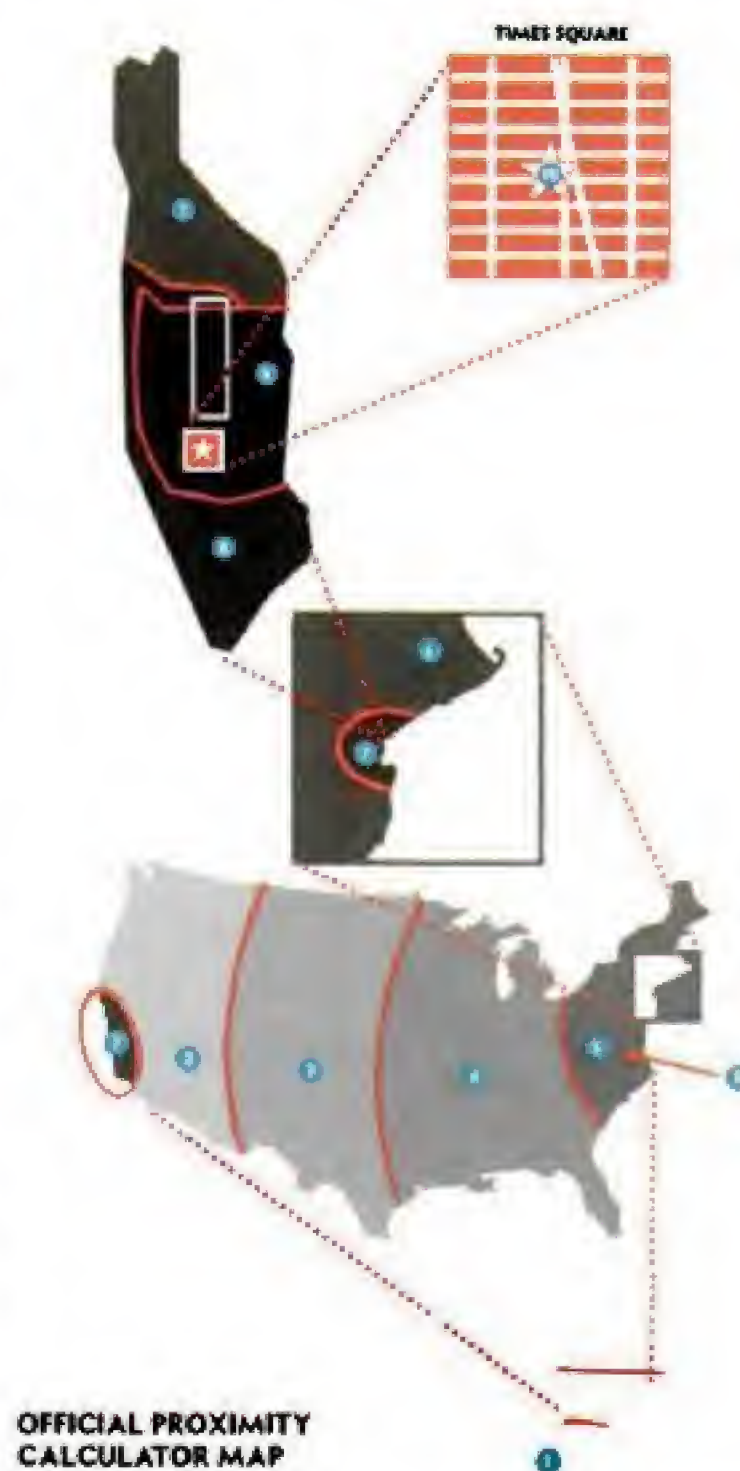
ALL THE NEWS THAT'S PRINT TO FIT

The New York Times Death-Coverage Formula Revealed

We've uncovered a comforting thought for an uneasy, tragicomic world: coverage of death and injury in *The New York Times* can be reduced, not unlike most Abe Rosenthal columns, to an unchanging formula. We had for years suspected the use by *Times* editors of such a grim recipe, imagining some set of rough equivalencies on the order of *3,000 Pakistanis killed in a flood equals 250 South Africans killed in a mine disaster equals 20 Britons killed in a train accident equals 9 Kentucky children killed in a house fire equals 1 Upper East Sider killed in a hit-and-run auto accident.*

But only recently did we turn the attention of specialists to the matter. Working backward from every death-related *Times* article from six randomly selected weeks, we fed numbers into powerful computers, calculating and recalculating until, at last, everything made sense. As it turns out, in terms of space allotted, *250 Spanish victims of Basque separatists equals 46 Salvadoran soldiers killed by leftists on election day equals 6 Michigan plane-crash victims equals the injuries sustained by John Wayne's daughter in an abduction.*

Aside from the body counts, the equation requires just two numbers on a 0-10 scale: **Proximity** to 229 West 43rd Street and any senior *Times* editor's **Sensitivity** to the issue at hand. Which means, for instance, that due to their greater Proximity to the editors, coed stabbings on West 113th Street get more weight than do crack-related house fires in Queens. And owing to the Sensitivity factor, the death of a descendant of Theodore Dreiser, for instance, would get far less space in the *Times* than the death of a descendant of, oh, say, Eugene O'Neill. (We do confess to occasionally



OFFICIAL PROXIMITY CALCULATOR MAP

exceeding the Sensitivity scale's nominal upper limit—hitting 15, for example, on the *Times*'s few tabloidish themes [e.g., cop killers]. And to account for the prominence accorded the current Palestinian uprisings in Gaza and the West Bank, Proximity is sometimes measured from Jerusalem.)

What the equation kicks out is the number of *Times* column inches; we then consult the Sensitivity factor to determine article placement. Local stories, logically, end up in the Metro section, though a Sensitivity of 10 or higher might rate a tease on A-1. National and international

pieces follow a sliding scale, with Sensitivities greater than 8 winning front-page coverage and anything below 5 getting buried. So here, published for the first time anywhere, is the home version of

THE NEW YORK TIMES COVERAGE-OF-MAYHEM EDITORIAL EQUATION

$$\frac{\sqrt{K+1}}{3} + \frac{3S}{2} + \frac{P(ts)^2 + P(j)^2}{50} = \text{Total column inches}$$

K = number killed

I = number injured

S = Sensitivity factor

P = Proximity (*ts* being distance from 229 West 43rd Street, *j* from Jerusalem)

For your convenience, note the handy Proximity Calculator Map and Sensitivity examples. Now, let the fun come alive.

SENSITIVITY FACTOR EXAMPLES

- Anonymous urban one-car mishaps: S=0
- Thai or Sri Lankan peasants: S=1
- Minor natural phenomena: S=2
- Curious personal tragedies: S=3
- Ethiopian war casualties, most Bronx stories: S=4
- Most drug-related fatalities (though crack can rate higher): S=5
- Large-scale carnage in Iran-Iraq conflict: S=6
- Victims of house fires or Brooklyn lighting: S=7
- Victims of fraternity high jinks: S=8
- Death tolls in the hundreds: S=9
- Israelis, Palestinians, Nicaraguans and G-men: S=10
- Cop killers; terrorism victims; particularly gruesome or melodramatic deaths involving babies, especially *Times* exclusives (always A-1 or front Metro page): S>10

THE EQUATION IN ACTION

1. Wednesday, January 18, 1989: dateline Ahungalla, Sri Lanka—"At least 51 people, including 35 schoolgirls, were killed today when a train slammed into a crowded bus in southern Sri Lanka, police officers and hospital officials said." Seventy-two passengers were injured. Adding the dead (51, no extra credit for schoolgirls) to

one-third of the injured (72 divided by 3, or 24), we get 75. The square root of 75 is 8.6, which we also divide by 3, leaving 2.9. Sri Lanka's Proximity to both 229 West 43rd Street and Jerusalem is nil, as is its square, so we can ignore that fraction. Despite a witness saying "I counted at least 20 bodies lying in pools of blood on the spot," the Sensitivity

factor here is only 1; multiply it by 1.5 and add to the 2.9. The result is 4.4, and 4½ is precisely the number of column inches we found on page A-8.

2. Monday, July 11, 1988: On East 93rd Street the three-month-old son of Chinese immigrants—who work 70-hour weeks to pay the son's medical bills—is beaten to death by his Chi-

nese baby-sitters. The only 12 Sensitivity among our examples, this story is worth 9 Proximity points. Column inches equal ⅓ (square root of 1 death over 3) plus 18 (1.5×12 Sensitivity) plus 1.6 (81—Proximity squared—over 50), which comes to 19.95. In fact, the story got just under 20 column inches on the front Metro page.

3. Wednesday, November 30, 1988: Although the lawyer for "Ivan the Terrible" took his 15-story dive just six days before the convicted Nazi's appeal, he rates only 2 Sensitivity points. Even after the 10 Proximity points (downtown Jerusalem) are fed into the formula, the death nets only 5 inches on page A-11. —Peter Heffernan

LE PACTOLE PORTS INTERNATIONAL JACK'S PLACE AMERICAN BUSINESS BY PETER ELLIOT LOIS LANE TRAVEL CASSIOPPIA PIPELINE HEARTTHROB CAFE URBAN SURVIVAL SERVICES SIGNAL IMAGI

WINTER GARDEN CAFE MINTERS LEGS REACTIFUL IL PAPIRO CD STREET AUBON FAIR EASTERN LOBBY SHOPS OPTOMETRIC ARTS FOOT AUTHORITY PEARL PHOTO ELECTRONICS GALLERY OF HISTORY



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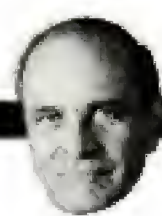
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Punch



Arthur



Abe

That bosomy dirty-book writer we all know and love is at it again. "She was alive to the soreness of sucked and pulled nipples. . . . It was as if she were again . . . naked, with the dildo he had shafted into her behind, the dildo he had forced her to live with for an hour on Saturday afternoon, and, worse, again later, when dressed, she had acted as 'hostess' to a group of his Middle Eastern business colleagues."

And again. "She dipped the bronze letter opener . . . into the flask of iced water. . . . She stood up, unzipped her pants, and slid the ice-cold blade carefully beneath her flannel long johns, shivering as the metal passed over her flat belly and pubic hair. She opened her legs to allow the blade to slip between the folds of her vagina. . . . She could feel her sex oozing out as her vagina tried to suck against the metal. . . . She moaned softly as her body throbbed for more masturbation. . . . [Then] she wiped the letter opener with a tissue and returned it to its leather case."

The preceding paragraphs were, I swear, culled from but one tantalizing page (119) of Shirley Lord's brand-new writing effort, *Faces*. (Urgent memo to Shirley's colleagues at *Vogue*: Avoid borrowing or lending desk accessories. Further, if Shirley's carriage takes on a sudden stiffening, there is, it turns out, an explanation.)

Although Shirley is doubtless proud of her recent work, I initially feared she was going to adopt the Thomas Pynchon route concerning author's appearances. Shortly after Crown began releasing *Faces* to her frantic, nipple-pulling, dildo-waving, letter-opener-refrigerating public, she was scheduled to make a book-signing cameo at Burlington Bookshop, the white-shoe vendor up on Lexington Avenue, of all places. On the morning of her slated ap-

pearance, I duly dispatched a willing assistant to the venue, with instructions to return with a signed copy of *Faces* for the office library. Alas, without explanation or apology, Shirley failed to show, and her cherished space on the SPY bookshelf remains barren. The only explanation I can offer is that the diligent pornographess was already back at work on her next endeavor.

Just a few days after her nonappearance, Shirley's banty, gnomish husband, *Times* columnist Abe Rosenthal, padded into the RKO Video outlet on Second Avenue, not far from the couple's apartment, and rented a popular video title called *Kinky Kouples*. I can only surmise that he was giving his lovemate a helping hand with the research for her forthcoming volume.

Abe's antics at carving out suitably grand office space on the tenth floor of the *Times* (outfitted, no doubt, with chilled, tissue-wiped desk appointments) have become the stuff of newsroom legend. Comes now word that soft, anxious young Pinch Sulzberger, heir to the publisher's title now held by his father, Punch, has suffered similar inconveniences. He and Lance Primis, president of The New York Times Company, have had built at enormous cost an appropriately vast executive suite for themselves on the eleventh floor. Down on the third floor, the hirelings responsible for actually producing the newspaper, the reporters and writers, have fared less well: the few remaining windows available to those toiling in the bowels of the decaying newsroom have been closed off, so that a newly created stratum of editors might have sufficient privacy to berate reporters with the *Times*'s penny-pinching desire to shave dollars off overhead.

Paul Goldberger, the paper's Pulitzer-winning architecture critic, was the recipient of one such overheard tirade at the

hands of culture editor Marvin Siegel. Goldberger, who needed to go to Paris for a story, was reportedly questioned by Siegel as to whether he had any close friends there. *Friends close enough, that is, to put him up for a few nights*. When that line of inquiry failed to produce money-saving accommodation, Siegel apparently humbled himself and Goldberger further by wondering if the critic might call Paris bureau chief James Markham to see if he could stay with *him*.

This sort of ever-increasing loving-sharing thing at the paper was nowhere more evident than at the party-cum-donnybrook that Arthur "O'Neill" Gelb threw for himself upstairs at Sardi's. The pretext for the celebration was Arthur's being allowed to stay on at the *Times* past 65, an age Arthur reached in February. (Jimmy "Fingers" Greenfield, editor of the now almost compelling *Times Magazine* and a Mayfair-roving chum of Punch's, was given a similar nod.) Needless to say, Abe, who was marched out of the executive editor's chair the very moment *his* time was up, was unmoved by the paper's bountiful gesture.

Perhaps attuned to the unhappiness of his ex-pal, Arthur saw to it that Abe was not invited to his soiree. (The rules of the affair were strict and convenient: no editors allowed.) Besides, it was felt that there is only so deep a reservoir of good cheer available on such occasions; most of those present could muster some genuine affection for Arthur, who is at least intellectually first-rate, but it was felt that it would simply be asking too much of the guests to request that they feign similar warmth toward Rosenthal, who is not. And so, on the balloon- and streamer-filled night in question, Abe, it was presumed, was partying at home with Shirley and the couple's new friend, their VCR. —J. J. Hunsecker



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HERE ~ was ~ NEW YORK

A NOSTALGIC LOOK

AT THE GOOD OLD

DAYS OF THE GREAT

EST CITY ON EARTH



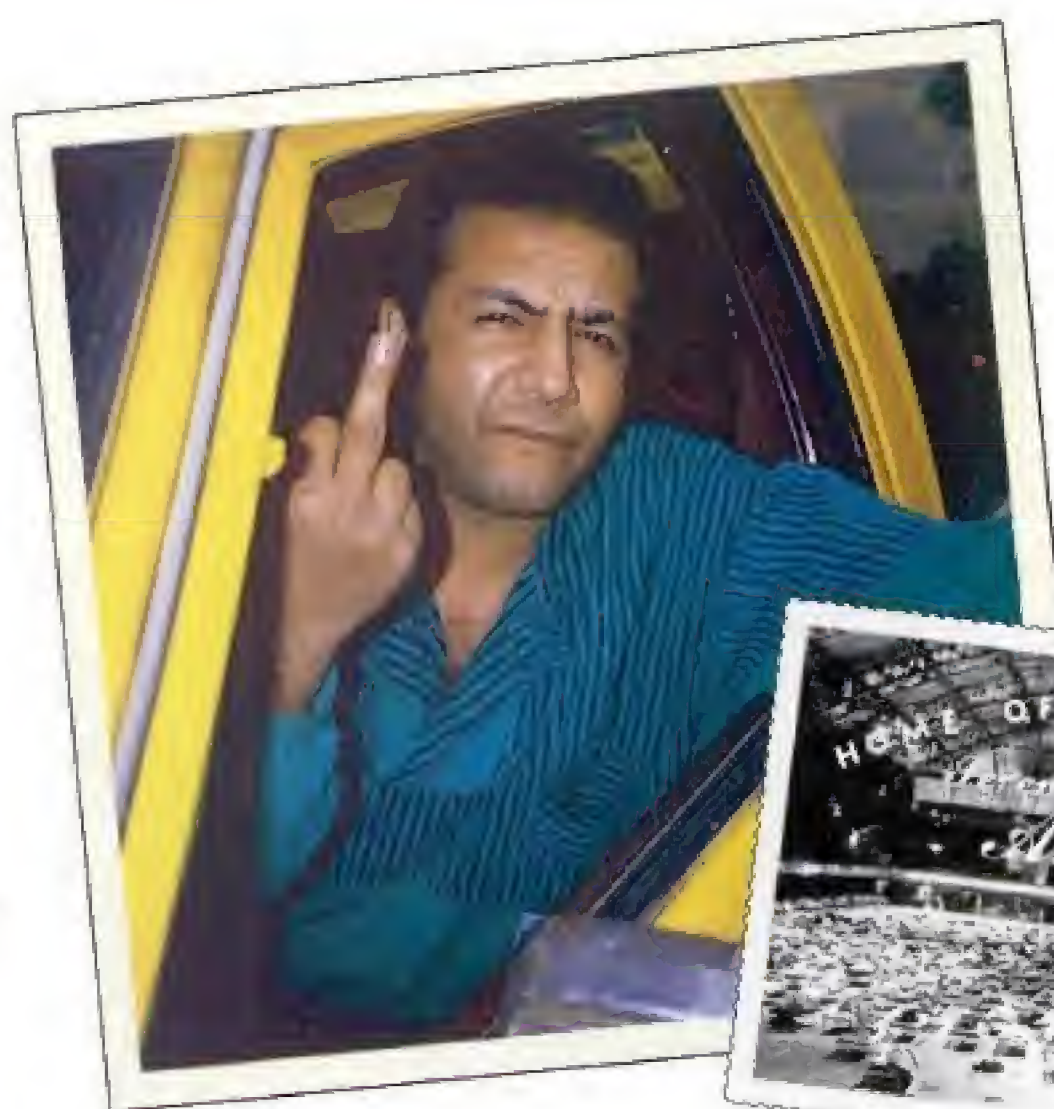
by John Tierney

"For many of us,
looking back is simply too
painful; we must
confront the unanswerable
question of how
we let it all happen, how
the Lost City was lost.
And so most of us
have trained ourselves
to forget."

—Pete Hamill,

"The New York We've Lost,"

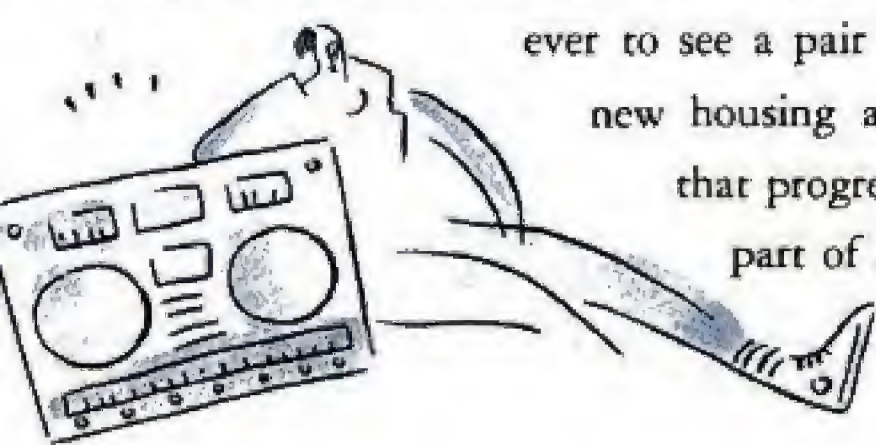
a lament for when
we "slept with windows
open to the summer
night," the "amazing
players from the Negro
Leagues" played
in Brooklyn and Third
Avenue offered strollers
the "shelter" of the
elevated train, "a roaring
example of energy
made visible"



When I can bring myself to remember *my* New York, somehow it's the trains I miss most. Oh, they say the trains still run, but a few of us are old enough to know better. For us the trains stopped some time ago, right around that Saturday in 1986 when you left Trump Tower, clutching four bags of Christmas presents that had cost you the day's lunch money, and descended to the IRT on 50th Street. You stood on the platform, glancing up the tunnel, waiting excitedly for the coming thunder and the adrenaline communion with your neighbors. In those days New Yorkers still savored sounds. They went to Central Park Sunday afternoons just to feel the throb of salsa from strolling troubadours. Back then the government didn't pay indigents to lug sound systems around the park; young volunteers shouldered the enormous loads because they loved it, because *we* loved it. Because this was my New York.

And then somewhere down the tunnel the noise started and it was different, muffled. The brakes didn't screech when the train reached the platform, and then it was your eyes' turn to be shocked: a *naked* train! Cold steel cars, clean and mean. Where was the spray paint? Where were the swirls, the earth colors, the rainbow brought to earth, and to life, the kaleidoscope on wheels, the crazy strokes reassuring us that the muse still breathed in the Bronx and Luis C. still loved Fabrita? Whenever Luis's work roared by, you could almost see him, spray paint in hand, not a care in the world as he gamboled along the Grand Concourse's wide open spaces. You couldn't understand the politicians whining about the unemployment rate among minority youth. How did the philistines expect Luis C. to paint if he was stuck in some *job*?

Then someone in an office somewhere decided we needed new trains that were "graffiti-resistant"—yes, they called it *graffiti*, the bean counters downtown, and they called that new No. 1 train *progress*, and before long all the trains were muffled, and you were shivering in sterile, air-conditioned cars, and you were lucky ever to see a pair of graffito initials flash by the platform. They started building new housing and offices and factories in the South Bronx, and they called that progress too, but the day Luis C. punched a time clock was the day part of my New York died.





A city that throbbed (Clockwise from top left): Remember . . . that kooky love-in at Tompkins Square Park in the summer of 1988? Free medical supplies? Sleeping (and eating and freshening up) under the stars? "Crazy" Eddie Koch, who could do just about anything and get a laugh? Bicycle messengers, the centaurs of our golden age? The extra pep and vim everybody seemed to feel? Buildings as shiny and fun as a child's toy? The tribe of freelance window washers who just wanted to make every car in the city spic-and-span?



It was a city where people felt connected, where builders made sure you could hear your neighbors, where cabdrivers would ask you directions even though they couldn't speak English, where New Yorkers still *shared* needles. You didn't even have to know an addict—you could pick up a syringe for free on any beach, although the smart set preferred the white powder that Cole Porter wrote about. For no more than a few dollars, any night could turn into a carefree

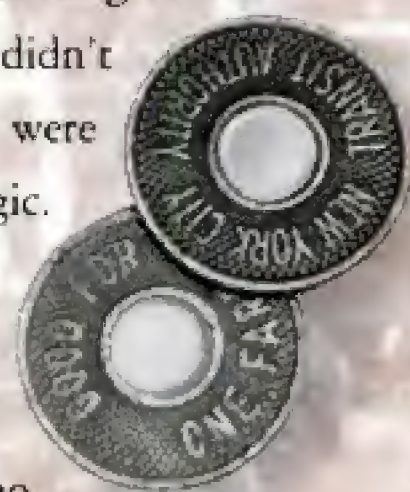
marathon in a bathroom stall as you sniffed and clenched your jaw and listened to a 22-year-old veejay's exquisitely detailed autobiography—and then, best of all, that contented glow the next afternoon when you woke up and remembered your own little *bons mots*. Maybe you didn't visit the exotic, dusky crack dens yourself, but it was somehow enough to know that they were there, that even for the poor the night still held possibility and intrigue and, yes, magic.

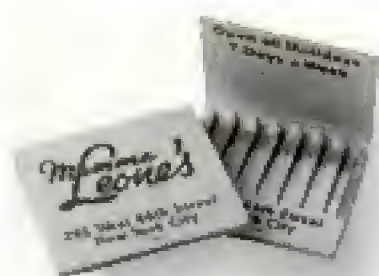
But was anybody really poor, anyway? In the 1980s we knew, at heart, that we were all in this boom *together*. A stockbroker would gladly pass inside knowledge to a pal, and on the way home he'd stop by a cash machine to be greeted by — a smiling *volunteer doorman*! It was someone between jobs, a fellow dressed in hand-me-downs, opening the bank's door pro bono just for the pleasure of watching the cash move, of feeling the good times flow. Or maybe it was his way of thanking the rich for relieving the overcrowding in the public schools by voluntarily paying to send their kids elsewhere. Whatever the reason, at the moment the door opened you couldn't tell from their faces who was happier, the broker or the bum—or the bum's civic-minded friend, who was out on the corner pursuing his own volunteer dream, squeegeeing city grit off passing drivers' windows.

If you couldn't afford an apartment on Park Avenue, you were welcome to sleep on the sidewalk until times got better, and nobody sneered at you for being a vagrant—you were simply "homeless," in the charming phrase of the day, and had only to ask some passing executive for a loan. Of course, there was always a bed waiting for you somewhere—the city still had the glorious cathedral-ceilinged Armory open—but you preferred Park Avenue and its bucolic median strip for the morning vista. You looked south and there it was, over the line of trees: that honeycombed monument to transportation, *the Pan Am Building*. It made you think of the China Clipper and South Pacific isles, of a day when travelers and buildings soared with style, of architects who dared make motion majestic.

Your day began with the *Times*, not so much for the news—what did you care then?—but for the very ink itself. (It was black-and-white in those days, and major news stories would meander on for 750 words, sometimes longer.) Each morning the *Times* filled your nostrils and covered your fingers, linking you in some mysteriously satisfying way with the events on the pages, with the pulse of the city. You pored over news of New York's favorite New Yorker (*Say, whatever happened to lovable, irrepressible old Ed Koch, anyway?*) and of the city's swells (how we all delighted in the \$2 million Tisch-Steinberg wedding that put some pizzazz back in the musty old Met!), and you might glance at the apartment ads out of curiosity (just \$2,100 a month—for a *two*-bedroom), although no real New Yorker ever expected to find a home that way. How dull it would have seemed! How impersonal!

No, my New York had its own system. This tenderhearted city considered it a point of honor to freeze rents at madly low prices for longtime tenants, and none of these tenants would dream of hurting a landlord's feelings by moving out, so New York had the lowest vacancy rate in the country. In theory, this might have created problems for newcomers, but in practice it made for adventure. Apartment-hunting became a kind of group sport—an urban barn raising—in which you enlisted all your friends. Maybe it took longer, but that was how we wanted it, because it was about people helping one another.





A city that glowed (Clockwise from top left): Remember . . . that magic night at Mamma Leone's? How both the rich and the poor wanted nothing more than more money? Buying a Cartier watch—right on the street? Donald "the King" Trump and his visions of a grander New York? Subway cars as rolling art galleries? Old-fashioned general stores? Those marvelous, merry "club kids"? The camaraderie of a five o'clock beerfest at the Seaport? The glamour of Stringfellows?



It was about love and yearning in a city that still understood the words. You heard stories about your neighbors paying a tenth of your rent, about friends becoming millionaires through co-op conversions, and you shared their joy, and it never occurred to you that a time would come when people at parties wouldn't care enough to talk about real estate.

Once you found your apartment, you developed a neighborhood pride that out-of-towners could never quite fathom. One night a car alarm woke your visiting parents up at 3:00 a.m. and your father stumbled to the window. "Is it really necessary," he growled, "to ruin 5,000 people's sleep because someone might be stealing a radio from some jackass's Porsche?" You tried to answer ("Don't you see, Dad, it's parked on *our* block. . . . We feel *responsible*. . . . We *want* to know"), but he could never get it. The same way out-of-towners could never understand why you went only to restaurants that made you wait half an hour past the time of your reservation—*Stop and smell the flowers*, the maître d's all but pleaded—or why you loved sitting in traffic every weekend and exchanging those whimsical little hand greetings with the other drivers. "I don't consider this *waiting*," you would try to explain. "It's an opportunity to *be* with my neighbors."

Your favorite lines, of course, were the ones outside the nightclubs, and not just because of the repartee with the characters minding the velvet rope. That was where you always managed to meet someone special: the model who moonlighted at *The New York Review of Books*, the bisexual actress with just a touch of nymphomania. Usually you didn't even bother going inside the club. You promised to show your gal "the hidden New York" and headed for some quiet nook, like that little bistro right under Madison Square Garden, in Penn Station (everything in the station had such a cozy feel—maybe it was those reassuringly low ceilings).

Or maybe you headed for the artists' enclave near Times Square, pausing only to take in the impromptu sermons delivered by friendly street-corner preachers, finally stopping at Broadway to buy her a Tiffany watch off the sidewalk for \$25—yes, you liked thinking that stores still cared enough about service to send their salesmen curbside for your convenience. She beamed and took your hand as you strolled to the river and meandered up the lovers' lane under the old West Side Highway, and she snuggled on your shoulder as you pointed out where they were planning to build a 150-story tower at Television City.

"It'll be great," you said.

"But not as great as you," she said, and the look in her eyes made you believe your future would be as bright and towering as Television City itself. Suddenly you felt sophisticated, so you took her over to the old Mamma Leone's to hobnob with the inevitable crowd of celebrities. Maybe tonight Woody Allen would be there playing the trombone, or Steve Rubell would be at the bar, holding forth on Kant's *Prolegomena*, or Halston would be at a table sketching a fall line for the street people. Or maybe Pete Hamill would be matching wits with Jay McInerney—our Fitzgerald and Hemingway.

"New Yorkers are different from the rest of the world," Hamill would say.

"Yes," McInerney would reply, "they have ZIP codes starting with 100." But you'd know Hamill was right, and you'd want to lean over and say something—maybe something about the trains. But it didn't seem important then. The trains would always be around, wouldn't they? And then they were gone, and old Mamma Leone's was gone, and the girl was gone, and even the cockroaches seemed scarce after the Combat plastic disks arrived. My New York would never be the same, and all that remained was loneliness and pain and, sometimes, a strange desire to forget. **D**



THE GOOD NEWS:

IT'S POSSIBLE TO LIVE FOREVER



THE BAD NEWS:

YOU'LL BE A SNO-KONE



NED ZEMAN met the men and women who would be frozen. He listened to their dreams for a

future devoid of that ancient pest, mortality. He listened to their jokes and awful poetry. He

finally got to the bottom of Walt Disney's whereabouts. And when he'd had enough of that, he

visited the freezers and touched a frozen dead per-

son. That's right, he touched a frozen dead person. Plus

he got to look at the bobbing severed heads. Welcome to

the entirely sincere, delightfully icky world of cryonics

"NO, WALT DISNEY WAS NOT FROZEN," the woman at Disneyland says—which means the one thing most people know about cryonics isn't true. The Disney woman angrily switches the call over to the publicity department. Paul Goldman, publicist, picks up the phone to smooth things over. He explains that the beloved creator of America's favorite rodent is interred, quite conventionally, in an urn in a filled-in hole in Forest Lawn Cemetery in Glendale, California—not, as so many of us had believed, had *hoped*, in a slab of ice somewhere beneath the Magic Kingdom. As far



Cryonicists hate jokes like this.



"WHEN YOU DIE,
YOU'RE DEAD," SAYS
A CRYONICIST.
"WHEN I DIE, I MIGHT
COME BACK.
SO WHO'S THE
DUMMY?"

as Paul can tell, the rumor was started by some of Disney's animators, who apparently thought it would be amusing to make light of their boss's death. Says Paul of those nutty guys down in animation, "Yes, they have a bizarre sense of humor."

But to those who would live forever—or at least a very long time—being frozen is not a matter for cartoonists' japes. They are not to be laughed at, these men with hockey-coach haircuts and prepaid tickets to immortality. They are *nice* people, really, caring people who want nothing other than to laugh a little longer, love a little more—in short, simply to live until there's no more living to be done. All told, America is home to roughly 500 of them: earnest, funeral-loathing men (and a few women and domesticated animals) who have paid thousands and thousands of dollars to be frozen, just after death, into rock-solid monuments to themselves for years and even centuries to come—to be, cryonically speaking, *deanimated* until the day when modern science will be able to cure whatever killed them, reverse the aging process and somehow thaw them without making their entrails shatter like a beer bottle left in the freezer for three weeks.

They have heard the jeers, the taunts, even the silly names. *Peoplesicles. Frozen Twinkies. Ice boobs. Good Human bars.* They have heard and endured them all, these pesky life-affirmers, mostly because they know, deep down in the fiber of *this* life, that cryonics will reshape mankind's perception of what the future could be.

"We're not saying we can live forever, because that goes against laws of physics and all that," explains Curtis Henderson, 61, a stocky, exceptionally spunky Long Island attorney who is also one of the nation's foremost cryonics activists. "All we want is to live *indefinitely*. And, of course, there's aging reversal, which would do me some good, ha ha!" he adds, proving that cryonicists do have a sense of humor. But then Henderson pauses, careful not to misrepresent what so many others see as risible. "It's not as if we *want* to be frozen; it's just that we're *willing* to be frozen."

Cryonics is not cryogenics, the study of the effects of cold temperatures (also known as cryobiology), in which hoary, well-regarded scientists throw people into ice-cold swimming pools, then see how long they shiver. It is also not the *Lost in Space*-like or *Sleeper*-esque process of suspended animation, in which the suspendees remain alive, albeit extremely lethargic.

Cryonics is about dead people. Its premise derives from the fact that our bodies don't abruptly disintegrate at the moment of death; instead, we slowly decay into nothingness (think of Walter Mondale as opposed to Gary Hart). Hence the feasibility of organ transplants from people who are, practically speaking, dead. Hence the reason that at least 15 people and 3 pets have already been zipped inside weather-resistant blue plastic body bags in order that they may bob like



If Walt Disney were frozen, he might look like this.

buoys inside 423-gallon, liquid-nitrogen-filled, thermoslike drums. (There is also the 1984 case of the French gynecologist who stored his dead wife in the freezer in the hopes of reviving her, only to have his makeshift cryonic dream crushed when the freezer malfunctioned and he had to call a repairman.) We will get to the details later, but if you're thinking about getting frozen, you might appreciate knowing that it involves "washing out" blood from your body to prevent cell damage, and drilling burr holes into your skull to make sure your shell has been properly laundered before freezing. Pretty it's not, but you're dead, so what do you care?

Of the three main cryonics groups today, Alcor, in Riverside, California, is the largest, followed by Trans Time in Oakland and the Cryonics Institute in Oak Park, Michigan. Only Alcor publicly markets the bargain-basement specialty practice of neuropreservation, an even ickier procedure that entails having a team of cryonicists lop off your head, fill it with a kind of antifreeze and plunk it into a communal tank filled with other bodyless folk, the idea being that by the time scientists figure out a way to cure cancer and car-crash injuries and successfully thaw people back to life, they will surely be able to slap heads onto spare bodies in a manner that will be both aesthetically and physiologically pleasing. Should you sign up for this shortcut to eternity, you will be nicknamed a neuro by your cryonicist pals.

Timothy Leary is a neuro. Just last year he bounded onstage at Carlos 'n' Charlie's disco in Los Angeles, extolling the virtues of his bodyless future and introducing his fellow cryonicists who will make it all possible. That said, the only other known cryonicist of note is Dick Clair, the three-time Emmy-winning creator of *Facts of Life*, *It's a Living*, *Flo* and *Mama's Family*. Clair declined to return calls to discuss his preoccupation

with life—it turned out he was already frozen. Now we can nourish the hope that generations to come will never lack for bad situation comedies.

And if the president of the American Cryonics Society is to be believed, generations to come may have even more surprises in store—such as defrosted pop stars. Dr. Avi Ben-Abraham says that he has met with “very powerful people” concerning cryonics: Michael Jackson, for one; Muhammad Ali, for another. “This is *very secret*,” the doctor adds, nevertheless citing these two—an ailing ex-boxer and a singer who lives with a chimp—to bolster his assertion that cryonics is entering a “new era” of social acceptance and scientific credibility. No ordinary self-promoter—his own newsletter refers to him simply as “supergenius in charge of changing the course of mankind”—Dr. Ben-Abraham claims to have talked cryonics with none other than then-president Ronald Reagan. The doctor was meeting with the president on nonsupergenius business—“politics,” he says—when Dr. Ben-Abraham managed to steer the conversation toward the freezer tanks. Reagan, he says, had heard of cryonics and “expressed interest.” Beyond that, Dr. Ben-Abraham refuses to divulge any details of the meeting. And yet his messianic duty compels him to hint suggestively, “Someone *like* President Reagan in the near future might come out in favor of cryonics. That would be headline news.” Surely it would. And surely having a likable ex-world leader on the bandwagon—a man who believes in astrology and Armageddon and is known to read social pleasantries off cue cards—would lend cryonics *even more* credibility.

In practice, getting frozen is cheaper than you might think. Alcor's package will run you \$100,000 for full suspension, about \$35,000 for neuropreservation and a \$200-per-year membership fee. Most cryonicists pay off their contracts by buying \$100,000 life insurance policies, for which a young person would pay a premium of around \$150 a year—a not unreasonable price for eternity. Time was, certain cryonics groups would simply charge the suspendee's survivors a mooring fee, as it were, but that proved to be a dicey undertaking. In the late 1970s the now defunct Cryonics Interment Inc. ran out of funding and let several customers melt, Wicked Witch-like; other customers were never frozen at all and were stuffed in a corner like old luggage. “You know how it is,” a cryonicist explained in an interview a few years ago. “Susie needs braces, Tommy wants to go to college, and before you know it, Uncle Harry becomes expendable.” And a Slurpee.

While cryonicists stake their hopes on the hypothetical medical wonders of the future, today's scientists remain skeptical. “I just don't see it,” says Dr. Robert Pozos, a cryobiologist at the University of Washington who has professionally thrown many students and at least one journalist into ice-cold swimming pools. “They look for this fountain of youth, and frankly, they're not going to find it.”

Dr. James Southerd of the University of Minnesota at Duluth attacks the very underpinnings of cryonics. “They get away with saying they have frozen animals when, really, they just freeze frogs. Frogs are made to be frozen. It's the way they are. People, unfortunately, are not made to be frozen.” Dr. Southerd is on a roll: “The problem is, they always start with a dead person. You can't start with a dead guy; it's somewhat foolish. It might make more sense if he were alive, but he's

not, he's dead.” Southerd proceeds to call cryonicists “fanatics, serious fanatics,” then casts doubt on the movement's future. “It takes government money to make these things happen, and I can't see the government pouring a whole lot of money into a project that attaches bodies to frozen heads,” he says, perhaps forgetting that Ronald Reagan poured a whole lot of money into a project that was supposed to fire outer-space death rays at enemy missiles.

Still and all, cryonics *could* work. It is *possible*, if only as remotely possible as, say, time travel or an important Rob Lowe movie. Most experts concede that much. Consider that in this decade alone, modern science has given us superconductors, artificial hearts and Combat—no one can say what miracles will or won't be wrought in the future. Consider that without the body freezers our only alternative in death is to be slathered in foul-smelling goo and tossed into earthen holes where vermin run roughshod over us and mean-spirited teenage burnouts spray-paint the names of rock bands on our tombstones. Or we can be incinerated, our ashes heaved over the transom of a rented powerboat.

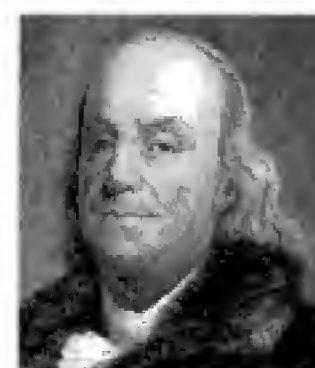
In other words, *the frozen can't lose*. “When you die, you're dead,” cryonicist Joseph La Scola has said.

“But when *I* die, I might come back. So who's the dummy?”

“So if you believe in the soul and [going to Heaven], you postpone it 2,000 years or so,” says one atheist Alcorian. “Big deal.”

“It's like restoring a car. It's like putting it up on blocks and greasing it up real good,” explains Ken Rising, a cryonicist with a gift for simile.

“It can happen,” chirps Irving Rand of Long Island. “I'm gonna wake up one day, look around and say, ‘I just kicked death in the ass.’”



BEN FRANKLIN
protocryonicist



TIMOTHY LEARY
future neuro



DICK CLAIR
already-frozen
sitcom producer



THE REAGANS
with DR. AVI BEN-
ABRAHAM. A third
term after all?



“THEY SAY THEY’VE

FROZEN ‘ANIMALS’

WHEN THEY JUST

FREEZE FROGS.

FROGS ARE MADE TO

BE FROZEN.

PEOPLE AREN’T”

ONE DRAWBACK IS
 THAT HUMAN
 CELLS BURST AND
 FLESH DEVELOPS
 FISSURES
 AND CRACKS
 AT -320°F

Solid arguments. Arguments that make you think of all the people who might live again had they been frozen. But, alas, arguments that also make you think of who might be around in the future.

LIKE MOST THINGS, CRYONICS WAS invented by Ben Franklin. "I should prefer to an ordinary death, being immersed with a few friends in a cask of Madeira," wrote the pear-shaped American institution. "Then to be recalled to life." Cryonicists tell that one a lot.

The modern cryonics era began in 1964, when a book was published that almost nobody remembers. It was a pre-scient book, say the few who did read it, a book that would reshape our worldview, proving once and for all that dead is no way to be. It was a work, hailed by some and ignored by most, that makes Huxley and Asimov and Orwell look like shallow, unimaginative journeymen. The book looked to a new era, a "Freezer Era," in which cryonics will be the norm, when men and women will live forever with bodies like that of Charles Atlas, or, by extension, Jake Steinfeld and Kathie Lee Gifford. The abortion debate will be solved by a tidy "compromise," under which unwanted fetuses will be frozen and socked away in cans until we figure out what to do with them. But new moral dilemmas will arise. The punishment of murder, for instance, will be based less on intent and more on the degree of mess left behind: "sloppy" killings will cause innumerable difficulties at freezing time, and will be dealt with accordingly. Chain-saw murderers beware.

The book was *The Prospect of Immortality*, and although it is now long out of print, it is the seminal work for the Glad-Bag-and-liquid-nitrogen buffs. The author is Robert C.W. Ettinger, a retired physics and mathematics teacher from Wayne State University in Detroit, a man who is to cryonics what Naismith is to basketball. Today Ettinger runs the Cryonics Institute in Oak Park, Michigan, where he and his small corps of volunteers care for the two dead people now suspended there. One of them is Ettinger's mother, Rhea, described with simple eloquence as "an old, dead woman" in one of the institute's pamphlets. Both are whole-bodies. "I'm not opposed to neuropreservation," Ettinger says in his crisp, believe-me-I-know-what-

I'm-saying voice. "We just don't do that."

Nevertheless, the institute offers nothing less than the cheapest suspension anywhere. For a one-time membership fee of \$1,250 (\$1,875 per couple) and a minimum charge of \$28,000, the "slightly dead," as he calls them, receive a full suspension, storage and periodic liquid-nitrogen changes; an extra \$100 (\$150 per couple) gives them voting rights in the institute's affiliate group, the Immortalist Society (before freezing, that is). Why the bargain? "Well," Ettinger says simply, "we have low overhead." He cuts corners in part by offering "nonsterile" blood-replacement procedures—a practice he defends by rightly noting that if future science can't cure contamination by a few dirty microorganisms, curing cancer and AIDS will be pretty

much out of the question.

In the Immortalist Society's house organ, Ettinger takes care to look after the creative, *sensitive* side of cryonics, as with this paean to the frozen called "The Man in the Can":

You've got to revive me
 I need a live me
 So some day defrost me
 When it's not too costly
 It's condition red
 When you wake up dead.

It is out of this legacy that modern cryonics has evolved. The first cryonicist was frozen in 1967, shortly after Ettinger's book was published,

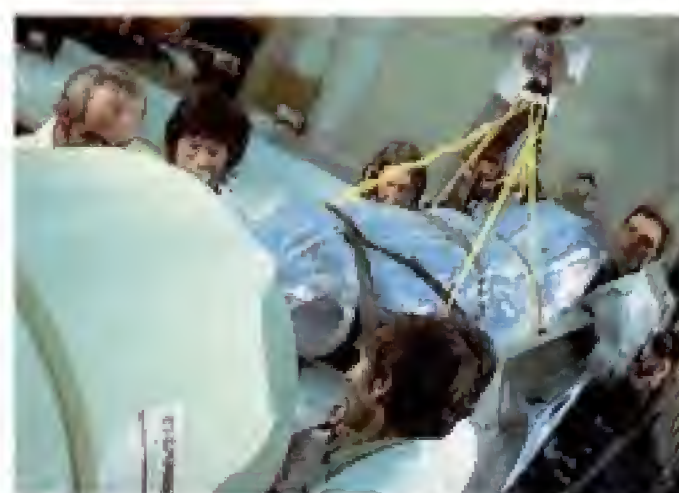
by the now defunct Cryonics Interment Inc. A number of cryonics organizations sprang up, not surprisingly, in the late 1960s. Ettinger himself froze his first whole-body in 1978. As there's no particular licensing or accreditation needed to float dead bodies in liquid nitrogen, anyone who wants to can set up shop. Most states, however, require that anyone who actually cuts into a corpse have a mortician's or coroner's license. So Ettinger, for one, simply contracts "a few" local morticians to do his spadework for him. Otherwise, schooling in cryonics is somewhat ad hoc. "Many of the [technicians] are trained in animal medicine," Ettinger says, citing men he knows at Alcor and Trans Time.

Freezing works like this:

- (1) You die.
- (2) You are diagnosed as clinically dead by a doctor (an important point, as you will later learn) and taken to a cooperating mortuary.



The process: a lube job with antifreeze . . .



. . . an ice bath, a body bag, cold storage . . .



. . . and (you hope) a wake-up call



Frisky MILES,
 the almost-frozen beagle

"I THINK FROZEN
HEADS
TEND TO SCARE
PEOPLE OFF,"
SAYS IRVING. "I SAY
IT'S JUST BAD
BUSINESS"

(3) Anxious volunteers pack you in ice, cut into your groin and plug in a portable heart-lung resuscitator to control the flow of an organ-preservation solution into the body and blood out.

(4) After sufficient chilling, you are transported by any means necessary from place of death to your cryonics facility of choice. The burr holes are drilled into your skull. Anxious volunteers begin *cryoprotective profusion* with glycerol, a sort of antifreeze found in hand soaps.

(4a) (Optional for neuros) Your head is now *surgically isolated*.

(5) You are wrapped in one, and sometimes two, plastic bags and eased into a silicone-oil bath cooled with dry ice to make sure you don't get warm. You float for 24 hours, or until you reach -110° Fahrenheit, the temperature of the dry ice.

(6) After you have been zipped into a Dacron body bag, a tank, known as a dewar, is rolled out and opened. Relieved volunteers tuck you into it. You freeze for 20 days, at which point you reach -320° Fahrenheit, the temperature of liquid nitrogen. It's not really possible to calculate a precise "freezing point" for something as complex as man, but cryonicists are pretty sure that at these temperatures any biological activity will have virtually ceased. (The USFDA recommends that butchers keep meat frozen at only 0° Fahrenheit—good enough for the dinner table, not good enough for the ages.)

(7) You wait.
Of course, no one has yet brought a frozen dead person back to life. And, more modestly, no one has even brought a frozen living person back to life, the old Monte Markham sitcom *The Second Hundred Years* notwithstanding. One problem is that cells rupture and flesh develops fissures and cracks at temperatures as extreme as -320° Fahrenheit—one more headache for tomorrow's medical miracle workers. Skin, on the other hand, is relatively hardy. "You could just throw someone [naked] into liquid nitrogen," says Ettinger, "and not that much damage would be done to the skin. Skin can be recovered."

As even Dr. Southerd admits, scientists have succeeded in freezing and then reanimating frogs. And in the spring of 1987 Paul Segall, a Berkeley researcher and a committed cryonicist (he's signed up with Trans Time), took a faithful beagle named Miles, drained his blood and, according to some reports, froze him rock-solid for 15 minutes. Days later, there was Miles, eyes sparkling, ears flopping—history's first defrosted mammal. Segall presented his research abstract, titled "Ice-

Cold Bloodless Dog Revived," to an esteemed biology federation. In came *Donabue*. Cryonics labs were deluged with phone calls. Paul Segall was famous.

The only problem was, the hapless dog had merely been chilled, not frozen. "We just made him cold, a few degrees above freezing," Segall says today, asserting that that's what he'd meant all along. Not frozen.

Not *deanimated*. Anyway, he continues, they *almost* froze him. Segall goes on to describe how he has frozen "hundreds and hundreds" of hamsters. "We anesthetize them and stick them in beer coolers," he explains. "It doesn't take long after that." The only problem is, the hamsters die.

Still and all, it *could* work.

It is *possible*.



Lust for life: Assorted California cryonicists

YOU'D THINK CRY-

onicists would be lusty people, supersuccessful people to whom fate has dealt a winning hand, greedy people who've gotten a lot out of life already and are hungry for more—people, say, like Malcolm Forbes or Zsa Zsa Gabor. But you can't really generalize about cryonicists. *Dynamic, eclectic, visionary*, sure. But beyond that, they're all over the place. For the sake of clarity, however, it wouldn't be out of the ballpark to say that cryonicists are generally thoughtful men, sincere men who look you in the eye and make you nod appreciatively, men who appear to be more or less regular guys, especially if you don't count the one or two who look as if they spend their afternoons wandering around suburban shopping malls humming and shoplifting Pez dispensers.

Twice last fall New York-area cryonicists met to hold their semiregular get-together dinners, once in a cheery fern restaurant on the Upper West Side, the other time in a Mexican place downtown. Both times, they trickled in one by one, mostly alone, mostly men, roughly eight altogether. They ordered large meals and spoke loudly, swapping cryonics stories and gossip, debating the finer points of immortality, a band of visionaries (*not loners*) enjoying the rare fellowship of the equally farsighted. A few women showed up but never uttered a word. "I'm just watching," said an older woman from New Jersey in a tight-lipped, print-my-name-and-you'll-live-to-regret-it sort of tone.

While many cryonicists are quite private about their cryonism, the leaders are proselytizers. They hand you pamphlets, they offer you books, but mostly they just talk and talk. And what they were talking about most last fall was the heads. . . .

"They create some public-relations problems, those heads," complains Lance Brofman, who would just as soon keep his attached to his current body. A Ph.D. in economics, he orders a burger, no cheese.

"I think frozen heads tend to scare people off," says Irving Rand, a Trans Time member who sells insur-



ance policies for the freezer people at Cryonics Coordinators on Long Island. "I say it's just bad business," Irving, who says he is often referred to by children in his neighborhood as "the guy that freezes people," orders chicken.

But the Alcorians, the proneuros, will not be moved. And why should they? Alcor is, after all, the largest cryonics facility in the world, with 118 members signed up to be frozen.

"And half of them are heads," boasts one Alcorian. His fellow neuros nod approvingly.

"And they're *full* members," adds another.

The neuros have their reasons. "I was sitting in the park one day, staring at a squashed squirrel," recalls Jeff Feeley, a 30-year-old neuro from Philadelphia. "I looked at the thing and decided, *I don't want to be lying there squashed in the street with everything hanging out.* It makes you think about reality and shit." Jeff says neuropreservation is for him because "it's a lot cheaper, for one thing," and because "I don't mind getting a new body . . . as long as it isn't, you know, ugly." A devotee of the late musician Jaco Pastorius, Jeff is himself a jazz fusion bassist. He can't predict what tomorrow will bring, though he does admit that he hopes everyone doesn't have four-legged, tablelike bodies. However unlikely, these sorts of fears represent the inevitable dark side of the cry-

onic dream; table bodies *could* happen, they are *possible*.

Mostly, though, cryonicists are optimists, as Jeff's indomitable resolve attests (WHEN YOU GIVE UP ON THE REST—TRY THE BEST! reads his card). Indeed, cryonicists *must* be optimists. But occasionally this positive thinking seems to become an est-like megalomania of awful dimensions, as if the Frigidaire movement were some mutant outgrowth of the old human-potential movement. Take

Alcorian Gerry Arthus. A Long Island heating contractor who has the type of ferocious social skills that bode ill for the easily intimidated of the 25th century, he is a tall, brooding man. His dinnertime banter is sprinkled with unsettling claims such as "If I can make a virus in my basement—which I can do right now—that can kill 2 million people, that's *power!*" He excoriates his fellow cryonicists for their scientific ignorance by insisting that the atom bomb was built not by Los Alamos scientists but by "a guy" who developed the weapon on "a bench in a custodian's closet." Gerry, who intends to play all the angles by having his head and body frozen *separately*, also announces his doubts about democracy:



"When you're frozen, you don't want everybody voting on what to do with you." A good point.

Then there's Ken Rising, though that's just a pseudonym he uses for speaking to journalists and other nonbelievers. (He also tape-records many of his conversations—a dangerous business, cryonics.) Even as he scoffs at those who foresee a *Jetsons*-type future, Ken hopes to be reanimated not as a mere body but as a "cubic-size molecular compartment inside of an asteroid . . . with shock absorbers to defend [against nuclear weapons]." Ken, who was inspired by the book *If We Can Revive a Severed Head*, plans on leading a remote-control existence in which he will "control a number of bodies. It brings the possibility of a new kind of sex. . . . You could basically control a whole orgy." In this life, Ken works with computers. He worries that his journey to the future may be troublesome, that cryonics will provoke social upheaval, that cryonics labs will be bombed by the envious and whole-bodies hauled away with winches and cranes.

Cryonicists do have a sense of humor. It's just that they prefer to be laughed with, not at. "I'm looking into cryondominiums," jokes Lance Brofman, the doctor of economics. Someone else suggests that the Helmsleys would do better in one of those instead of in their mausoleum.

Irving, the neighborhood guy who "freezes people," tells of his first cryonic inspiration: the bad 1984 Timothy Hutton movie about a reanimated frozen Neanderthal, called *Iceman*. They've all seen it. Of course.

As dinner is served, the conversation gets heavier, more philosophical. To cryonicists, death is not unappetizing.

GERRY: The main principle is who is responsible for your life and who decides who lives and dies.

LANCE: There may be a problem with the insurance company's not really thinking someone was dead.

SMALL, ANONYMOUS MAN: But we're trying to say we're *not* dead.

GERRY: Right.

IRVING: So that's gonna change the whole concept of insurance.

It gets even heavier. Ethical questions are raised.

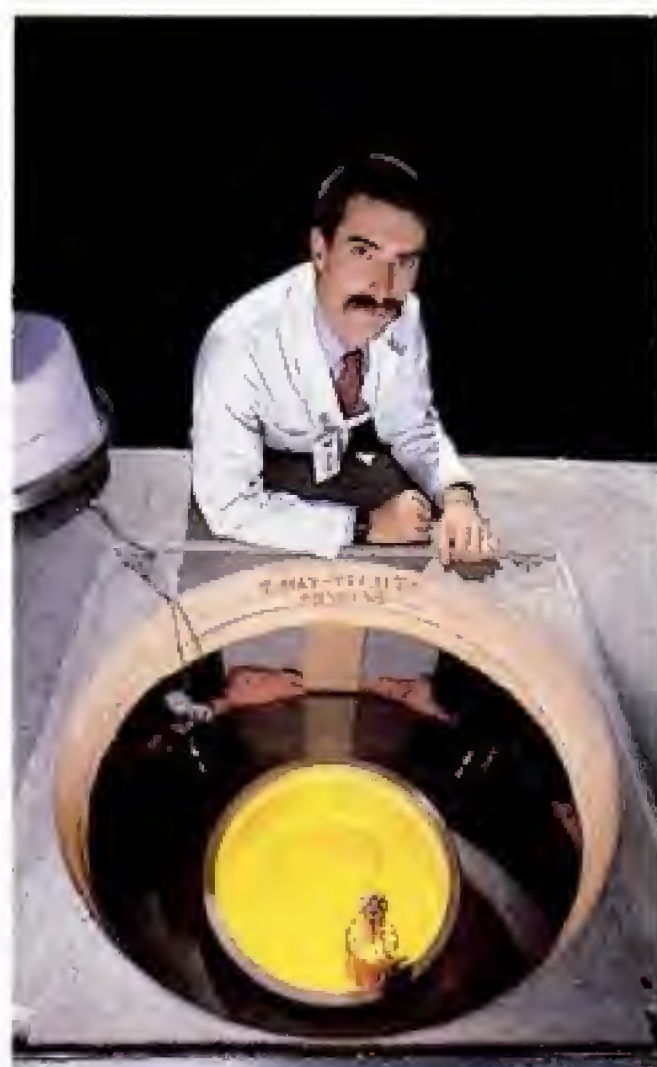
IRVING: Right now it's illegal to freeze people unless they're legally dead.

SMALL, ANONYMOUS MAN (hopefully): But you can freeze little parts.

IRVING: Yes, but not a general freezing.

SMALL, ANONYMOUS MAN: They can do it to animals. [In fact, they can't.]

The cryonicists argue about the role of money in the future, and what the city will be like 1,000 years hence. "That's *assuming* New York is around in a thousand years," Lance offers, sounding an unusually



MIKE DARWIN, our frozen-person-warehouse tour guide

THE SUSPENDEE

BOBS SLIGHTLY. "GO

AHEAD," OFFERS

MIKE. "YOU

CAN TOUCH"



The ALCOR-supplied photo caption: "Chilled, blood substituted patient being positioned on operating table for cryoprotective perfusion"

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO WITH MOM AND DAD?

FOR THE WAY WE LIVE NOW

You've got a dead parent on your hands. Now what? These days a straightforward burial with all the traditional trimmings seems to be the smart-set way to go—very Barbara Bush. And yet you might want to keep in mind the word options. Many are available:



CREMATION

COST: \$140, including memorial service; \$25 extra for rush cremation; \$20 for shipping

WHERE TO GO: There are hundreds of crematoriums nationwide, but the only one in Manhattan is the Trinity Church Mausoleum and Crematory, 770 Riverside Drive (take the No. 1 train to the 157th Street station)

HOW IT WORKS: Corpse is incinerated for two hours in 1,350–1,800°F brick oven, reducing the subject to a six-pound pile of pulp and ash

ORIGINS: In 1000 B.C. the Greeks began incinerating dead soldiers on the battlefield to expedite the process of shipping them home

ADVANTAGES: Cheaper than burial; urn can be stored virtually anywhere

DISADVANTAGES: End result is not a silky white ash but a chunky, brownish pulp called cremains—“Some people take one look inside and say, ‘Oh dear,’” says Trinity managing director Edwin Casey; cremains are

vulnerable to breezes: “You can just open the urn up and before you know it, it’s bye-bye Mama”

FUN FACT: In January 1987, after neighbors of the Lamb Funeral Home’s crematory in Pasadena, California, began noticing a rancid smell, investigators discovered large drums filled with human flesh and bones, and partially cremated bodies “loaded like corkwood” inside two kilns; among other things, the home was charged with theft of dental gold and the commingling of remains

MUMMIFICATION



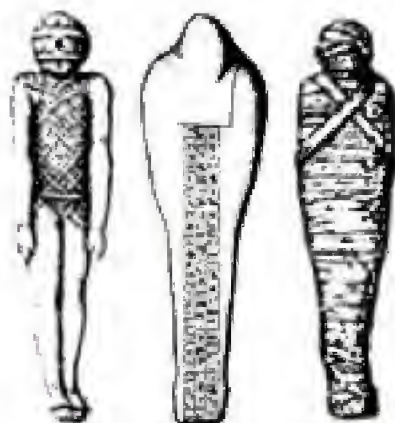
COST: About \$8,000, not including mummiform

WHERE TO GO: Summum Bonum, in Salt Lake City, Utah, the world’s only commercial mummification facility; 130 people have signed up, but thus far only a cat and a Doberman pinscher named Butch have “undergone the process”

HOW IT WORKS: Corpse is soaked for two to three weeks in a potion of oil, wine, herbs and secret ingredients, then swaddled in gypsum cement, latex, plaster and linen

ORIGINS: Ancient Egypt

ADVANTAGES: Mummies can be stored in bejeweled, handcrafted casings called mummiforms, which are available in two tasteful styles: pharaoh and art deco, as well as custom designs. Valuables may be stored in the mummiform: Summum manager Al Greco will be encased with his favorite wrench



DISADVANTAGES: Mummiforms can cost up to \$1-million; Salt Lake City is too far away for travel with a corpse

FUN FACT: In 1962 it was discovered that a Chicago woman had been keeping her sheet-swathed mother wedged between two mattresses for 15 years, and that she had fielded inquiries into her mother’s whereabouts with the response “Mummy’s sleeping”

TAXIDERMY



COST: Roughly \$2,000

WHERE TO GO: Schoepfer Studios, 138 West 31st Street

HOW IT WORKS: Corpse is gutted; skin is scraped of flesh and fat, salted and pickled; preserved skin (human leather, in fact) is then stretched around a plastic form and sewn together. No one in Manhattan has yet been stuffed—but, says Jim of Schoepfer Studios, “sometimes guys call and ask to have their wives stuffed. They’re usually kidding”

ORIGINS: Around 500 B.C. gorillas were captured, stuffed and placed in the temple of Astarte at Carthage

ADVANTAGES: Stuffed bodies

are waterproof and germ-free—“unlike,” says Jim, “the work of that guy who freeze-dries, that bubblehead. This lasts”

DISADVANTAGES: Eyes are removed for glass eyes; storage is a problem in smallish apartments; offensive to some

FUN FACT: When Roy Rogers had his horse, Trigger, stuffed, his wife, Dale Evans, told him not to get any ideas about her

FREEZE-DRYING

COST: \$400 for small animals such as a canary or rodent; \$1,800 for an animal the size of a Doberman; \$20,000 for a person, plus cost of a “perpetual viewing chapel”

WHERE TO GO: Preservation Specialties, in Pinellas Park, Florida, the world’s only freeze-drying mortuary; so far only dogs, cats, birds, reptiles and hamsters have been freeze-dried, but owner Jeff Weber vows, “We are going to move into the human sector very soon”

HOW IT WORKS: Corpse is placed in a four-foot-by-nine-foot cylindrical chamber



ber resembling a space-age washing machine, which sucks moisture out of the body until it is rock-solid

ORIGINS:

Freeze-drying was perfected in the 1960s as part of the instant-coffee revolution; its preservation application began in 1986 when Weber bought a freeze-dry chamber for \$30,000 from a company in Minnesota

ADVANTAGES: “Taxidermy doesn’t look real,” says Jim Weber. “We keep you whole”

DISADVANTAGES: Nevertheless, process requires taking out subject’s eyes; freeze-dried corpses should not be exposed to water; freeze-drying a human takes one year

FUN FACT: One man keeps his freeze-dried cat on his VCR, the pet’s favorite nesting spot when it was alive, but occasionally rotates the animal to other venues around the house in order to simulate life

EXPOSURE

COST: Free

WHERE TO GO: Outside

HOW IT WORKS: Corpse is left on hill, treetop or mountaintop and is devoured by scavengers or weathered to its essential elements

ORIGINS: Exposure has been around forever but was made famous in the sixth century B.C. by the Zoroastrians, who to this day believe that a corpse is so disgusting that to bury it would defile the earth

ADVANTAGES: Organic; cheap

DISADVANTAGES: Gamey smell; would likely cause unpleasant logistical problems in congested urban areas; illegal

FUN FACT: Sioux Indians used to swaddle bodies in deerskin or buffalo skin and let them bake on an eight-foot-high platform for one year

—N.Z.



realistic note.

The conversation dies after that. The cryonicists, finally, are tired of talking. They ask for separate checks, leave unfortunate tips and return whence they came.

RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA, SITS JUST east of Anaheim, a place with a bad professional baseball team; east of Corona, a place that shares its name with a celebrated serial murderer; southeast of Artesia, a place that fictitious beer-making dwarfs call home. Somewhere in between these sun-drunk, impossibly overcrowded suburban cities, as you drive down Highway 91 southeast from Los Angeles, a colorful billboard looms off to your left, a billboard for a local pesticide company. WE KILL THEM WITH COLDNESS, screams the sign, and a big cockroach stares out from it, banjo-eyed. It is an ironic sign in an ugly place. And for 118 Alcorians throughout the country, it marks the halfway point to forever.

Forever comes in the form of a homely one-story building, tucked neatly beside Vern's Precision Form Grinding, called the Alcor Life Extension Foundation, founded in 1972. WARNING, reads the sticker on Alcor's darkened front door, DETECTABLE AMOUNTS OF CHEMICALS KNOWN TO THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA TO CAUSE CANCER, BIRTH DEFECTS OR OTHER REPRODUCTIVE HARM MAY BE FOUND IN AND AROUND THIS FACILITY.

Inside the sparsely furnished \$187,500 laboratory/dead-person warehouse, three hardworking Alcorians shuffle in and out, in and out, in and out, eyes riveted on the ground. "They're all gonna be frozen," says the thin, aggressively intelligent man sitting in the waiting room next to an aquarium housing two playful, flesh-eating fish. "It's a rule." He is Mike Darwin (né Michael Federowicz), the earnest 34-year-old who runs Alcor. Mike does all the talking here because the researchers, or tank cleaners, or whatever they are, are sick and tired of nosy reporters. Thanks to the Dora Kent affair (we'll get to it later), Alcor has recently been besieged by journalists. "They're shell-shocked," Mike says of the shuffling workers.

Mike points to the various eight-by-ten black-and-white glossies dominating the front room. "They are what's important," he says.

They are the frozen.

"A career officer over there," Mike says, nodding reverently at the photograph of a decorated military man.

"And she was a speech therapist." He nods again.

"A retail clerk.

"And he," Mike says, pointing to a fat, hairy man with a spiked headband, "he was a bassist for a heavy-metal band."

Then, silence.

Mike, a former New York hemodialysis machine operator, had his first epiphany about the relativity of death as a boy in

Indianapolis. His father, a cop, brought home from the station house a copy of *True Man* magazine. Somewhere amid the shots of Amazon weight lifters and photo essays on Chix with Gunz was an article about freezing people. After that, Mike began freezing turtles and plants. "I'd take the turtle and freeze him good and solid," Mike recalls, "then drop him in a glass of water." Mike doesn't say whether his turtles lived or died, but he was enthusiastic enough about the process that he became involved in the New York Cryonics Society, now defunct, before heading for the Coast.

Today Mike is going to give an informal tour of the lab, but first he's going to lecture. He describes how sperm, embryos and various organs can withstand freezing, and how it's not the cells that get icy but rather the spaces in between the cells. He hammers away at the point that we're all life-extenders because we use hospitals and eat Sucrets. Anyone is worth saving, he says, "unless they're lying there stinking up the place." As for the overpopulation concerns that inevitably arise, Mike explains that advanced human civilizations will adapt. Besides, he adds, we will be living in space sooner than we think.

But Mike realizes that people don't make the trip from New York out to Alcor just to talk. Which brings us to the part where you meet the people who made all this possible.

"Let's take a look around," he offers.

He goes first into an operating room filled with big machines and a table with an egg-carton-type lining used for cooling. An Alcorian shuffles past with a package of paper towels. One of the researchers, a Vietnam vet, keeps a large gun collection leaning against a wall. Most of the artillery here is shoved aside when it's time for a member to enter into what Mike calls a third state.

The anticipation is palpable as Mike puts on his black vinyl jacket. He opens the door into a large, cluttered room that would be called a garage if it were filled with old car parts and college pennants instead of dead, frozen people. "Sorry about the dust," he says, zipping up. "But we don't get many complaints." He laughs. Mike has made a cryonicist joke.

Off to the left, laid out horizontally, is Alcor's oldest suspendee. "This guy's been frozen since 1967," Mike says, whisking by the tank. "He's been there *forever*." Mike never reveals the identities of the suspendees—the tacit cryonic code of discretion forbids that—but the word from other cryonics groups is that this suspendee is the famous-among-cryonicists James Bedford, the first frozen man. He was originally frozen by one of the earlier cryonics institutions, then shipped to Alcor when the first place went out of business. A sticker pasted to the tank reads PLEASE PUT LID ON.

Climbing a small ladder, Mike perches next to Alcor's second whole-body tank. "Two can fit here, but now there's only one," he explains, fiddling with a blue bicycle lock at the top of the nine-foot tank. When the



EVERY MOVEMENT

NEEDS A MARTYR.

TO CRYONICISTS,

WHAT'S LEFT

OF DORA KENT IS

THAT PERSON



NUDES ON ICE

GOOFY VEGAS FLOOR SHOW?



Ever since Dr. John Gorrie invented the first mechanical ice-making machine in 1851, mankind has devised many delightful uses for freezing. None, however—and this includes Kool Pops and Stanley Cup playoffs in Los Angeles in June—can surpass *Nudes on Ice*, the "sexsational" revue that has played to over 250,000 patrons since it debuted last year at the Union Plaza Hotel/Casino in Las Vegas.

Advertisements for the show beckon temptingly from taxis and billboards all along the Strip: **NUDES ON ICE! NUDES ON ICE!** Unfortunately, the too perfect title is something of a misnomer. Yes, the skaters are *on ice*, but no, they're not technically *nude*: they're topless, since total nudity in hotel shows is illegal in Nevada. And to make matters even less nude, only four women out of a coed cast of 15 are topless. The quartet glides across the stage at the beginning of each number, then skates to the side, clomps off the ice and stands motionless, forming a not technically nude proscenium for the forth-

coming entertainment—in order to "make the spectacle more like a painting," says coproducer Bill Moore.

Quickly enough the "real skaters" take over, and the tiny stage, not much bigger than a boxing ring, becomes a collage of glittery, skimpy costumes and flashing skates. It's a seven-act show. The grand finale begins with a reprise of the "Nudes on Ice" theme, then kicks into "Staying Alive," "The Lady in Red" and "New



York, New York," with the entire company of skatertainers cheerfully elbowing for attention. It's almost enough to make one forget that they aren't really nude. Besides, as Moore explains, "it [bottomlessness] would never go over, especially in a high-class setting." And, we must admit, he's probably right.

—Jack Barth and
Ian Michaels

lid is lifted off, a cloud of white mist pours out of the tank and rolls over Mike's head. He flicks at the frigid liquid nitrogen with his finger. "It's cold," he says.

On the right side of the tank, the plastic-covered body of a suspendee appears out of the mist. It looks like a giant blueberry Freeze-A-Pop. The body is lashed to the right side of the tank; it stays perfectly still, pointed toward midtank. It looks thin, too thin, until Darwin points out that it's upside down. "His head's down there," Mike says, and nods at the tank's dark bottom. The suspendee bobs slightly when Mike touches his feet. "Go ahead, you can touch," Mike offers.

Perhaps you beg off, groping for some excuse about allergies or a skin condition. But then, after Mike nods sadly—whether hurt by your reticence or merely disappointed by your conventional-mindedness, it's hard to say—you find yourself reaching toward the feet. Two sets of digits—your fingers, his swaddled toes—meet briefly, almost imperceptibly, and the chill reminds you that someday this block of humanity may be goose-stepping in conga lines while his doubters will be busy kissing soil.

It looks as if there might be room for as many as three suspendees inside the tank, but Mike explains that the current occupant has a bit of a belly that juts out in midtank. This becomes apparent, even through the mist, when you move your face in closer, next to the toes.

A few feet away sits a smaller tank with a larger community. Mike stands on top of it, straddling the lid. You opt for the ladder. "You can look inside, but it's pretty anticlimactic," Mike explains. Anticlimactic, that is, if floating human heads bore you. You look. Each head is tucked like a pimento, right side up, in its own little Baggie, then stuffed inside its own 12-by-12-inch can. (One head, that of an AIDS victim, is isolated from the rest.) The heads circle the tank, bobbing along, the same white mist rolling over them.

Mike was right. It is sort of anticlimactic.

Mike wonders aloud whether he's forgotten anything. "The animals are in there, you know," he says without smiling, pointing to the tank of heads. Meaning two dogs and a cat—his cat—which together compose what is perhaps the most expensive collection of dead decapitated domesticated pets in the world.

"No, I'll pass on that one," Mike says when asked what the animal's name was. He pauses and gets ready to leave. "Just say it was a *good* cat."



ANY SUCCESSFUL MOVEMENT NEEDS A martyr, and if there is a cryonicist who has brought together East and West, Immortalists and Trans Timers, neuros and whole-bodies, it is the late Dora Kent. Hers is a compelling story, a story of injustice, because Dora Kent should have been able to float undisturbed, alone in a can of her own; now nobody but a few Alcorians—not the police, not the coroner, not even her friends—can find the can. And yet, for cryonicists

WE'LL LEAVE YOU

ALONE, MIKE DARWIN

SAYS HE WAS TOLD,

IF YOU JUST

GIVE US THE

HEAD

"THEY PUT THEIR NECKS
ON THE LINE FOR
SAUL KENT'S
MOTHER'S HEAD,"
GERRY GUSHED.
"THAT'S A NICE
FEELING"

everywhere, what's left of Dora Kent is a heroine.

Dora had been suffering from brain disease, severe arthritis and other maladies for months when her dotting son, Saul, moved her from their Florida home to Riverside, where they would be close to the tanks. By the fall of 1987 Dora's condition had worsened to the point where she was immobile and reduced to rambling incoherently. Pneumonia set in. Saul, who had lived with Dora most of his life, brought her into Alcor on the night of December 10. She was alive, but barely. Then, early the next morning, her breathing stopped. The line on the heart monitor showed no movement. "She was dead," Mike Darwin says.

He and Saul knew what that meant. Out came the ice and off went Dora Kent's head. The procedure went smoothly. It was early in the morning and no physician was around, but a doctor came by the next day and signed Dora's death certificate. Unfortunately, California state law requires that a physician be present to verify death before someone is beheaded and frozen. California law also requires that tests be taken to establish a person's "brain death" before any kind of disassembly. Nevertheless, the Riverside coroner's office processed Dora's death certificate and gave a copy to Alcor. But when the Alcorians tried to have Dora's leftovers cremated, the Public Health Service, which also had to certify the death certificate, balked.

The coroner's office began backpedaling, suggesting that perhaps Dora Kent had been alive when the Alcorians cut off her head. "She stopped breathing and they decapitated her," announced coroner's deputy Rick Bogan. "It was a very sloppy procedure." It was then that the Alcorians, no fools, decided to spirit Dora's head out of the facility and into safekeeping. "It's my understanding that someone just tucked the thing under his arm and ran for it," says Alcorian Kevin Brown. "Which brings up another good reason for neuropreservation — mobility."

Things got ugly. The media moved in. Epithets were exchanged. Alcor accused the coroner's office of a publicity-mongering, "Liberace-style" display to bring down the cryonicists; the coroner's office parried by sending several officers to confiscate the records of all Alcor patients and arrest six Alcorians. *We'll leave you alone*, Mike Darwin says he was told during questioning, *if you just give us the head*. Darwin

refused, but the cops let him go anyway.

For much of last year cryonics was the talk of Riverside. There were rumors of devil-worshipping literature at Alcor. They were said to be stockpiling guns and explosives in preparation for a last, glorious, "you'll-never-take-the-heads-alive" gunfight to the death.

And so, early on the morning of January 12, as


the neuros bobbed unawares, the Alcor facility found itself under siege: the local police and a SWAT team invaded the building, Entebbe-style, confiscating thousands of dollars in equipment, medications, books, even the answering machine. *Where is Dora's head? We want the head*, the authorities demanded. But the unarmed Alcorians stood firm. "We were ready to go to jail," says Mike Darwin, who didn't this time. "It was pretty bad."

In the end, it went to a judge, a judge who saw that these were not terrorists, not killers of elderly women, just cryonicists with a large gun collection. The judge ruled that there was sufficient evidence that Dora had died naturally and should remain frozen, and the cops were enjoined, by way of a restraining order, from confiscating the wayward head. Dora Kent is finally floating in peace.

The cryonicists seemed satisfied, months later at dinner in New York. "They put their necks

on the line for Saul Kent's mother's head," Gerry Arthus gushed. "That's a nice feeling." Cryonicists are flattered by what the Dora Kent story tells them about themselves, about their community, about the spirit of a group of people who think that the human race not only has a future but that it will be a future worth being decapitated for. Indeed, so destined is Dora's case for the annals of freezer myth that Curtis Henderson, in the manner of Sir Percy Blakeney, has written a poem, which he recited for the group at the Mexican restaurant:

They seek it here
They seek it there
Those coroners seek it everywhere
Is it alive or is it dead
That damned elusive head

Neuros and whole-bodies alike, all the cryonicists laughed. 



The literature

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FREE TO BE...

Philistine

Public art in New York City used to mean marble homages to generals, poets and abstract ideals like Justice—expressions of civic aspiration that were dull, perhaps, but at least well intentioned. In 1989, however, public art means big spinning cubes and imposing rusty walls whose sheer menacing mass is meant, in the words of imposing-rusty-wall sculptor Richard Serra, to “ground one into the physical condition of the place [where the imposing rusty wall is situated].” So much for aspirations. From river to river, variously obtrusive and vacuous visions assault the eyes of innocent Manhattan passersby, and every day, public-relations-conscious corporations are busy subsidizing more sculptors with grandiose ideas and a misplaced passion for Cor-Ten steel. Of course, urbanites with pretensions to sophistication risk being labeled philistines if they openly express their contempt for these artifacts of our cultural age. But that won't stop us.

EXCESSIVELY LARGE SCULPTURES
BY FAMOUS ARTISTS,
SITUATED IN ALIENATING AND
STERILE PLAZAS

GROUP OF FOUR TREES (1972), JEAN DUBUFFET; 1 CHASE MANHATTAN PLAZA—PINE AND WILLIAM STREETS (popularly known as “Those Weird Mushrooms Fronting the Bank Building”)

This looming growth evolved from a series called the *L'Hourloupe* cycle—the product of Dubuffet's ballpoint doodles.

FIVE IN ONE (1971-74), BERNARD “TONY” ROSENTHAL; 1 POLICE PLAZA (popularly known as “Giant Pile of Rusted Lids”)

Winner of the American Iron and Steel Institute's coveted 1974 Design in Steel Award.

BUST OF SYLVETTE (1968), PABLO PICASSO; WASHINGTON SQUARE CENTER APARTMENT COMPLEX, 505 LA GUARDIA PLACE (popularly known as “Oversize Picasso Doodle in Sandblasted Concrete”)

It was necessary to build a separate steel structure to distribute the weight of the 60-ton sculpture, thereby preventing it from crashing through to the parking garage.

BAD ART THAT WAS

TILTED ARC (1981), RICHARD SERRA; 26 FEDERAL PLAZA, OFF CENTRE STREET (popularly known as “That Ugly Fucking Wall”) Manhattan's most famous, most urine-stained bad art, commissioned by the General Services Administration. As a result of overwhelming public revulsion, the sculpture was recently relocated to a motor-vehicle compound in Brooklyn. Serra bitterly fought the decision in the courts, claiming that his First Amendment right to erect imposing rusty walls was being infringed upon.

BAD ART THAT MOST OFTEN
SERVES AS A HIDING PLACE
FOR MUGGERS

TAU (1965-80), TONY SMITH; LEXINGTON AVENUE AT 68TH STREET (popularly known as “Big Black Thing Near Subway Entrance”). Location near top of subway stairs enhances its usefulness to young criminals.

UNTITLED (1968), DAVID SECOMBE; WESTBETH APARTMENT COMPLEX—WEST AND BANK STREETS (popularly



known as "White Twisted Thing in Dark Place")

Not afraid to put his money where his scary art is, sculptor Seccombe actually lives at WestBeth.

WAR MEMORIAL (1987), LINDA CUNNINGHAM; CUNY GRADUATE CENTER, 33 WEST 42ND STREET (popularly known as "Three Gnarled Sticks on Forty-Denise")

CUNY is also home to another tripartite thug-concealing work:

UNTITLED (c. 1970), by URSULA MEYERS (popularly known as "Three Yellow Shapes in Scary Tunnel")

BIG CUBES

ALAMO (1966-67), BERNARD "TONY" ROSENTHAL; ASTOR PLACE, AT THE INTERSECTION OF LAFAYETTE AND 8TH STREETS (popularly known as "The Black Cube That Drunk NYU Students Spin")

"What this compulsion is to push this cube, I still don't understand," sculptor Rosenthal has said.

THE RED CUBE (1967), ISAMU NOGUCHI; BROADWAY AND LIBERTY STREET (popularly known as "Unspinnable Red Cube With Hole")

No meaningless abstraction. To Noguchi, the cube on its end was

symbolic of chance—"like the rolling of dice," he explained.

NOBLE INTENTIONS, BANAL RESULTS

PEACE FOUNTAIN (1984-85), GREG WYATT; AMSTERDAM AVENUE AT 111TH STREET (popularly known as "Big Angel With Giraffes and Seafood and Moon")

The seafood is said to be symbolic of life's marine origins.

ROMEO AND JULIET (1977), MILTON HEBALD; IN FRONT OF THE DELACORTE THEATER, CENTRAL PARK NEAR WEST 81ST STREET (popularly known as "The Sappy Sculpture by the Delacorte")

Gift of George Delacorte, whose more likable park donations include the Wonderland statue and the automated clock in the zoo.

THE CHILD (1979), EDWINA SANDYS; FDR DRIVE BETWEEN EAST 24TH AND 25TH STREETS (popularly known as "The Two-

Headed Cutout by the Highway") The sculptress is the granddaughter of Winston Churchill, the noted amateur landscapist.

"HOW TRULY HUMAN" THE J. SEWARD JOHNSON COLLECTION

One of the litigious heirs to the Johnson & Johnson fortune, J. Seward Johnson Jr. has found the creation and placement of ultra-accessible life-size bronze figures in urban settings more to his liking than the production of Q-tips. Up to seven castings of each sculpture are made at the Johnson Atelier in Princeton, New Jersey (another *Out to Lunch* sits in front of a McDonald's in Kansas City). "I would love people to say, 'How truly human,' or 'Isn't that so?'" Johnson once remarked.

WAITING (1985), 370 LEXINGTON AVENUE (popularly known as "I Could've Sworn That Was a Person")

TAXI! (1983), PARK AVENUE AT 48TH STREET (popularly known as "Gee, for a Second I Thought It Was Real")

THE RIGHT LIGHT (1983), 150 EAST 34TH STREET (popularly known as "Wait a Minute—That's a Sculpture!")

OUT TO LUNCH (1980), BEHIND THE EXXON BUILDING, 1251 AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS (popularly known as "This Must Be by the Same Guy Who Did the One in Front of the McDonald's")

BAD ART CLOSEST TO THE PUCK BUILDING

UNTITLED (1973), FORREST MYERS; BROADWAY AND HOUSTON STREET (popularly known as "Did There Used to Be a Building There?") Forty-two green beams sticking out of a blue wall. Both a painting and a sculpture.

THE WORST (DISPLAYED) PAINTING IN A MAJOR MUSEUM COLLECTION

HIDE AND SEEK (1942), PAVEL TCHELITCHEW; MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 WEST 53RD STREET (popularly known as "I Think I Used to Have a Day-Glo Black-Velvet Poster of This")

Tchelitchew was a Russian-born painter, proto-New Ager and friend of Edith Sitwell's. His shockingly prescient 1940s interest in tarot, alchemy and astrology is evident in this painting of embryos and sexual organs hidden in trees.



DANGER ZONES: ART OF APPALLING QUALITY IN APPALLING QUANTITY—AND FOR SALE

"THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF THE PALETTE KNIFE"

GALLERY WINDOWS NEAR AND ALONG MADISON AVENUE FROM 60TH TO 90TH STREET

Bumpy florals in pastel colors and views of the Seine predominate.

Hilde Gerst Gallery

685 MADISON AVENUE

Meticulous and soulless pointillism.

Wolly Findlay Gallery

17 EAST 57TH STREET

Many paintings of Montmartre.

O.J. Art Gallery

933 MADISON AVENUE

But cheap: only \$450 for an economy-size Champs Élysées painting.

Hammer Gallery

33 WEST 57TH STREET

Third floor devoted solely to the works of LeRoy Neiman. *Neiman elephant tapestry: \$15,000.*

"LAND OF THE BRAND-NAME MEGAGALLERIES"

IN AND AROUND SOHO

Circle Fine Arts

468 WEST BROADWAY (AND TRUMP TOWER)

Home of the Art to Wear collection

of jewelry. *Vasarely cuff links: \$475-\$1,375.*

Dyonsen

122 SPRING STREET

Unabashed Erté pushers. *Erté Tree of Life bronze menorah: \$3,950.*

Dyonsen Eclipse

157 SPRING STREET

For all your John Lennon lithograph needs.

Gallery 121

121 SPRING STREET

Amex welcome. Gift certificates available. Very impressive certificates of authenticity with purchase. *Campbell's soup can labels personally signed by Andy Warhol: \$595-\$895.*



SHE WAS A TOP

CANADIAN MODEL AND A TOP OLYMPIC SKIER—JUST

ASK HER HUSBAND!

AND SHE'S A TOP WIFE! A TOP SOCIALITE! A TOP

DECORATOR! A TOP

FASHION PLATE! AND NOW A TOP HOTEL EXECUTIVE!

SHE'S SUPER-

GLAMOROUS! SHE'S SUPERGORGEOUS! SHE'S ALL

OVER THE PLACE!

that's why the lady is a

A SPECIAL SPY INVESTIGATIVE
TRIBUTE TO IVANA



BY JONATHAN VAN METER

U M P



DOLL BY GREER LANKTON • PHOTOGRAPHED BY RANDOLPH GRAFF

MAY 1989 SPY 87

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"**a**LL
I CAN SAY IS, I
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"THEY'VE
GOT A BITCH
ON THE WAY"

"I think it's upsetting to people that Donald and I have it all."—Ivana Trump in *Vanity Fair*

On a bright, salty Wednesday afternoon—May 18, 1988, to be exact—Ivana Trump, all-around chatelaine and chief executive officer of Trump's Castle Hotel & Casino in Atlantic City, walked through the lobby of her gambling palace for the last time. Bobbing along beneath her astoundingly yellow cap of dyed hair and above her shiny stiletto heels, she was on her way to bigger and better things: The Plaza in Manhattan, where, as president, Ivana would be paid by her husband a well-publicized \$1 a year plus all the dresses she could buy. Three television news

teams, four local newspaper photographers and various reporters, about half of her 4,000 Trump's Castle hirelings and assorted floral-print-polyester-clad casino customers crowded around to see their queen wave her last goodbye. Bob McCune, a cameraman for ABC-TV's Atlantic City news team, who had watched Mrs. Trump operate from a distance, paid her the highest compliment a newsman can pay a celebrity: "She was very nice."

She always gave us good answers for sound bites." An impolite casino floor employee who had watched Mrs. Trump operate from close up said, "All I can say is, I feel sorry for the people at The Plaza. They've got a bitch on the way."

Very special people are always the source of controversy. And yes: Ivana Trump is a special lady.

Her specialness is everywhere



TOP TEARS: A HEART-TUGGING FAREWELL TO TRUMP'S CASTLE

apparent: in her special set of white-white teeth, in the slabs of polished pink marble with which she has all but tiled Manhattan, in the kicky little mink flounces attached to the bottom of some of her daytime suits, in her charmingly old-world relationship with her husband, Donald. The Don, she calls him. ("You know how she always puts *the* before people's names?" says the wife of a Trump Organization vice president.

"Well, one day she was all flustered and she needed to talk to her vice president of administration, Richard Wilhelm. She went tearing through the halls of the executive offices shrieking, 'Where's the Dick? I need the Dick now!'") The Don, in turn, just can't stop telling the world how much he relies on and respects his wife, the former-Olympic-skier-top-model-licensed-interior-designer.

And if Donald exaggerates a little, does it really matter? For just as Shakespeare's Titania believed the donkey-headed Bottom to be the very vision of love, in Donald's eyes Ivana most surely *is* all those things—yes, even a licensed interior decorator. *In Donald's eyes*, Donald, as he will tell you, knows what real quality is, and "in terms of quality," as he is fond of saying, Ivana is quality goods. Not just a lady—the top lady. In Donald's eyes.

After all, it's not Ivana who goes around referring to herself as a *former-top-model-Olympic-skier-licensed-interior-decorator*. It's her husband who does. And what could be more thrillingly romantic than to be married to a man who insists that everything he has—even *you*—is better, bigger, faster, longer, shinier, newer, prettier, taller and just plain more expensive than anything anyone else has?

Former Olympic Skier

"By the age of six, [Ivana] was winning medals, and in 1972 she was an alternate on the Czechoslovakian ski team at the Sapporo Winter Olympics."

—Donald Trump in *Trump: The Art of the Deal*

"Ivana [is] a former model and downhill skier who competed in the 1972 Winter Olympics."—*People* magazine

"We met in 1976 in Montreal, where I was competing in the Olympic Games."—Ivana in *Hello* magazine

It was 40 years ago that Ivana Winklmayr (according to the 1984 *Current Biography Yearbook*), or possibly Ivana Zelnicek (according to Trump Organization press releases), was born in Vienna, or possibly in Czechoslovakia (being such a busy executive, Ivana can't seem to remember from interview to interview). Either way, within a few years little Ivana, her Austrian mother and her father, a Czech-born electrical engineer, had settled in Czechoslovakia. (A curious immigration route, particularly for the early 1950s: while the rest of Eastern Europe was scheming to *escape* the Iron Curtain, Ivana's family may have left Western freedom for a life *behind* it.)

Eerily anticipating their future son-in-law's penchant for demanding the very, very best *in terms of quality*, Ivana's parents raised her to strive for excellence in everything she attempted. As a child actress she had roles in four Czech movies. Her father, an athlete, had her skiing as soon as she could walk. By the time she was 12, Ivana was out of the



TOP OLYMPIC SKIER!



house and in a very strict, Eastern Bloc-style training camp for child skiers. She went on to Charles University in Prague, where, says one of her teachers, she was engaged to a film director, and where, say the Trumps, she was chosen as an alternate for the Czech Olympic ski team that would compete at the 1972 Winter Games in Sapporo, Japan. We know that Ivana didn't actually put on skis and compete at Sapporo, but she certainly must have had a lot of fun anyway. Who wouldn't?

Seeking to discover for ourselves Ivana's no doubt very high standing among world skiers, we spoke with Petr Pomezny, the secretary general of the Czech Olympic Committee. "Who is this Ivana woman, and why do people keep calling us about her?" he asked in an irritated voice. "We have searched so many times and have consulted many, many people, and there is no such girl in our records." But this just didn't make sense! No Ivana Winklmayr? No. Ivana Zelnicek? No. Ivana Syrovatka? No—but now we're getting ahead of ourselves.

The following year, Ivana graduated from Charles University with a master's degree in the very demanding subject of physical education and with her mind made up to go west.

And so her career as a top Olympic skier drew to a close.

Canada's Top Model

"I moved to Canada after the 1972 Olympics, where I was one of the top fashion models in Montreal."
—Ivana in *Casino Chronicle*

"[Ivana] very quickly became one of the top models in Canada."
—Donald in *The Art of the Deal*

When Ivana set her sights on a career in the West, she chose Montreal, a predominantly

French-speaking city where, she says, an uncle lived. A girl as lovely and exotic as Ivana had no trouble finding a niche in that most *Mitteleuropian* of North American cities. (And since *Green Acres* was still fresh in the public mind when Ivana arrived, rare must have been the escort who did not become weak-kneed in her presence, overcome with



WHITE QUEEN, CZECH MATE! IVANA AND "HUSBAND," RACING-SKIER GEORGE SYROVATKA, IN 1975

glamorous images of his very own Eva Gabor.)

Ivana had apparently done a little modeling in Prague, and soon after her arrival in the early seventies she was signed by Audrey Morris and Associates in Montreal, an ultra-superprestigious modeling agency. A top modeling agency, you might say. In the glamorous world of high-fashion

modeling Ivana hit it big right away: one of her first jobs found her on the runway for Eaton's, a Canadian department store not unlike our own Macy's. She then moved right on to the high-powered world of modeling clothes for the fashion sections of Canadian newspapers and was featured in at least one spread in the now-defunct *Montreal Star*. From there it was only a short hop to the showroom of the renowned Auckie Sanft, a manufacturer of coats and no doubt ultra-haute-couture coordinates. As a showroom model, "she was not a standout and she was not [Sanft's] number one choice," recalls a former editor for the *Star* who was fortunate enough to have worked with Ivana. But note that this comment does not rule out the possibility that Ivana was Sanft's number two choice—no small accomplishment given his reputation as a maker of "good quality" clothes. In any event, between the runways and the magazines and the newsprint photographs from a moribund daily, Ivana's rise could be termed meteoric, at least by

Canadian high-fashion standards.

On the other hand, top billing has always come naturally—even effortlessly—to Ivana. In 1975 she told the *Montreal Gazette* (in an article called "The Two Faces of Ivana—Model and Sports-woman"), "Modelling is a job to me, not a career. I have my social life, my husband, and my home."

Husband?

When you've lived a life as high-powered and fast-paced as Ivana's, it's pretty hard to remember all the superglamorous things that happen to you. How else to explain the fact that Ivana never mentions her former husband, George Syrovatka, the good-looking racing skier? (The 1975 *Gazette* article pictures a very loving George and Ivana sharing an intimate moment in their Montreal apartment—see photo.) George, the paper explains, had emigrated from Prague in 1972 and had started a ski boutique called Top Sports (seems that Ivana has always had an eye for top guys). "[Ivana] met George through racing when she was still a teenager and they've been together ever since," reported the *Gazette*.

Eager to talk to the lucky fellow who apparently was Ivana's first husband, we contacted Syrovatka and asked him if he was indeed once married to Mrs. Trump. "Well, uh... Not exactly," he replied and agreed to an interview the next day, which he later mysteriously canceled. Confused, we visited Quebec's provincial



courthouse, where we could find no record of such a marriage. We inquired about obtaining additional pictures of the good-looking George from the *Gazette*, which had covered his skiing career in the seventies; imagine our disappointment when we learned that the entire George

**WHO
IS THIS IVANA
WOMAN,
AND WHY DO
PEOPLE KEEP
CALLING US
ABOUT HER?"
ASKED THE
SECRETARY
GENERAL OF
THE CZECH
OLYMPIC
COMMITTEE**

IF PILLOWS COULD TALK... IVANA (RIGHT) MODELS SUPERGLAMOROUS NYLON LINGERIE, 1976.

Syrovatka file had inexplicably disappeared sometime last year! We then spoke with various



IVANA, LOOKING SVELTE IN CORAL ULTRASUEDE, WITH "HUSBAND" GEORGE IN THEIR MONTREAL APARTMENT, 1975

Montreal colleagues of George's and Ivana's, who remember George being very adept with women and suggest that the two were live-in lovers. A top girlfriend, even then, if not exactly a top wife!

Meanwhile, down in the mirrored power corridors of New York, Donald Trump was cruising through the mid-1970s like many other suave, finger-snapping guys on the go—living the high life, going to happening discos and, in his words, "dating the most beautiful people in the world."

As a superbeautiful top high-fashion model who ironed her dyed hair every single night, Ivana was certainly qualified to date Donald Trump. And when—according to the Trumps—he first spotted her across the room at a PR reception for the athletes at the 1976 Summer Games in Montreal (where Ivana was not, as she once misremembered, in competition, since there are few snow-skiing events in the Summer Olympics), he knew she was different. Or could it have been—as other old friends of Ivana's maintain—that the pair met in New York's superswanky Maxwell's Plum, where Donald very smoothly sent a round of cocktails over to Ivana, who was dining with a group of models in town for a Canadian-fur fashion show? Either way, "for the first time in a long while," wrote Trump biographer Jerome Tuccille in his top book, *Trump*, "Donald Trump had met a beautiful woman who had her head screwed on right."

For her part, the ever-practical Ivana later said, "I didn't get excited immediately." (But then, a woman as traditionally classy

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TOP
MODEL!



as Ivana wouldn't—especially not if she was already married to, or living with, a hunky Czech-Canadian ski champ.) But, she added, it was Donald's "energy" that made him attractive. During a recent appearance the couple made on *The Oprah Winfrey Show*, Ivana summed up the whole love thing she had for Donald in her own superspecial way: "I love a good-looking man, but you know, it's really with the look and the brain and the energy and the really potentials, you know, Donald always had a great head on his shoulder, and I saw the potential there."

After their magical encounter—is there any more romantic venue for a chance meeting than a public-relations event, or a chic watering hole like Maxwell's?—and with George (who obviously didn't have *the really potentials*) conveniently sloughed off, Donald and Ivana dated long-distance for nine months. Ivana would fly into New York on Friday nights, and Donald would meet her at the airport in a chauffeured limo. (*Class*, nothing but *class*—and really, Ivana would have it no other way.) For the rest of the weekend Ivana would watch with stars in her eyes as Donald talked about deals (his art form), and despite the superhectic pace (sometimes Donald had to take six phone calls during a single dinner!), they would spend a romantic evening or two together.

On April 9, 1977, Ivana and Donald took that storybook step. In an uncharacteristically small, quiet ceremony, Donald married his little "Ivaska" (his doting nickname for her) before the longtime Trump family minister, power-of-positive-thinking avatar Rev. Norman Vincent Peale. Within a year—a year of Studio 54 and young, business-obsessed love—Ivana had given

birth to Donald Jr. Four years later came a girl, Ivanka, and in two more years, a second boy, Eric.

Although Ivana is indisputably a top mom as well as a top wife (how otherwise? *Mrs. Donald Trump!*), the enchanting aura of her Canadian top-model glamour lingers still. It is evident in every article of clothing she wears, in every sharpened, varnished fingernail, in the impeccably



IVANA, LOOKING SVELTE IN CORAL ULTRASUEDE, AND THE DON IN THEIR BEIGE-THEMED SUNKEN LIVING ROOM, 1979

tweezed-and-redrawn eyebrows, in the way her skin clings close to her cheekbones, in the very steel-coil way she holds her top-model frame. Look at any photograph of Ivana Trump and you will see the professionalism that is the trademark of the top Auckie Sanft model. It's in the pose, that most becoming pose: one leg turned out, heel up, toe pointed, left hand on hip and, often, right hand in the air—just like the top models do it! Ivana strikes this pose perfectly and uncannily, seeming to anticipate every popping flashbulb by milliseconds. Self-controlled—and yet, undeniably, *natural*.

Capturing, with her unerring instinct, the buzz going around the top dinner tables in town, elderly gossip stenographer Liz Smith—a woman who is single-handedly trying to revive interest in ladies' after-six western wear—has repeatedly singled out the Trumps for their almost unbelievable sense of style and refinement. As Liz has said of the *Trump Princess's* decor: "Kudos . . . for the tasteful beauty of their refurbishing . . . not a garish boat . . . almost understated." Indeed, with Liz's own special gift with the language, she has hit upon the one word that can best describe a former arms trader's disco-with-a-hull done up in beige, gold and onyx: *understated*.

Smith calls the Trumps the new Dick and Liz, the new Jackie and Ari. When Oprah

Winfrey asked Ivana to comment on Smith's tribute, Ivana explained, "Liz, she's a great writer and a super lady. You know, there is not that much of the glamour anymore. You look at our stars, which—our movie stars, they are not, there's no glamour. I see that way, if you look at the old stars, and how they handled themselves and promote whatever they had to promote, so maybe the people are looking at the new people, which are coming up there and they live and they try to live well and work hard, and combine those too, maybe it's that something special for them."

Whereupon Oprah turned to Donald. "Well," he said without a trace of a smile, "I think I can say the same thing."

Since she has such a solid, sophisticated grasp of the delicate science of glamour, it's hardly surprising that Ivana has been approached with offers from entrepreneurial fans wishing to market Ivana perfumes, panty hose, clothes and jewelry. Though Ivana has graciously turned these offers down, Donald has thought it prudent to trademark her name anyway. In January the Trumps filed an application to trademark the name Ivana for use as a top perfume brand name. The application is still pending, but we're sure swanky drugstores all over the country are already making room on their shelves.

It's no secret that Donald, besides getting a top model, an Olympic skier, a super helpmate and a trademarkable commodity, got himself a matchless style consultant in Ivana as well. When they met, Donald was just a rich young man from Queens. Ivana was the one who persuaded him to give up the plum-colored suits and matching shoes and go for something a little more eighties, or at the very least a little less plum-colored. Today she's surely the one who

picks out the matching pink-shirt-and-shiny-tie ensembles—what Mr. Ivana refers to as "the Look"—for those sporting weekends aboard the *Princess*. (And it *takes* a former top model to navigate the treacherous fashion course between plum and pink in a stylish man's wardrobe!) So it was Ivana who enabled Donald to declare *New York Times* architecture critic Paul

of her lady friends by private jet to see the Paris collections, thereby helping them to streamline their own shopping calendars, the former top model startled fashionable society by proclaiming that even with all the time to be saved by shopping exclusively in Paris, she would henceforth be giving up French couture in favor of American designers. In keeping with her



ivana-be ivana

AN UP-CLOSE AND PERSONAL ENCOUNTER
WITH MRS. TRUMP'S APOSTLE AND SLAVE



When Ivana Trump hired Lisa Calandra to be her assistant in 1980, she said, "Lisa can't type and I can't speak English, so will make a great team." Ivana has yet to get a full grip on English and Lisa still can't type, but both skills seem irrelevant to the success of this very special relationship. "She's an inspiration," says Lisa. "There are women all around the world calling up to ask who does her hair, to ask about her dresses. People write for advice, because they look at her as the role model of the working woman—mother—wife."

The very model of the 30-year-old borough-born Working Girl, Lisa became a Trump adjunct when she was working as an office temp. Such was her zeal that she was offered a secretarial job with The Trump Organization. Within nine years she had ascended to her current job as assistant to the president of The Plaza.

Now Lisa's goal is to become more and more like her boss each day. "She's the perfect role model," says Ivana II. "I think that's the only way you could be a successful extension of your boss. I have to anticipate what she would like. If I were more independent, I would do things that I think are right and not what she thinks are right, and I would make a mess out of my position. I mean, it's like, who cares what I want?"

"When I am at work, I have to carry out the image she is portraying," says Lisa, who is an ultraglamorous "blond" like her boss, the former top model. "She's always put together so well. And if you spend every day with someone . . . I think it's just the association. It is," she says finally, "like man and dog." —J.V.M.

Goldberger unqualified to judge high-class design because, according to Donald, he wears cheap suits.

As for her own appearance, Ivana, who, it has been said, buys \$1.5 million worth of dresses each year, has always managed, almost magically, to combine those two most opposite of traits: glamour and efficiency. Until quite recently she attended the Paris couture shows, like other wives of rich, important men. But unlike other wives of rich, important men, Ivana made the exhausting transatlantic journey purely for reasons of thrift and expediency: she saved valuable time by buying all her clothes in one easy shopping spree. "Then I only have to shop for shoes and handbags during the year," Ivana once said sensibly. "And I buy them at the shops in the Trump Tower."

Last year, after taking a group

husband's dictum—"I love quality, but I don't believe in paying top price for quality"—Ivana's sacrifice bespoke a refreshing thriftiness in one so incalculably wealthy: American couture dresses cost around \$5,000, compared with the French average of \$20,000. Let's see: with \$1.5 million per year, that makes 300 American dresses, up from 75 French ones. A different dress almost every day!

Although Ivana has become more serious about frugality, she is also looking—if such a thing is possible—even more glamorous! "Ivana's taste has gotten showier over the last couple of years," says Arnold Scaasi, the Canadian dress designer. "More and more, she uses the same Atlantic City designers who outfit the show girls and entertainers." At a recent taping of the *Today* show she described her favorite outfit—a *Playboy* bunny bustier

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TOP WIFE
AND
MOTHER!



she wears for superglamorous at-home occasions.

Anyone who has seen Ivana amid the sparkle of a gala event in the lobby of the fabulous Trump Tower, anyone who has seen a paparazzo photo of her in an East Side shopper, understands that she is a *standout*. She looks like no one else. And one way Ivana pulls this off is by knowing—and knowing how to get—exactly

what she wants. To this end, in 1987 she enlisted the talents of a nice man named Kong Wai Shek, a Korean-born Atlantic City designer whose work she had long admired. And that's quite a compliment coming from a fellow designer like Ivana: she had, after all, designed the Trump Tower doormen's uniforms (complete with 24-inch-high fur busbies), as well as the cheerleaders' costumes for her husband's short-lived New Jersey Generals football team. Although Shek couldn't boast credentials like that, he had nevertheless established quite a reputation designing absolutely gorgeous, attention-getting outfits for beauty pageant contestants and show girls, including costumes for *Abracadabra* at the Aladdin and *Boy-Lesque* at the Sahara in Las Vegas.

"I made about 25 dresses for Ivana," says Shek, who has recently been having a small tiff with her. It seems that when Ivana asked him to do some alterations on another designer's dresses recently, Shek, incredibly, said no. To a Trump! "I refused to do the alterations, and she said there are 50 seamstresses in New York who were dying to do them for her," Shek says. "So I said, 'Let them do it.'"

Shocking—but then, Shek has a history of overreacting. Late in 1987, he says, Ivana had the

tinest little memory lapse—the sort of silly thing that could happen to anyone—over exactly who had designed the dress she'd worn to a benefit for the Metropolitan Museum's Costume Institute. Shek, who says *he* designed the dress, was outraged because in the paper the next day "she gave the credit to Givenchy. That's disgusting. And she calls *me* a liar. She can be so nasty."



TOP FASHION: FROM BOY-LESQUE TO IVANA'S CLOSET

Another of Ivana's favorite designers is Victor Costa, who also manages to provide her with the megaglamour at a good price. Though he can't claim the creative vision of a Kong Wai Shek, Costa nonetheless has a few good ideas going for him. Well,

one good idea, anyway: what he does is copy the designs of Bill Blass, Oscar de la Renta and Ungaro, among others, and sell them for thousands less than the originals, sometimes for as little as a few hundred dollars. Now, that's the kind of ingenuity a Trump would love!

Top Wife and Mother

"My mother learned me everything. I can cook and I can press and I love to fuss around the house. I take a shirt and I press it and I show the laundress just how Donald likes it." —Ivana in *Women's Wear Daily*

Tony Schwartz, the former journalist who helped Donald write the number one top best-seller *The Art of the Deal*, once said, "Donald Trump's personal life is not important to him." Schwartz ought to know better. With a wonderful wife like Ivana whipping up Eastern European delights in their eat-in kitchenette high atop Trump

Tower, how could this be?

Especially given that in most respects the Trumps are the all-American family. When a member of Oprah Winfrey's audience had the temerity to ask them about *20/20*'s report that Donald spends only four to six hours a week with his children, he responded, "I would say that I spend enough time with my children. . . . I think they're pretty well covered." Hear that, naysayers? *They've got the kids covered*. No problem. And we'll bet those are four, five or six *superquality* hours. With top kids.

Last summer the Trump family spent some top-of-the-line time sailing the understated *Princess* to Martha's Vineyard. One night in an Edgartown restaurant, a mother of one of Donald Jr.'s classmates at Buckley approached them and invited Donald Jr. over to their house to play. Ivana declined but graciously suggested the mother send her child out to the *Princess*,



TWO GENERATIONS OF SLAVIC GLAMOUR: IVANA AND MOM

moored in the harbor. Shortly thereafter the mother took her child and some other children out to the *Princess* in the family's small boat. The Trumps, displaying the kind of sensitivity to children that you'd expect from top parents, realized that youngsters don't like to play with boring old adults around. So the children were taken aboard for a superexciting one-hour tour, and the mother was obliged to wait in her dinghy—albeit entertained by nothing less than a Trump servant—lashed to the *Princess*, bobbing.

At around the same time, Donald and Ivana decided that their kids might benefit from spending some quality time with other top children at an exclusive private beach club on the island. So Donald Jr., Ivanka and Eric were delivered by a Trump servant to the club's gates, along

with a Trump check for \$500 intended to buy a day's play at the beach. The man at the gate—who evidently didn't know what caliber children he was dealing with here—refused them entry, saying the club was private.

It's easy to have a happy family when you've got top kids, but finally, what better evidence of a rock-solid home life is there than a sense of Tracy-and-Hepburn playfulness between partners? Witness this warm and loving banter from the *Oprah* interview:

Donald: [*Ivana and I*] *don't have tremendous fights. . . . There's not a lot of disagreement, because ultimately Ivana does exactly as I tell her to do.*

Ivana: *Male chauvinist.*

Donald [to audience]: *Right, men, is that right, eh?*

Why, they're practically finishing each other's sentences!

Top Licensed Interior Decorator

"Ivana was working toward an interior design license [in the late 1970s]."—*Vanity Fair*

"[Ivana] obtained a decorator's license."—*Newsweek*

"A licensed decorator, she dismisses other of the previous [Plaza] owner's renovation attempts as 'absolutely pathetic.'"—*Newsday*

It was early in the second year of their marriage that Donald turned his wife loose on the Grand Hyatt construction site on 42nd Street, allowing her to ride the backs of plumbers, electricians, carpenters and steelworkers. Seldom has a husband had more faith in a wife—such a technically unqualified wife, some would say. But that's typical of the

visionary Trump. Who else would have dared to put a barely English-speaking fashion model, even a top one, in charge of construction of a huge Manhattan hotel?

"I do it for the aesthetic more than anything else," Donald Trump has said. "I do it for the beauty." Trump must have said to himself, *Beautiful top model, beautiful mirrored building—hey, there's a connection here!* Plus, somewhere along the way, Ivana claims to have picked up an "interior design license." Exactly when and where is unclear. Also *how*, because according to the American Society of Interior Designers, interior design licensing only became available in 1982—and only in five states, and only after a demanding, days-long exam—and Ivana doesn't have a license anyway. No one, not even Mario Buatta, has a New York State "interior design license." But this is beside the point. If such a license existed, Donald would be sure Ivana got one if she wanted one.

Describing the Hyatt job, Ivana once said there was "no wallpaper, no fabric, no lacquer, no carpet, no marble . . . that didn't get my approval." She knew "every nail in the hotel." The Grand Hyatt was just the beginning of what would become a career-long obsession with striking contempo styling: replacing dowdy old prewar structures with sleek, shiny metal, and filling the new buildings with efficient staffs eager to feel the lash of her Warsaw Pact perfectionism.

The finished Hyatt is breathtaking justification of her hands-on approach—a gorgeous mélange of pink Paradiso marble, bronze columns, brown velours, golden handrails and zigzagging metalwork descending from the ceiling. The soothing color scheme seemed to be borrowed from the Trumps' pre-Trump Tower apartment at 800 Fifth Avenue, which

included an entertainment center (the *galleria*, as Ivana called it) with dark marble floors and little lights around the mirrors, "like a waterfall"; an Italian coffee table carved in tasteful bone; beige wall-to-wall shag carpeting; dining-room tables cloaked in goatskin; and a big hammock slung between two windows. Too sumptuous? Not hardly!

If anyone felt Ivana hadn't made a bold enough aesthetic statement with the Hyatt, she certainly didn't demur with Trump Tower's atrium, ordering 2,500 tons of salmon-pink marble (like all Czechs a joker, Ivana likes to say that Italy is now short one mountain). As usual, Ivana made herself indispensable, presiding over the selection of the Tower's curtains and wallpaper and, presumably, getting acquainted with all the nails. She and Donald reportedly disagreed about only one thing: Ivana, who has had a lifelong fear of natural gas, wanted an all-electric Tower, and Donald wanted gas because architects and advisers had told him that gas was more upper-class. As his biographer Tuccille has noted, Donald knew when he simply had to say, "Tell Ivaska to stay out of this."

In 1983 Donald made Ivana executive vice president in charge of interior design for the entire Trump Organization. Shortly before this he had made a deal with Holiday Inns to build Harrah's hotel and casino in Atlantic City, and so Ivana brought her construction-supervising talents down to south Jersey. After she gave birth to Eric one Friday in early 1984, Ivana was back at work in Atlantic City the following Tuesday. "We thought we'd get her out of our hair for at least a month," said one construction worker, who mustn't have meant it the way it sounded. Once the building was done came the real fun: choosing the delightful color scheme for the casino,

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TOP
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resplendent tones of red, yellow, purple and orange. Then Ivana decorated all 614 hotel rooms, each in a different color. "I even had to go into the grays," she said, "and I hate gray." Too professional? Not hardly!

Recently, though, the Trumps have been edging away from the sleek and the shiny. True, the furniture in their Greenwich, Connecticut, mansion has been covered with state-of-the-art clear plastic slipcovers, and their 20,000-square-foot Trump Tower triplex has an 80-foot living room with a homey 12-foot waterfall against a translucent onyx backdrop. And true, Henry Conversano and Associates, the Oakland-based design firm that specializes in ultrasleek Las Vegas casinos, did help with some of the triplex's interiors. ("Anything I would have to say about the Trumps would get me sued," says Conversano.) But Donald and Ivana were just kids when they had all that done. Ivana says, "When we were younger, we liked the contemporary style, but our tastes are changing from the contemporary to the traditional."

You know what that means! Yes, the Trumps are filling the understated *Princess* with really classy old master paintings, purchased for them by the art dealer Richard Feigen. (Indeed, Trump has no tolerance for modern artists, whom he calls "the schmucks who go around throwing paint on the canvas.") And on the ceiling of the Trump Tower triplex, nothing less than a "Michelangelo-style" mural of mythological heroes. "If this were on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel," Trump told a reporter, "it would be very much in place in terms of quality. This is really what you call talent."

Ivana's newfound admiration for the classical is finding its way into The Plaza too. "As you are aging, in a sense your tastes are

changing somewhat," she told a reporter recently, sounding like a hypnotist, or Jay McInerney, but in fact talking about herself. "And as we appreciate the old beauty and the paintings and the antiques, which is just grand, which is what The Plaza is going to be."

But have no fear—*old beauty* doesn't have to mean "no shiny marble." For example, Ivana was unhappy with the state of The Plaza's bathrooms when she assumed control. "They [had] put in little two-by-two tile, a crummy little tile. . . . For one dollar more a square foot you are having the magnificent marble." And the magnificent marble is *exactly* what we are expecting to be having: Ivana promises it in every Plaza bathroom within a year.

Top Executive

"It's funny. My own mother was a housewife all her life. And yet it's turned out that I've hired a lot of women for top jobs, and they've been among my best people." — Donald in *The Art of the Deal*



In early 1985 the New Jersey Casino Control Commission rejected Barron Hilton's request for a casino license for its new \$320 million hotel in Atlantic City's marina section. Donald Trump snapped up the property, graciously allowed it to be renamed Trump's Castle and installed Ivana as chief executive officer. A 36-year-old mother of three, a decorator as licensed as any other in New York or New Jersey, a former top model with no real business background but a chambermaid's passion for tidiness—in charge of a 607-room hotel with a 60,000-square-foot casino and 4,000 employees? Why not? Besides, Ivana, picking up on the management techniques of our nation's last president, designed

the job of CEO the way she might decorate a room—selecting those duties that suited her and tossing away those that seemed tiresome.

From the start Ivana made sure everyone knew that she signed every check (except payroll) and every purchase order at Trump's Castle, a detail that hardly any other CEO of a multimillion-dollar business would concern himself with. In this way she was able to appear to be running the place. "[Even] if you were a vice president, you couldn't buy six pencils for your office without her approving the requisition," a former marketing employee remembers—admirably, we like to think.

"She rose to her own level," says Dennis Gorski, director of public relations for Trump's Castle until late 1988. "Signing every check and reviewing every request for purchasing, and strutting around the facility once a day visiting offices by surprise—that, to her, became her function. And after a while, that became all that was expected of her. Meanwhile, the rest of us—who for years had seen CEOs in action—knew that her role there was missing one dimension: vision, control of capital expenses and budgeting for real big-ticket items. Donald was really in charge; he was like an absentee landlord."

But was he really in charge? Let other CEOs spin their wheels sorting out legal matters and attending boring old Casino Association meetings. Ivana sent representatives in her place, thereby freeing herself up to sign all those checks. "She was a very different kind of CEO," remembers Ben Borowsky, publisher of the *Casino Chronicle*. "She was more concerned with the way the place looked and the waitresses' uniforms."

And she did care about appearances! The well-remembered disciplinary lessons learned during her days as an

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Olympic-skier-to-be at the Czech ski camp were a help in Atlantic City. "Early Tuesday morning word would come from limo dispatch: 'Mrs. Trump will be arriving in half an hour,'" one former Castle executive says. Gorski describes the incredible personal devotion employees brought to their jobs: "People at the Castle would get physically ill expecting her to arrive," he says. "It could be a vale of tears." Gorski says that like her husband, Ivana considered fear to be the top staff motivator: "Make employees think that it is a true privilege to work for you," Gorski paraphrases, "and scare them that they won't have a job if they don't perform at peak efficiency." Harvard Business School: take note.

Though everyone who worked for her undoubtedly appreciated Ivana's tough-love approach, they also got their share of plain old *love-love*. For Ivana, her employees were one big family, and she delighted in looking after their individual concerns — even, it must be added, when those around her chose to misunderstand her motives.

For example, in 1985 Donald had gone to a lot of trouble to recruit veteran restaurant executive Paul Patay away from the Golden Nugget. Although Patay says Donald had promised him he would be "insulated" from Ivana, eventually Ivana thought it best that he find work elsewhere. The fact that the two had never got along surely had nothing to do with it; nor did the fact that during one executive meeting Patay reportedly provoked Ivana to throw a glass ashtray at him from across the table (he *must* have provoked her — people don't go around throwing ashtrays at top food-and-beverage executives without first being provoked). Patay says Ivana told him last May that he was too old for the job. Two months later a willfully obtuse



Patay, failing to understand that Ivana was only looking after *his* happiness and well-being (after all, the man would soon be 58), filed a lawsuit claiming, among other things, that his

contract had been violated and that his age should not have been grounds for dismissal. Trump lawyers now insist that Patay was discharged "for failure to perform at the level expected" and because he allegedly did not adhere to Trump Castle's affirmative action policies when hiring new employees.

How often the best intentions are misunderstood! Take the episode of the pregnant cocktail waitress, which some might interpret as unflattering to Ivana: Not long after the casino opened, the young woman began to have trouble fitting into her uniform, a very lovely, very form-fitting, very seventies outfit that Ivana had designed herself. Because the waitress had an out-of-work husband and a child at home, she wanted to continue at her job on the casino floor for as long into her pregnancy as possible, and so she offered to buy a tuxedo to work in. Ivana generously refused this offer and instead had the waitress

reassigned to a more relaxing job in a lounge on the fringes of the casino. Although this new position would bring much less in tips, it did pay a solid \$4 an hour — \$4 any pregnant cocktail waitress with a family to support should be happy to count on. Then — this is the beautiful part — Ivana set about designing a new uniform. Just for the pregnant waitress! In no time at all, Ivana had produced a cute little court jester getup, a kind of modified clown suit that from that day until the end of Ivana's tenure became the required uniform for all pregnant cocktail

waitresses. Fun, fashionable — and morale-boosting to boot!

But Ivana had always taken a big sister's interest in her bustling brood of girls. Once or twice a year she treated all the waitresses in her employ to mandatory make-overs by Maybelline representatives. Looking out for their beauty interests, she instructed her waitresses to sweep their hair off their foreheads, Ivana-style — bangs were strictly forbidden. Other free fashion tips from the former top model are included in the Trump's Castle Employee Handbook. "Erotic/subculture jewelry, earrings or nose rings . . . noticeably hirsute legs or underarms," for example, are "unacceptable."

Naturally, there are always bad apples, employees with a misguided sense of individuality, and these people are destined to clash with a savvy, detail-obsessed businesswoman who just happens to be a former top model. Consider the case of James Spreng, a 19-year-old

casino floor slot-booth cashier. In March 1986 Spreng was named employee of the month, a high, high honor made all the more wonderful by the privilege of being

photographed with Ivana. During the ceremony Ivana told Spreng, who had a far-out, contemporary hairdo (*see photo*), "I like your haircut." But being the kind of CEO she is, Ivana must have known that, ultimately, this kind of nonconformity couldn't be good for business — or, for that matter, for Spreng's self-esteem. A few months after Spreng received his commemorative photo (along with a personal letter from Ivana that read, "We hope you are as proud of this as we are of you"), his supervisors made it known to him that management thought the hairstyle inappropriate. After



IVANA AND EMPLOYEE-OF-THE-MONTH SPRENG IN HAPPIER TIMES

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warnings and a two-day suspension, the employee of the month was fired.

No, people who've worked with Ivana can't say enough about her management style, which one staff member referred to as "the Bengal tiger routine." Can she temper toughness with understanding? "She's a controlled madwoman," one witness confirms. But can she get results? "She would scream at the top of her lungs and really lose her temper big-time," Dennis Gorski assures us. Great, but can she pay attention to those *all-important details*? Can she ever! "These fucking uniforms!" a waitress remembers Ivana pointing out helpfully upon noticing a broken eyelet on one employee's outfit. "Donald does the same thing," adds Gorski. "I was with Donald in an elevator once when he started saying 'Fuck this' and 'Fuck that' about something. In front of customers! She must have learned it from him." Candor is appreciated by workers, though, and when you're a top executive, toughness counts!

Other, vindictive Atlantic City employees insist on calling Ivana "the wicked witch" and report seeing her rip people's badges off in a fit of rage. But that simply can't be true! Ivana herself put this issue to rest once and for all, and *Vanity Fair's* Michael Shnayerson dutifully wrote it down: "I don't fire people on the spot and I don't shout at the people who work for me. I run my business with dignity and I'm a lady." There.

Some people have gone so far as to suggest that Ivana was *removed* from the management of Trump's Castle. Removed by the Donald himself! They say that the Castle's potential was never fully realized under Ivana's stewardship and that Donald knew it but didn't dare tell her, demonstrating the sort of sensitivity and discretion essential to a top marriage. (And it is

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"THIS TIME IT WAS A TURKEY, BUT NEXT TIME, SOMEBODY MIGHT GET HURT."

fortunate for Donald that his and Ivana's is such a totally successful, completely *loving* marriage—a divorce would cost him plenty!) People said that Donald wanted Steve Hyde, the highly respected president of Atlantic City's Trump Plaza, to step in at the Castle. It seems that Hyde effectively said, *Look, Donald, I will run your two casinos, but I'm not going to answer to Ivana.* Thus, thoughtful, loving husband that he is, Donald whisked his beloved top wife back to New York City and installed her as president of the hotel he had just purchased, a top hotel—The Plaza.

"The Plaza did need someone's attention," says Gorski. "But The Plaza also provided Donald with a very convenient excuse to remove Ivana from Atlantic City."

Well, that's what *they* say. We prefer to think that The Plaza needed the sort of hands-on, hotelier-commandant touch that only Ivana could provide.

For example, according to Trump spokesman and Howard Rubenstein flunky Dan Klores, Ivana is replacing the multitude of newly departed staff with

"superstars." (Within 30 days of Ivana's arrival, the *New York Post's* Page Six reported, the following employees were let go: the food-and-beverage director, the catering director, the banquet headwaiter, four banquet managers, the beverage manager, the guest-services manager, the Palm Court manager, the housekeeping director, the security director and the executive chef. The hotel's managing director resigned.)

And last Thanksgiving, responding to an employee's practical joke, Ivana gave her New York staff an early taste of the Bengal tiger routine that

served her so well in Atlantic City. When an official-looking but phony memo was circulated among the hotel staff advertising that Ivana was giving out free turkeys for the holiday, the Iron Lady got tough: private detectives were immediately brought in to trace the forgery to the guilty typewriter. The two co-conspirators (one was an electrical engineer who had worked at The Plaza



for 26 years) were promptly fired, and Ivana—raised in a police state and fully aware of the seriousness of this crime—solemnly told Page Six, "This time it was a turkey, but next time someone might get hurt."

Top Socialite

"In 50 years . . . we will be the Rockefellers."—Ivana in *The San Diego Union*

"I never intend to look a day over 28, but it's going to cost Donald a lot of money."—Ivana in the *Daily News*

A week after her triumphant return to Manhattan, Ivana found herself not at The Plaza but in Manhattan Federal Court. There she officially forswore her allegiance to any "potentate" and became an American citizen. "It's a great country, and that's where a great woman should be," said Donald. Socially, however, Ivana had been chasing legitimacy for several years.

"Nobody had heard of Ivana in 1982," says a former Manhattan society reporter. "So she really moved in five years. She got real cozy with [*Daily News* columnist William] Norwich, and it took off from there." Now a day doesn't go by without Ivana's boldfaced name in one of the columns, hosting this, chairing that.

But a *better* kind of hosting and chairing. "She jumped from

a charity for a Brooklyn Catholic hospital in the Trump Tower atrium to the United Cerebral Palsy benefits in the Hilton and then to Lincoln Center," says the reporter. "She does things for high visibility. She barter[s] with her money to get recognition. And she knows that there will always be photographers at Lincoln Center."

Ivana often goes to opening nights at the New York City Ballet and the Metropolitan Opera, sometimes escorted by jewelry designer Kenneth J. Lane. But even former-top-models-Olympic-skiers-licensed-interior-designers don't get to go to all the parties they deserve to.

"She came to the 40th anniversary of the ballet this past November," says the former reporter, "and I guess she didn't have her tickets to get into the [pre-performance] cocktail party downstairs, so they sent her right upstairs to her seat. She was livid. Then at intermission she tried to get into the ladies' room, and there were so many people in line and she had the biggest ball gown of anybody. And she's so impatient. She stood there tapping her gold compact and then went in the door like she was going to try to cut ahead of everybody. She was like a queen without manners."

Like a queen . . . And, in fact, hasn't it been certified by Liz Smith and other Trump flacks that the Trumps are New York's royal couple? So no one should complain about little instances of regal impatience. Like the scene during last December's holiday crunch at Din Mar Beauty Care on East 65th Street, just across the street from Le Cirque. Ivana had an appointment for a manicure and decided she needed a pedicure as well—a former top model, after all, deserves top toenails. (As does her poodle Tlapka—Czech for "choppy"—who is similarly primed twice a



month at Le Chien, the Din Mar Beauty Care of the canine world.) Is it too much to ask—okay, *demand*—top toenails for a former top model? Of course not. For compared with Ivana's toenails, what is minor inconvenience to a shopful of irate women

who suddenly find themselves running a half hour behind schedule? Who would not say, gladly, *Inconvenience and principles be damned—this one's for you, Ivana?* And although the beauty parlor made some customers wait so that Ivana's top toenails could be attended to, there were, unfortunately, selfish people there who resented her special treatment. And we're not just talking about customers.



Apparently even the manager came over and told her in front of everybody that she'd ruined the shop's business for the day. *Mrs. Trump, don't you ever do this to me again!* the manager told her. *I can't afford to have this happen to me.*

With such rudeness all around her, can you blame Ivana for occasionally rounding up a bunch of her girlfriends, flying them to Mar-a-Lago, the Trumps' Palm Beach house, and spending a couple of Donald-free days pajama-partying and waxing bikini lines and filing top toenails and just *sharing*?

Fran Freedman, publisher of *Atlantic City* magazine, has been invited south a few times for these all-girl jammy fests. "When we get there, we'd have a meal, and then everybody would go to the beach or do some tennis," she says. "And then after dinner we would all sit around and talk, and just share little stories and things that are kind of neat. And we really got a chance to *talk* to

each other. Then in the morning she would have rigorous exercise class, twice a day. We would have time for beaching, and then she would have a massage lady come in; she had somebody doing manicures and pedicures. So it's not just sit around and eat all day. She enjoys sharing things with her friends. When I first spoke to her about it, she said, 'I must have you down. I want you to see it. *I want to share it.*'"

Recently Donald and Ivana had the opportunity to share Mar-a-Lago with two fashion models and a crew of stylists and makeup artists and, by extension, with all the hundreds of thousands of readers of *New York* magazine. As a favor to his relentlessly dear friend, *New York* editor Ed Kosner, Trump offered the Florida estate as a location for a fashion shoot. And Kosner—sharing, caring editor that he is—showed his gratitude by crediting Mar-a-Lago in eight different captions, twice identifying it as "the home of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Trump."

Sharing the 18-acre, 118-room Mar-a-Lago estate with the Trumps brings its own kind of responsibility. "I think it's a lot of pressure to be around them," says the wife of a former Atlantic City casino president who knows the special pressures firsthand. "When they have a party in Palm Beach, dinner is at this long table that's set for 35. It's a scene right out of *Dynasty*. She's at one end and he's at the other end. After you eat, there are toasts. Donald likes to hear what people think. He goes around the table and asks everyone to stand up and say something about their time, or their evening, or themselves." That's right—*more sharing*. "After dinner you go to the dancing pavilion. And Ivana loves to dance, and it's, like, really wild. They're like the closest thing we have to royalty in this country."

God save. **D**

**CAN
YOU BLAME
HER FOR
OCCASIONALLY
ROUNDING UP
A BUNCH
OF HER
GIRLFRIENDS
AND FLYING
THEM TO
PALM BEACH
FOR A COUPLE
OF DONALD-FREE
DAYS
PAJAMA-
PARTYING AND
BIKINI-WAXING
AND JUST
SHARING?**

**TOP
SOCIALITE!**



Dear Donald

AN EPISTOLARY HISTORY OF A YEAR IN THE LIFE OF DONALD J. TRUMP

In our giddy determination to celebrate all that is Ivana, we don't intend to slight the singular work of her top husband, Donald J. Trump, president of The Trump Organization, owner-developer of Trump Tower, owner of Trump's Castle, would-be owner of the Eastern Air-Shuttle. In the course of preparing this article on his wife for the past year, we've discovered firsthand just what a creative, hands-on, person-to-person superguy he is. And we feel we now owe it to our readers to share this very special dialogue with Donald J. Trump, president of The Trump Organization, owner-developer of Trump Tower, owner of Trump's Castle, would-be owner of the Eastern Air-Shuttle.

JANUARY 26, 1988

We receive a query from Jonathan Van Meter, a former editor at *Atlantic City* magazine, proposing to report and write a story on top casino executive Ivana Trump.

JUNE 1988

The story is formally assigned to Van Meter.

AUGUST 29, 1988

We receive by very impressive fax transmission a letter from a top law firm that begins, "Gentlemen, We are attorneys for Donald and Ivana Trump. We are informed that you are preparing an article in regard to Mr. and Mrs. Trump. . . . While both Mr. and Mrs. Trump, of course, respect your right to publish articles under the First Amendment, their policy has long been and continues to be to vigorously pursue in court any claims which result from publication of articles which contain material which is inaccurate and/or defamatory in nature." Amusingly, the letter then goes into elaborate denials of specific curious employment practices at The Plaza — curious employment practices of which the editors were heretofore unaware. Amusingly, too, the letter threatens, "Any deviation from the exact facts will immediately be met with rapid and major

litigation against Spy Magazine." This is not the last time we will encounter the very Trump phrase *major litigation*.

Donald J. Trump
President, Trump Organization
400 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
Tel. (212) 692-6000
Fax (212) 692-6001

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Trump:
I am pleased that you are preparing an article in regard to Mr. and Mrs. Trump and their magnificent properties in the Plaza Hotel and in Atlantic City, among other places.
I am sure that your article will be a most interesting and informative one. I am sure that you will be able to provide your readers with a most accurate and complete picture of Mr. and Mrs. Trump and their properties.
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Very truly yours,
Donald J. Trump

AUGUST 31, 1988

A second letter arrives by fax from the same top law firm, informing us that "Mr. Trump has now authorized us to offer you an opportunity to interview" relevant Trump hirelings in connection with our article about Ivana. No litigation, major or otherwise, is threatened. Some months later Van Meter is referred by this top law firm to two additional top lawyers for information.

Donald J. Trump
President, Trump Organization
400 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
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Fax (212) 692-6001

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OCTOBER 5, 1988

Trump announces his intention to buy the Eastern Air-Shuttle. No one at SPY sees much connection between this news and our story about Ivana, which by now has been assigned for more than three months. But then, no one at SPY possesses the visionary imagination of Donald J. Trump, president of The Trump Organization, owner-developer of Trump Tower, owner of Trump's Castle.

DECEMBER 2, 1988

After *The New York Observer* publishes a profile of Steven Schragis, a major investor in SPY, Trump writes a friendly note to Alvin Schragis, Steven's father, whom Trump has known for 20 years, congratulating Schragis senior on the *Observer* piece and saying, "At least now I know why I get such bad ink (along with everyone else) in SPY MAGAZINE."



December 2, 1988

Mr. Alvin Schragis
Cecil Rosenberg Corporation
400 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017

Dear Alvin:
It is a great pleasure to read that your son, Steven, would rather be like Malcolm Forbes than Donald Trump. I agree with Mr. Forbes. I am sure that you will be able to provide your readers with a most accurate and complete picture of Mr. and Mrs. Trump and their properties.

With Steven will be a great success.

Very truly yours,
Donald J. Trump

P.S. If you can find me at the Shuttle. Appreciate it. It will soon be turned into a class act.

DECEMBER 6, 1988

Alvin Schragis replies to Trump's friendly, bantering

note in kind. His letter reads, in its entirety, "Dear Donald, You have a great sense of humor. I do appreciate your kind words about my son. Steven says he will stop writing about you if you put Spy Magazine on your new Shuttle Flights. P.S. I eat breakfast at the Plaza quite often and as I walk through, I see your touch. Keep it up! I am convinced your airline will have a class act. Happy holidays to you, Ivana, and the family." Mr. Schragis thought he was being facetious with his SPY-on-the-Shuttle remark — especially given that he has no connection with SPY, and given that his son has no editorial involvement in the magazine. In sum, he never imagined that Donald J. Trump, president of The Trump Organization, owner-developer of Trump Tower, owner of Trump's Castle, would construe his offhand quip as an *extortion attempt*. But then, that's what makes Trump Trump.

ALVIN F. SCHRAGIS

October 5, 1988

Dear Donald,

You have a great sense of humor. I do appreciate your kind words and congratulations about my son. Steven says he will stop writing about you if you put Spy Magazine on your new Shuttle Flights.

Sincerely,
Al

P.S. I eat breakfast at the Plaza quite often and as I walk through, I see your touch. Keep it up! I am convinced your airline will have a class act. Happy holidays to you, Ivana, and the family.



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la grande passion. A sensual coupling of passion fruit and french armagnac,

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**"A SPECTACLE THAT LEAVES
THEATERGOERS GASPING!"** —People Magazine



**"BRILLIANT! AN EVENT NO THEATER
LOVER SHOULD MISS!"** —UPI

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the secrets *of* their SUCCESS

How Famous Actors Sold Themselves

When They Were Trying to Become Famous Actors

BY HENRY ALFORD



Remembrance
of eight-by-ten glossies past:
L.A. Law's Michael Tucker
with hair; Matt Dillon
doing Kristy McNichol;
the unmarried, unretouched
Robin Givens

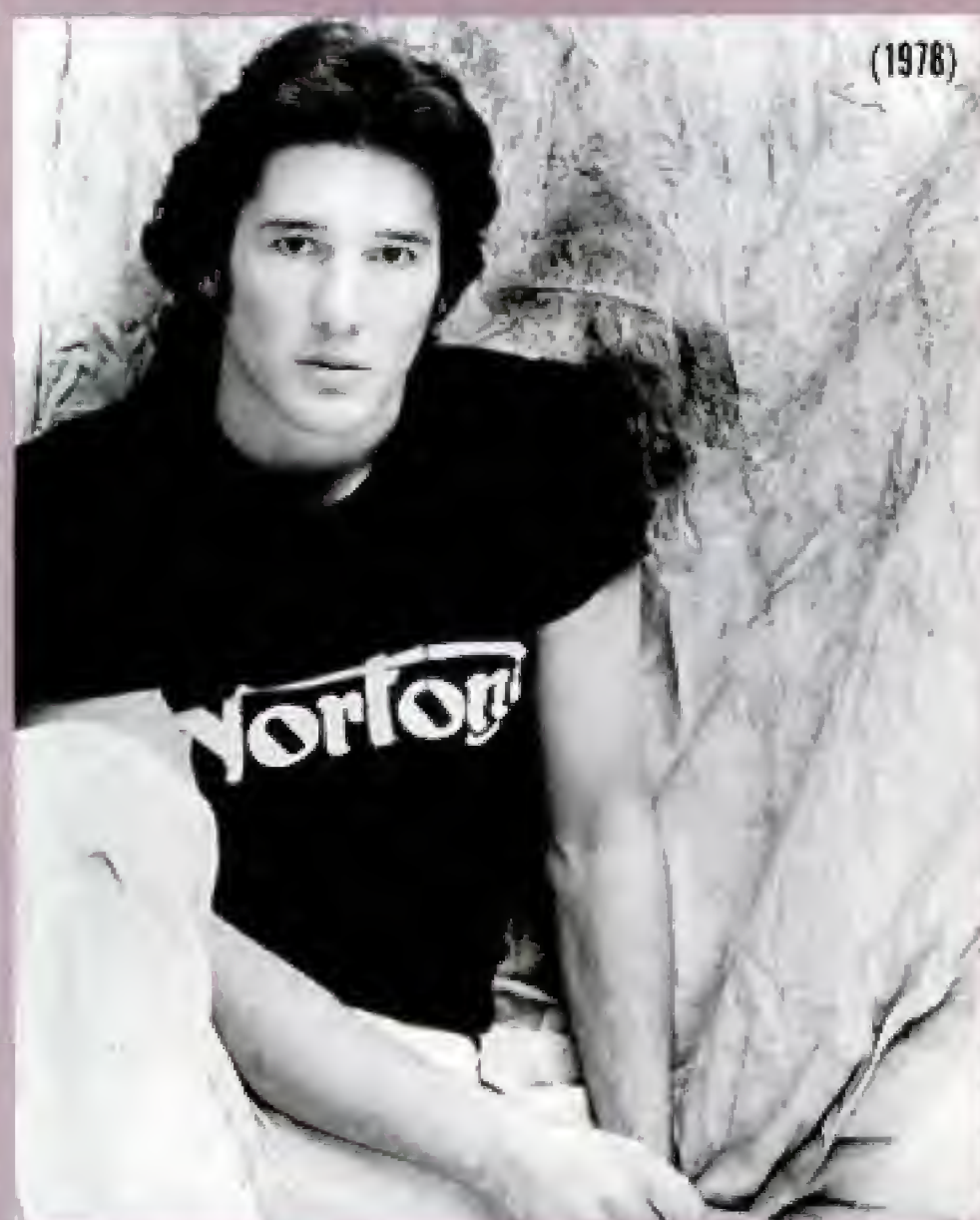
Putting together an effective résumé and photograph is every actor's first important job. And, like all of the other jobs that he will take on once he becomes a professional, an actor's first photo session will sharpen the tools of his trade: the ability to call his body *my instrument* and to refer to everything he does, no matter how inconsequential or instinctive, as *choices*; the ability to grouse about the effects of harsh lighting; the ability to express himself solely through makeup and pouting. 📺 But more important for our purposes, an actor's eight-by-ten head shot is his first experience with the sort of single-minded self-promotion necessary for a successful career in television, the theater or movies. Until now it has never been possible to isolate exactly what it is that sends certain actors rocketing into the stratosphere of celebritydom (and others sliding down to certain Jupiter, Florida, dinner theaters). But our careful analysis of the where-were-they-then pictures and résumés on the following pages—artifacts cadged from the files of casting directors and never published before—suggests that all successful actors are united by one fact: *every one of them had early head shots fraught with objectionable undertones.*

📺 Our discovery is momentous. It is no longer the case that fame is a function merely of having well-connected parents, a rigorous classical training, a powerful agent or being blessed with actual natural talent. Today's breed of young actor, knowing that he must distinguish himself from the rabble, engages in a form of subliminal communication

ess

with agents, casting directors and restaurant managers that draws attention to his idiosyncrasies. 📺 So, as we flip the calendar back a decade to the late 1970s and early 1980s, consider along with us the marketing gambits of this cavalcade of celebrities-to-be, the . . . *choices* made by the famous before they were the famous.

CAN THE CLOTHED ACTOR STRIKE
A FACIAL POSE THAT SUGGESTS NAKEDNESS?



Richard Gere



Stephanie Zimbalist

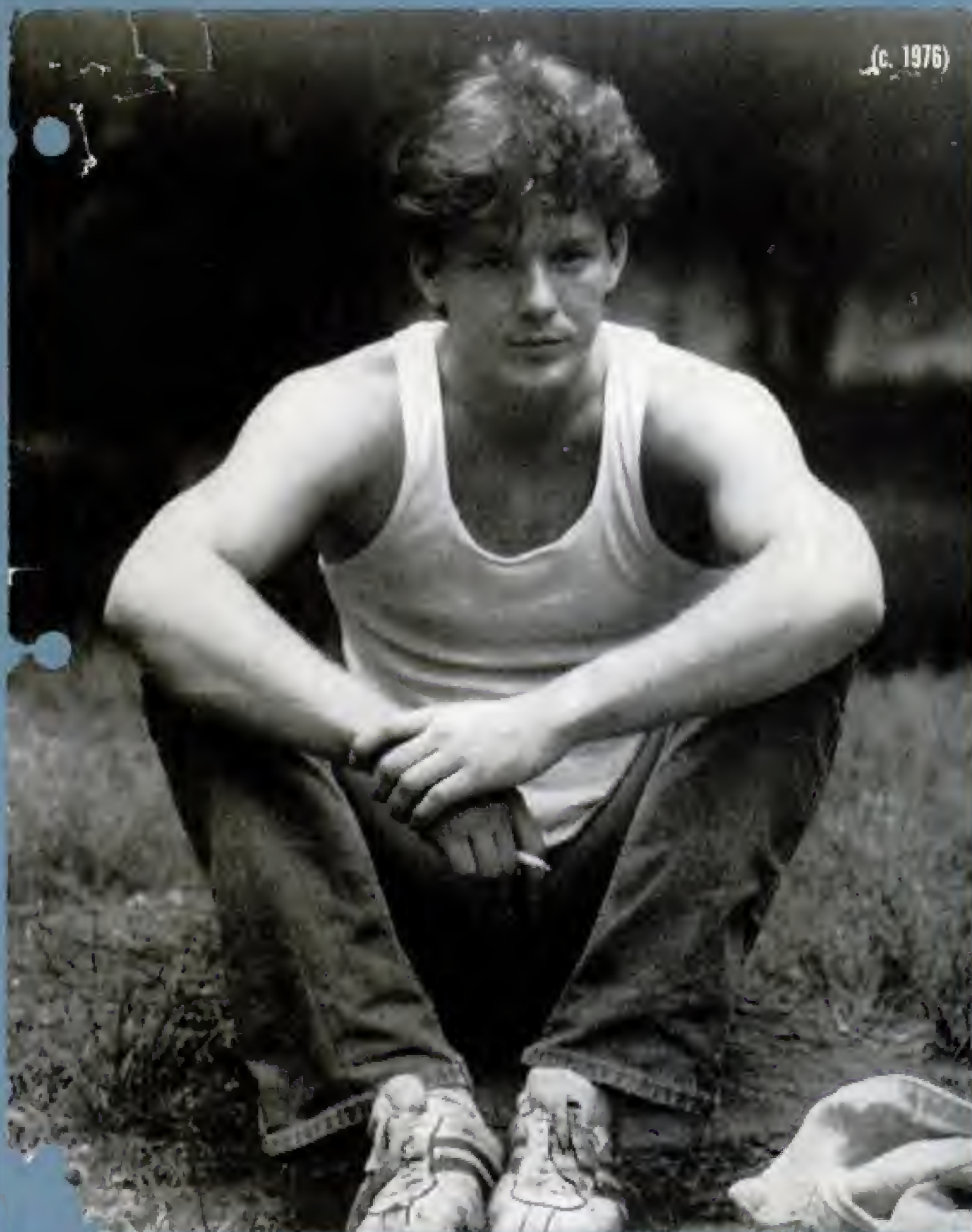


Steve Guttenberg

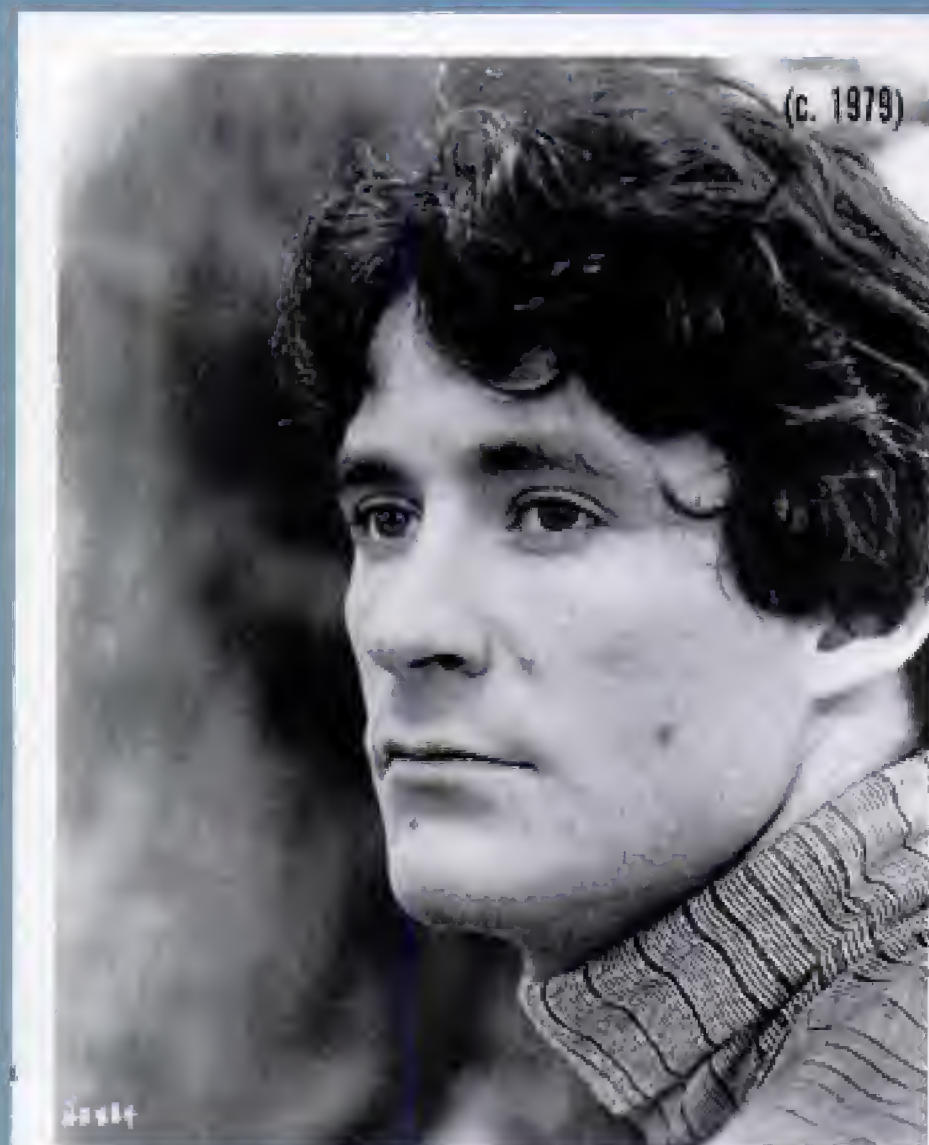


Daryl Hannah

DOES THE ACTOR LOOK POUTY AND DIFFICULT?

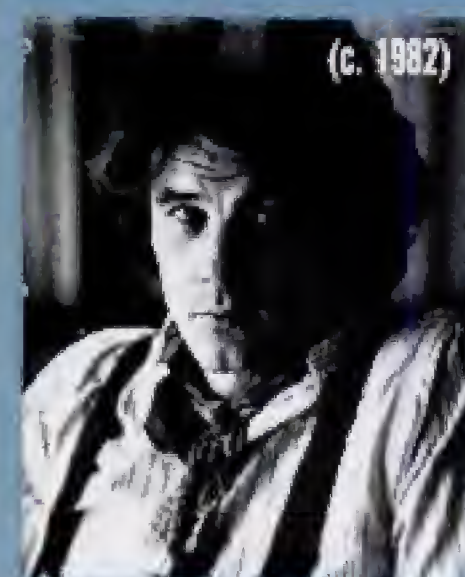


Mickey Rourke



KEVIN KLINE

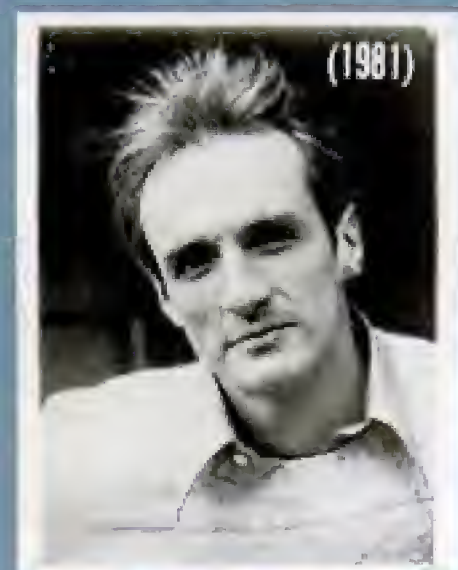
Kevin Kline



Brad (*Midnight Express*) Davis



John (*Hair*) Savage



Michael (*Family Ties*) Gross



Mariette Hartley



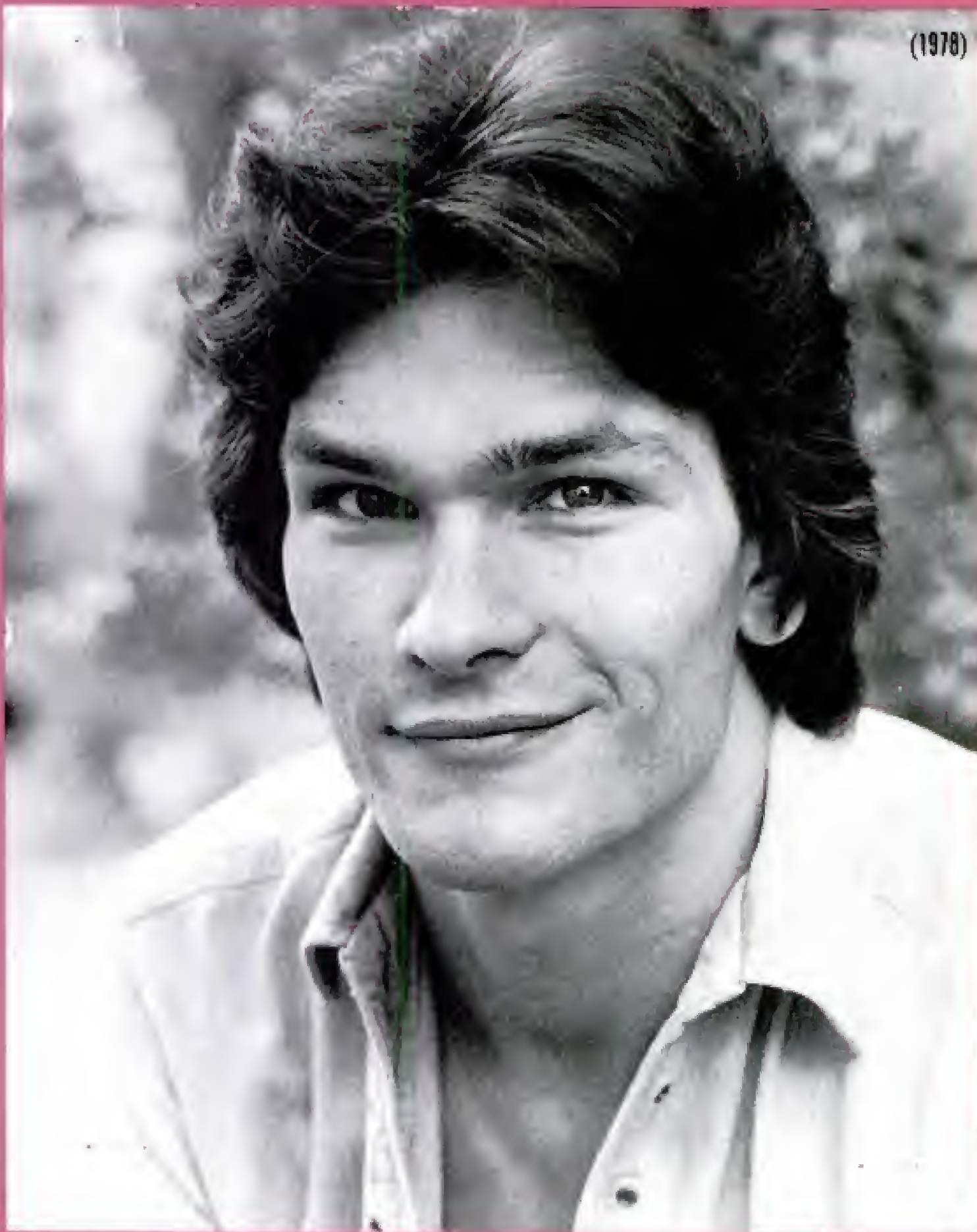
Harry Hamlin



ELLEN GREENE

Ellen (*Little Shop of Horrors*) Greene

DOES THE PHOTOGRAPH SUGGEST THE ACTOR'S RATHER MODEST POSITION IN THE FOOD CHAIN?



(1978)

Patrick Swayze



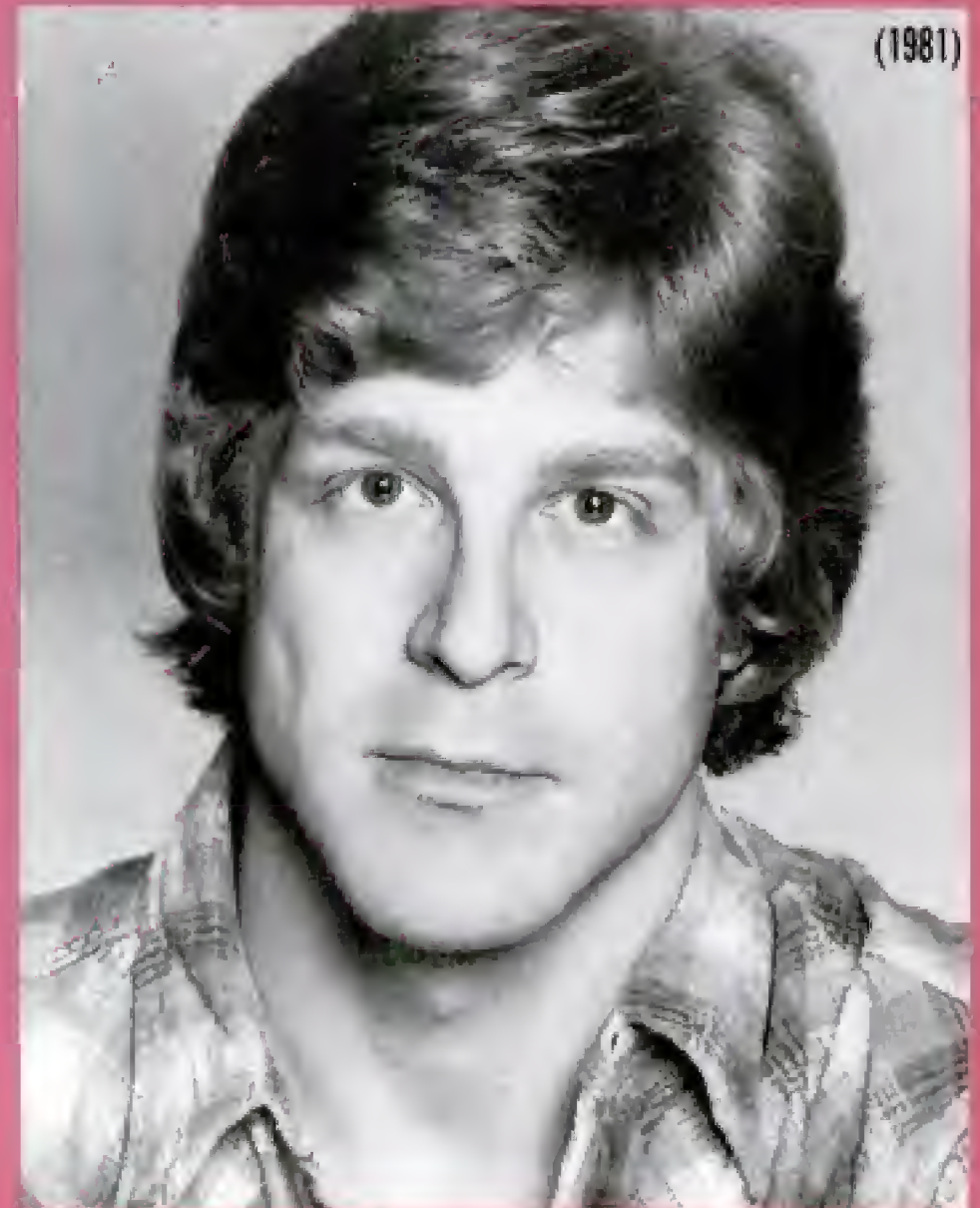
(1980)

Matt Dillon



(c. 1974)

John Travolta



(1981)

John (Roseanne) Goodman

WILL THE ACTOR BE ABLE TO AUDITION FOR XANADU OR STARLIGHT EXPRESS?

SUDDENLY LAST SUMMER
ROMEO AND JULIET

TRAINING:

CARNEGIE-MELLON UNIVERSITY B.F.A., 1980
Acting: James Baffico, Greg Lehane, Edith
Tap: Paul Draper
Movement: Jewel Walker
Stage Combat: B. M. Barry, Eric Frederickson

CERTIFIED/RECOMMENDED BRITISH AND AMERICAN STAGE F

SPECIAL SKILLS:

Tap, acrobatics, fencing, roller skating, rifle of
french horn, piano, karate, aerobics, weight lift

Holly Hunter

Two Gentlemen of Verona
A Midsummer Night's Dream
Cap On a Hot Tin Roof
Of Mice and Men

Leo
Fidellus
Snug
Buck
Lenny

TRAINING:

Miss Stella Adler - Stella Adler Conservatory
Dennis K. McDonald - Carnegie Mellon University
Robert Bondaglio - Turtle Bay Music School

MUSIC SKILLS:

PROFICIENT HARMONICA PLAYER, featuring Chromatic and Blue
Jazz, Blues, Swing, Rock, and Improvisational styles. Also, Blue

PHYSICAL SKILLS:

Stage Combat, Roller skating, Aerobics, Gymnastics, Weightlifting

Bruce Willis

TAMING OF THE SHREW Petruchio
DAKE AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS Sammy
THE INDIAN WANTS THE BRONX Joey
SUMMER TREE Young Man
THE ARNOLD BLISS SHOW Arnold

TRAINING:

Acting: Molly McCarthy, Catherine Gaffigan

SPECIAL SKILLS:

All sports, snow skiing, roller and ice skating,
drums, guitar

Kevin Dillon

ST. FRANCIS SEMINARY GLEE CLUB

Phil Gushue
George Steinberg
Mary Lee South
Dick Shell (Jazz & Tap)
Susan Seton

SPECIAL SKILLS:

ing, karate, soccer, football, roller skating, ice
all, jogging, water + snow skiing, lacrosse, ice hor
nastics (floor exercises & apparatus), handball, so
sports, license to drive (shift + standard).

Tom Cruise

IS THE ACTOR WET?



(1981)

Michael (Flashdance) Nouri

DOES THE ACTRESS UTTERLY CHANGE HER APPEARANCE EVERY FEW YEARS?

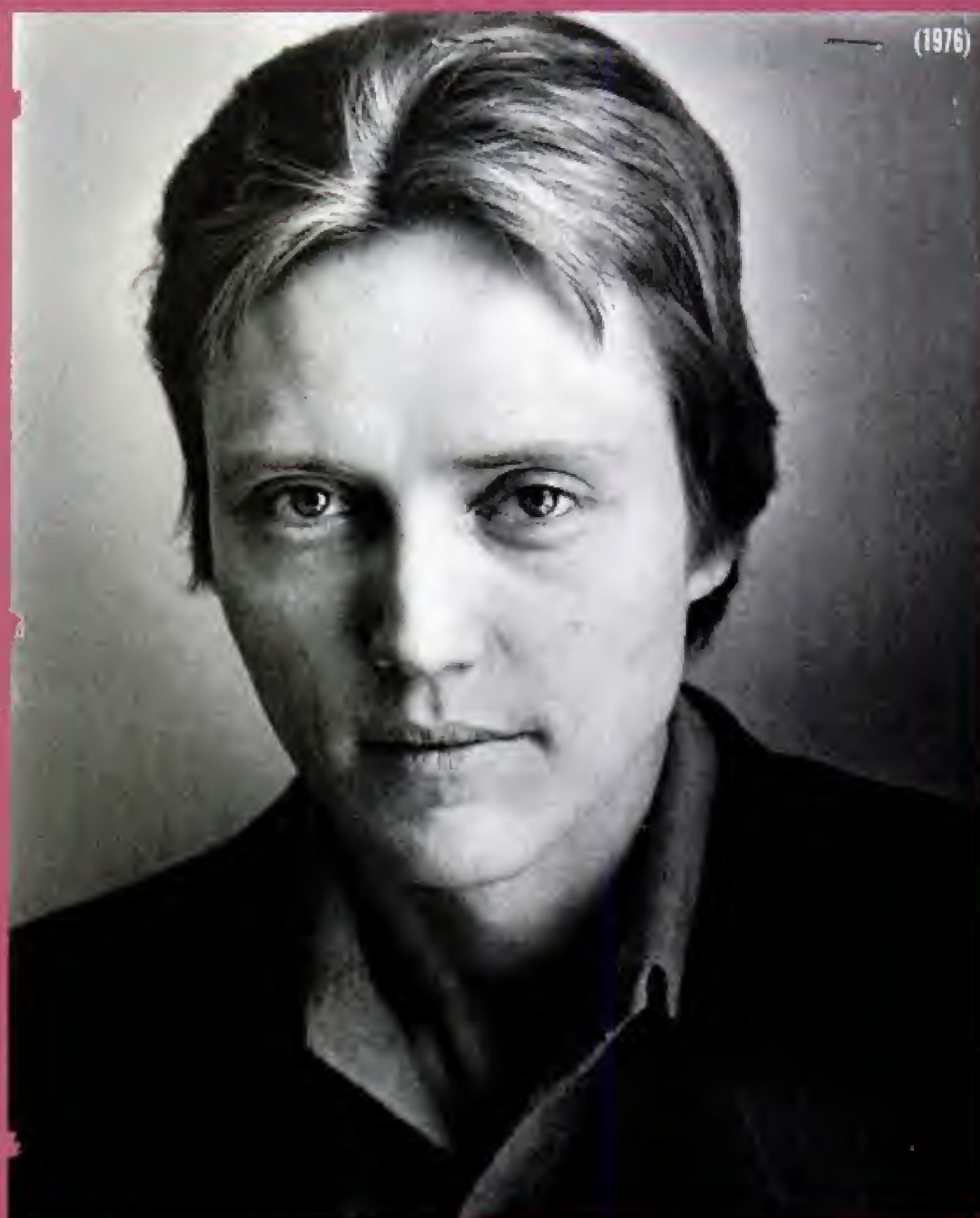


Melanie Griffith

DOES THE ACTOR LOOK AS IF HE GOT STONED SECONDS BEFORE BEING PHOTOGRAPHED?



Eric Roberts



Chris Walken



Bruce Willis



Morgan (Lean on Me) Freeman



Val (Willow) Kilmer

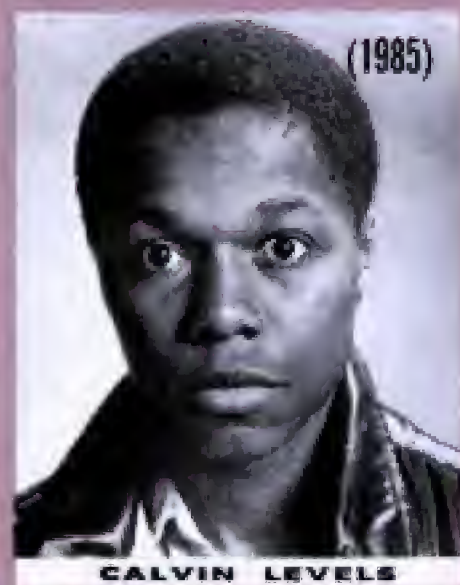


Michael (The Terminator) Biehn

WAS THE ACTOR PHOTOGRAPHED WHILE RECEIVING INSTRUCTIONS FROM OUTER SPACE?



Sigourney Weaver



Calvin Levels



Ralph Macchio



Meg Tilly

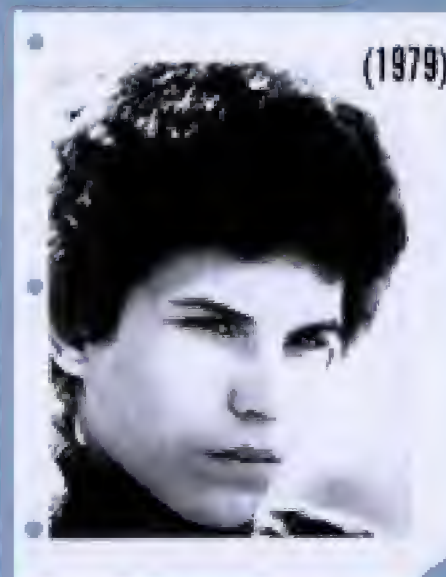
IS THE PHOTOGRAPH AN ATTEMPT TO FRIGHTEN THE CASTING DIRECTOR?



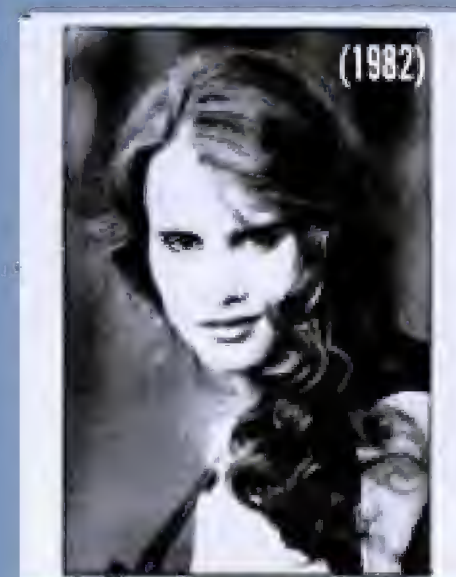
Natasha Richardson



Kevin (Matt's brother) Dillon



Barry (Fame) Miller



Lori (Footloose) Singer



Willem Dafoe

WAS THE ACTOR IN UNBEARABLE-SOUNDING PRODUCTIONS?

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MORE IS LESS

*Why say in 10 words what could be
more expansively and exhaustively iterated in 20
or maybe even as many as 30?*

BY IGNATZ RAZTZWIKIZWKI

Like a lot of you, I imagine, I'm still putting my life back together following the departure of Mr. Shawn. I've never actually met the man, I'm sorry to say, but I do have a very powerful sense of his, well, I guess you'd have to call it his palpable presence in the pages of his magazine — except that I guess you'd have to call it his palpable absence now that he's no longer there. I developed this eerie feeling of familiarity after spending many years faithfully reading every word in every *New Yorker* cartoon and, finally, ordering one of those desk calendars.

REVIEW
OF
REVIEWERS

The simple fact that Mr. Shawn's replacement is widely known as Bob (rather than as Mr. Gottlieb) makes me and probably a lot of other people somewhat apoplectic. And there are a lot of other things about the new *New Yorker* that make me somewhat apoplectic, too. More half-page advertisements laid out *horizontally*? Two or three additional cartoons on the far side of the staples? Potentially confusing advertorials? What in God's name has this "Bob" been up to?

In recent months, though, my blood pressure has been settling back down into the normal range for someone my age. *The New Yorker's* table of contents now takes up a good bit more space than Mr. Shawn deemed necessary, but the contents themselves haven't changed as much as I and a lot of other concerned readers once worried they would. *The New Yorker* is still inimitably, unabashedly, unreservedly *The New Yorker*.

Here, for example, is a paragraph that appeared in a recent issue. It turned up at

approximately the 14,000-word mark in a 15,000-word profile of Paul Shaffer, the band leader on *Late Night With David Letterman*. The paragraph concerns a dinner that took place last year at a university in Canada. Like most of the rest of the article, it is a direct quotation from Shaffer:

"Chancellor's dinner: parents; the mayor; local dignitaries; friends who had come up for this thing. It was a little bit deadly. But I had my troops there. Rick Lazar — we used to refer to him as Funky Ricky. He's got a band in Toronto now. He was the only one who didn't have a straight job. David Hurdon, who had been a singer in the band I came up with, and is now a sales exec for a wine company; Dr. Wayne Tanner, a vascular surgeon now, residing in Boston; Dave Smythe, a local blues expert, who now holds down a day gig at Atlas Alloys; Lee Richardson, an M.P. from Calgary. And I spoke at the dinner. I spoke about how my first professional job had been at Lakehead University. Joined the union at sixteen, and got into the Fugitives, and my first gig was a Christmas dance at Lakehead University, the place that gave me the degree. The four-hour engagement, where I stood on one foot and fell over. I told that story, and I was a smash."

You see, Shaffer had received an honorary degree of some kind, and *The New Yorker*



PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEOFF KERN

was giving him a chance to mention the names of some of the people who had come to a party that had been held in his honor following the ceremony—Rick Lazar, David Hurdon, Dr. Wayne Tanner, Dave Smythe and Lee Richardson. In many—most?—other magazines, these people would not have been mentioned. *I wonder what old Dave Hurdon is up to?* the readers of these numerous periodicals may still be wondering. *Do you suppose he's become a sales exec for a wine company? And is old Wayne Tanner now residing in Boston and doing vascular surgery?* Most magazine writers probably wouldn't even have bothered to write down the names. But even if they had, and had included them in their articles, most magazine editors would have deleted them. In fact, most editors would also have deleted most of the sentences concerning Shaffer's first professional job, which the profile's author, James Kaplan, had already described a few thousand words earlier. Come to think of it, most editors probably would hesitate before devoting 15,000 words to the life story of a 38-year-old studio musician from Canada.

But Bob didn't. And Mr. Shawn wouldn't have. So all is not lost at *The New Yorker*.

Speaking of wax museums, people who read *The Village Voice* nowadays (according to a recent article in *Manhattan, inc.*) are likely to do so "as much for its unpainted-furniture and futon ads, its movie listings and its kinky classifieds as for its editorial content." This seems unfair. Don't most people looking for unpainted furniture simply use the Yellow Pages?

The *Voice*, curiously, has many of the same problems as *The New Yorker*. Its writers are old, old, profoundly, terribly old. And the ones who aren't *literally* old nonetheless seem to be going prematurely gaga, particularly the rock critics. But then, of course, they are *rock critics*, and rock music is all about expressing yerself true, you know, without rewriting, direct from the gut—THE GUT! Here's some evidence from recent issues:

Unless you're of Exposé's ingenuous ilk, to say in the post-Bruce age that you're posing is only to say you make no conscious stab at the intentional-honesty lie. Soul-sincerity's as phony as phoniness by now, and distance-from-material encompasses all suckup-to-rockcrit crud from Los Lobos to Mudhoney (Chuck Eddy on the Pet Shop Boys).

On Scrawl's first album, *Plus Also, Too*, "Slut" overpowered with self-hating lyrics that could not possibly mean what they said and therefore said exactly what they meant (Charlotte Pressler on Scrawl).

This all-powerful male extension have scoffed up more influences than a midget kleptomaniac could fit in his size 48-D hooded raincoat with a zip-out lining and velcro-sealed compartments. But by the time the little bastard got to suss out his pilferage from the 7-Eleven, the Slurpees had spilled from the inside pocket stuffed with Pop Rocks, producing a candy-coated explosion. Well the little twerp didn't really pay no mind to the disaster. The mess doesn't matter so long as you make off with the goods and have a blast in the process. And does Soundgarden blast? Yeh they do (Laurie Es. on Soundgarden).

Days of romance. Flowers + wine + dinner = DATE. She loves me, she loves me not. Deeper to daisy chains, congalines of people fucking (Mary Huhn on De La Soul).

That moment's also great because there's no discrepancy between how the hot little item feels and what the two billion people buying it all over the world want, there's no discrepancy between the interpretation and what the item wants itself to be. Then meaning starts to intrude, and, pigeonlike, starts shitting all over everything, and it's finished (Chick Daniels on the current "moment" in Anita Baker's career).

No wonder the *Voice* has always been known as a *writer's* paper.

In closing, a few observations concerning yet another journalistic retirement home, *The New York Times*:

- Lawrence Van Gelder is apparently challenging Mervyn "Once Upon a Time" Rothstein for honors as the *Times's* most desperate writer of opening sentences and strained conceits. Here's how Van Gelder began a recent At the Movies column:

When you've got something old, something new, something borrowed, and something blue, usually the topic is weddings. But this time it's movies.

This may be hard for even Rothstein to beat. Van Gelder deserves double extra credit for dragging his peculiar leitmotiv over nearly half of his review:

Something old, in this context, means movies revived and reissued. Something new should need no explanation. Something borrowed embraces properties that first saw the light of day as foreign films

or as stage or literary works. And something blue pertains to the movies' latest frontier—the deeper reaches of the deep blue sea.

Van Gelder's wedding theme finally exhausts itself midway through the final third of his column. The last half-dozen paragraphs are entirely on their own. Most impressive of all, the final paragraph is every bit as strained as the first:

While this listing is by no means inclusive, it is clear that when it comes to quantity, there is no dearth of movies. Quality, as always, remains in the eye of the beholder.

Whew!

- The first business day after Time Inc., the cable concern and publisher of *Cooking Light*, merged with Warner Communications, former owner of the Westchester Premier Theater, three of the *Times's* reporters assigned to the task of explaining the ramifications of the deal worked valiantly to best even Van Gelder's use of strained opening-paragraph metaphor. Geraldine Fabrikant looked to the auto industry for her lead-off: "Time was when the Ford Motor Company's huge River Rouge plant was a wonder of the industrial economy. Iron ore was fed through one end of the sprawling complex, and Fords rolled out the other. Now Time . . . and Warner . . . are creating an equivalent in the entertainment industry." Albert Scardino, meanwhile, chose and failed with a new-baby theme: "Time Warner Inc. is coming into the world like an elephant, two years in gestation and a giant at birth. The path from conception to delivery was fraught with problems, including conflicts between the parents about who would bear the most responsibility for the upbringing." TV reporter Jeremy Gerard, generally clever but here clearly beginning to sweat, borrowed Van Gelder's own wedding metaphor: "[When, after a long courtship, the two companies finally merged,] the focus fell less on the couple pledging their troth than on a third person who, like Henry VII, would fuse two disparate but interdependent families."

In like a lion, out like a lamb. With this installment, I'm afraid, I will be divorcing myself from these pages and turning over this, my baby, to a surrogate care-giver, a man who needs no introduction, the delightful Mr. Henry "Dutch" Holland, who will assume the bad-metaphor watch next month. D

IN SEARCH OF NUBBINS

*A linguo-culinary investigation into
Bryan Miller's nifty little creations*

BY HENRY ALFORD

Always eager to legitimize a profession that consists of gorging on large amounts of free food and then jotting down their feelings about it, food critics are notorious overcompensators. Thus the florid prose, the lengthy ruminations on the politics of ambience, the whiny attempts to make readers who dine at home feel sorry for them.

Bryan Miller of *The New York Times* adds to these strivings for self-esteem a peculiar attempt to introduce his own favorite cute new word to describe small measurements of food. Miller apparently thinks that the old standbys—*bit*, *morsel*, *touch*, *dollop*, *soupçon*, *sprinkle*, *smidgen*, *pinch*, *tidbit*, *sliver*, *hint*, *hair*, *sprig*, *dash*, *snip*, *dribble*, *whit*, *thimbleful*, *shred* and *flake*—are, like so much of the expensive food forced on him, thoroughly tired and overdone. So Miller has taken to using and reusing the word *nubbin*.

Item: At Lutèce, Miller grouches, "The nubbins of escargot are lost in their garlicky log of brioche."

Item: Miller approves of the restaurant Metro and its "lobster bisque holding sweet nubbins of meat."

Item: Radiatore, Miller points out, are simply "little nubbins of pasta with holes in the middle."

But are nubbins here to stay? Does Bryan Miller in fact have his finger on the pulse of tiny-food etymology? Does anyone in the food industry know what he's talking about? We asked the experts.

BARRY WINE, owner-chef, The Quilted Giraffe: "I've never heard of it."

MILTON PARKER, owner, Carnegie Deli: "Never heard of it. It's news to me. Nubbins. Nubbins. [To employee:] You ever heard of nubbins, Jack? Nubbins, anyone? No. Not even in Jewish. If you want to say 'a pinch,' say 'a pinch.' . . . Nubbins? I would expect something like this from Bill Buckley, but not from the Times. . . . I'm in this business 50 years. I would never use this expression."

KAREN KARP, manager, Lox Around the Clock: "It sounds like beard stubble."

STUART LICHTENSTEIN, owner, Sardi's: "It sounds like some sort of growth."

MITCHELL R. WOO, chef, Empire Diner: "It sounds like a tiny nodule."

ANSELL HAWKINS, general manager, The Odeon: "It sounds like duck testicles. Or what a dirty old man would call his six-year-old niece: 'Come here, Nubbins!'"

ROBERT CACCIOLA, caterer: "It sounds like a small penis. It's a Mrs. Fields word. It sounds like a little snacky thing."



FRAN MCCULLOUGH, cookbook editor: "I think [former dirty-book writer] Gael Greene has a lot to answer for this."

FRANCINE MAROUKIAN, caterer: "If anyone is eating nubbins, it's got to be Gael Greene."

ANNE ROSENZWEIG, vice-chairman, '21': "The first person to use nubbins in earnest was Gael Greene. Bryan has stolen it from her. . . . It sounds like little ends of pinkies."

GAEL GREENE, food critic, *New York* magazine: "I have been guilty of nubbins. It's a story of desperation."

MICHAEL McLAUGHLIN, food writer: "I

thought Nubbins was a character in a Tolkien book. Isn't he a little hobbit?"

JANE AND MICHAEL STERN, food columnists, cookbook authors: Jane—"It's so painfully coy. . . . Food writing is already so precious that unless you take a very manly, workmanlike approach, it just becomes disgusting." Michael—"We have a parrot, and when it poops—I would call those nubbins."

BARBARA STRATTON, chef, Jerry's: "Nubbins are the stuff that doesn't melt when you add water to Gravy Train."

ISABELLE CULLINEN, manager, One Fifth Restaurant: "It sounds like little funny oblong pillows, perhaps breaded and fried."

MIMI SHERATON, food writer: "Nubbins has all the makings of a fast-food chain. You could serve only small, stunted and ugly food—misshapen mushrooms, mutant potatoes, scraps from other restaurants that you dip in batter and deep-fry. You could hire a staff that looks like nubbins too."

BETTINA FELDER, Glorious Food Inc.: "You chew your nails down to the nubbins."

STEVEN JENKINS, Balducci's: "I avoid words like nubbins and spreadable and nosh; but I use splop and goosh. It's a more utilitarian approach; it's an attempt to be expressive without being clinical."

SHEILA LUKINS, coauthor, *The Silver Palate Cookbook*: "I think it's a great word. I think it's very useful. It's quite darling."

CHRISTINA LYNN WHITED, psychic who has been channeling the spirit of James Beard and who says she is collaborating on a cookbook with him: "James is off working on another cookbook and is generally not available for these kinds of interviews. . . . I would imagine that he is familiar with nubbins. . . . Nubbins is very evocative of the fairy domain and the elfin kingdom. It might be appropriate for a children's and fairies' cookbook that James and I are writing for eight-year-olds. . . . James's spirit is a rearrangement of other elements from the past. There is a part of us all that is eternal, that is almost always available to be channeled. Nubbins might have a more limited life span."

ELAINE KAUFMAN, owner, Elaine's: "Bryan Miller doesn't know what it is. He doesn't even remember where he's eaten."

GLENN BERNBAUM, founder-owner, Mortimer's: "Nubbins will last as long as Bryan Miller will, which won't be very long." ■

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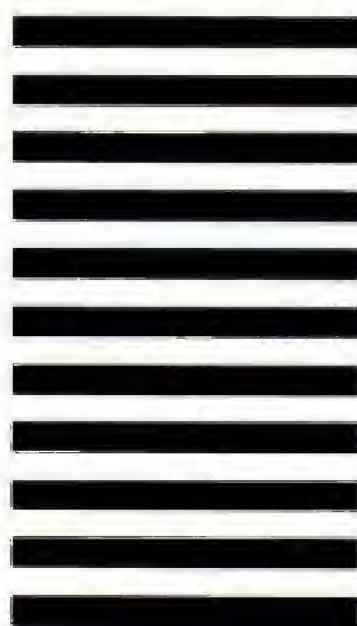
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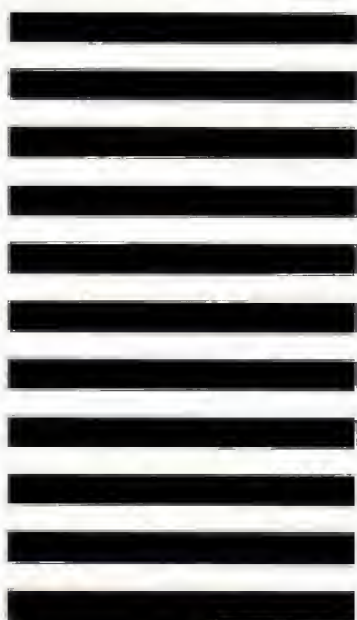
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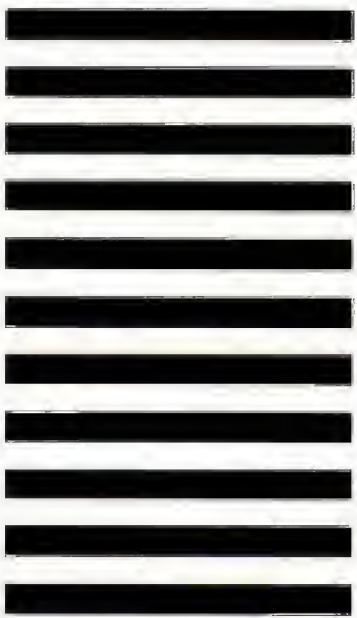
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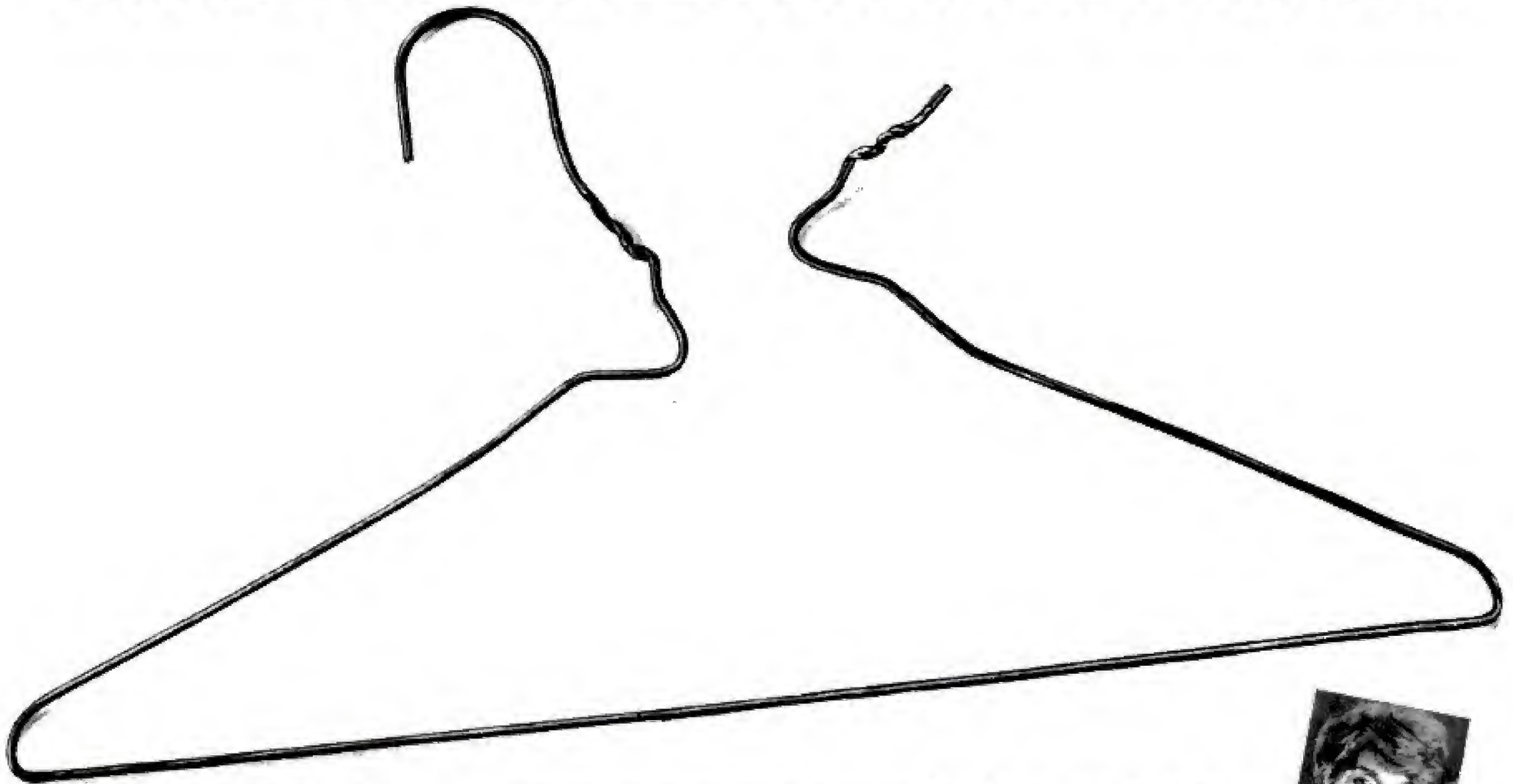
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FORGE AHEAD

Bond raters issuing bonds?

*Isn't that the financial equivalent
of Siskel and Ebert making movies?*

BY JAMES GRANT

"Anybody who even has to think about the cost had better not get one," J. P. Morgan was supposed to have advised a prospec-

THE
STREET

tive yachtsman concerning the purchase of a frigate-size craft. But the elder Morgan isn't editing *Weekly Notice*, the house organ of Morgan Stanley & Company, lineal descendant of the Morgan investment bank. A blurb on the second page of a recent issue sought to allay the financial suspense in advance of a possible sale: "Immaculate Classic Yacht. 149' 11" vosper stabilized, sleeps 11 in 6 cabins + 10 crew. Transatlantic range, equipped for world cruising. Twin Caterpillar diesels, 650 hp 8 cylinder. Cruising speed 13½ kts. Many luxuries from ice-maker and air-conditioning to satellite telephone/telex system. Price \$3,500,000 or reasonable offer."

Reasonable was left to the imagination of the buyer—would more than \$3,500,000 be all right?—and it is a symptom of the lingering postcrash syndrome that a stockbroker's yacht would be up for sale at any price, let alone a reasonable one. "But where are the *customers'* yachts?" is the punch line to the venerable Wall Street gag in which the passengers on a rubbernecking bus are shown the luxury craft of leading bankers. "But where are the *customers'?*" would be the punch line of a topical version of the same joke.

Morgan was not the laughing kind, and it's a cinch he wouldn't have seen the humor in the recent financial career of William J. Stoecker, 31. "Character is the basis

of commercial credit," Morgan was wont to say in his laborious, nineteenth-century style, "because a man I do not trust could not get money from me on all the bonds in Christendom." By a happy accident of chronology, Morgan and Stoecker never met. Stoecker is accused of causing important sums of money to vanish from Grubill Corporation, a string of indebted midwestern manufacturing companies he founded. Lenders, led by the Bank of New England, have sued for the return of almost \$150-million and charged the pudgy Stoecker with forgery. One specific complaint concerns a letter addressed to Stoecker and purportedly signed by a Bank of New England loan officer—but written, the bank alleges, by Stoecker to himself in the course of finagling money out of the lenders. The letter strikes a gaily expansive note. "You can rest assured that you will be given a free hand to do as you wish with these assets. . . . Real estate can be handled as personal assets as it relates to this unsecured credit facility," the document puckishly allows.

As usual, it is hard to work up much

Duff & Phelps's money-management

operation wouldn't touch its

parent's junk bonds (or any others)

with a ten-foot pole

sympathy for the banks, which in this case seem not to have had even a foggy idea of how much Stoecker was really worth. Or wasn't worth. According to *Forbes*, Stoecker was able to come to the negotiating table without the customary set of audited financial statements. I have tried to imagine him in other times and other places—Morgan's, for instance—raising \$150 million on the strength of some highly leveraged, vaguely documented manufacturing companies and a line of blarney about entrepreneurial capitalism in the Rustbelt. The picture will not come into focus.

Morgan wouldn't believe it, but the Stoecker affair was almost instantly bested in surreal punch by the leveraged buyout

of a Chicago bond-rating agency. Duff & Phelps is a competitor of Moody's, passing judgment on the safety and soundness of corporations. To have founded anything during the Depression was an expression of optimism, but the organization of Duff & Phelps in 1932 was an act of almost mystical faith. The stocks of public-utility holding companies, which were to be the firm's specialty, sold for prices about 96 percent lower than those at the top in 1929.

Now the same Duff & Phelps—renowned and respected arbiter of corporate credit standards—proposes to issue its very own junk bonds. In an LBO, as everyone knows by now (these are still the 1980s), management borrows to its eyes, buys its company and settles down to life with a balance sheet resembling that of a bankrupt. In theory, the company works its way out from under its debts, sells unfashionable divisions or renegotiates the terms of its loans. Possibly, in the specific case of Duff & Phelps, there is another, more subtle effect. Now that the analysts operate an indebted company themselves, they may be inclined to take a more indulgent view when rating another highly leveraged company. A further, wonderful twist is that Duff & Phelps's own money-management operation—the part of the company that invests other people's money—wouldn't touch its parent's junk bonds (or any others) with a ten-foot pole. The philosophy of the bond investment division, according to the new prospectus, "concentrates on identification of fundamental value and *avoidance of credit risk*."

When asked to comment, Duff & Phelps president Francis E. Jeffries disputed any notion that there might be something a bit inappropriate about a credit-rating company shooting its own credit in the foot. "I don't see any problem at all," he said, pointing out that D&P has been highly leveraged since an employee buyout (a predecessor to the new leveraged buyout) in 1985. "There's nothing really new." Yes, I said, but there's lots more debt. Yes, he said, but the company is more profitable. He did, however, acknowledge one small irony. Founded to analyze what were, in effect, the junk bonds of then-shipwrecked utility holding companies, D&P has at last got around to issuing junk bonds of its own. He made this observation spontaneously and of his own free will. At this late date in the Roaring Eighties, I count it a major concession. **D**

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"I know I said he was my favorite client—but you're my favoritest!"

BY CELIA BRADY

Secret Agent, Man: Fortunately for the horn-rimmed agents under the Ninja grip of Creative Artists Agency warrior chief

Mike "the Manipulator"

THE
INDUSTRY

Ovitz, there appears to be little in the way of antitrust sentiment left in Washington these days—at least not

of the sort that once forced studios to divest themselves of the theaters they owned. In Hollywood, some industry people—including the head of one labor union—are becoming increasingly uncomfortable with CAA's powerful control over American feature film production. Last fall SPY published a list of the agency's clients ["Ten Percent of Everything Everybody Makes," September], an event that caused Ovitz some discomfort, only partly because he was obliged to spend the next two weeks reassuring name after name on the roster that he/she alone was the most important client in the world to him. (CAA's spin control would become more ticklish in instances where the agency might hypothetically represent six or seven actors who all, say, happen to be up for the same movie part.) Or could it be that Ovitz might be having growing fears of drawing antitrust attention by the Justice Department?

He subsequently hired the powerful New York-based public-relations operator Howard Rubenstein to relieve some of the malignant mystery cloaking the firm [see *The Usual Suspects*, April], and to make its boss seem a regular corporate citizen—

the same kind of image-cleansing ploy used last year by Ovitz's Birmingham High schoolmate Mike Milken. (Ovitz also had a note posted on a CAA bulletin board offering a \$14,000 bounty for the identity of Celia Brady—a bounty that has yet to be collected.) Rubenstein cannily requisitioned the reporting services of *Time* magazine, the result being a slavishly flattering story that cast Ovitz as a mild-mannered family man. And he is: last summer Ovitz and fellow CAA superdad Ron Meyer gave their prepubescent sons jobs in the agency mailroom, jobs that less-well-connected Stanford M.B.A.'s would kill to land.

Bonus Agency News: When not playing the Fred-MacMurray-in-a-cardigan part around the office, Meyer, a feverish admirer of women, enjoys assuming the Warren Beatty role—albeit with mixed results. He looked very happy, for instance, when he took his client, Madonna, to a party for Michael Douglas last year. But his smile grew strained as she gravitated to the corner where Richard Gere was sitting. Meyer's élan vanished altogether when his date left with Gere. For the rest of the

To get himself worked up to the full

height of flesh-peddling frenzy,

Haber likes to attack a defenseless

office chair with a bullwhip

evening Agent Meyer (as he refers to himself in correspondence) stumbled about the room corralling one and all with his anguished cries of "Madonna left!"

Had Madonna instead hung around until Meyer broke off with *her*, she might have found herself richer, electronic-gadget-wise. The agency cofounder recently broke up with a CAA accountant he had been having an affair with and—in an ultraclassy move that is the trademark of this ultraclassy guy—walked into her office, plunked down a 26-inch television set (a 26-inch *color* television set, mind you) and said, "Thanks."

(Ovitz's other partner, Bill Haber, has

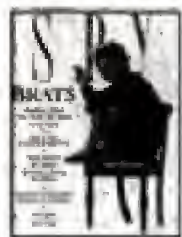
his *own* intra-office film persona—Indiana Jones. In order to get himself worked up to the full heights of flesh-peddling frenzy, Haber likes to attack a defenseless office chair with a bullwhip.)

Continuing on the general subject of agents, the unfortunate death of William Morris executive Lee Stevens puts that foundering agency into still more turmoil. More than ever now, William Morris operates as competing fiefdoms and appears to be unable to package films or marshal forces or move pictures forward. (The firm continues to be a major force in the lucrative television business, but only film has the glamour necessary to sustain any firm's big-league image.)

International Creative Management, of course, is still in the film business, and unlike William Morris, it is still able to function with some sense of self-assuredness. The agency [which represents SPY—Ed.] has decided to compete by using the CAA technique of focusing *only* on movies that it can package—movies that ICM clients write, direct and star in. The internal ICM status reports of pictures in development now include asterisks next to films flush with ICM talent, and the instructions to the ICM agent force has been to primarily push *these* pictures ahead. In the past few years ICM has lost good agents, good clients and momentum to CAA, and cochairman Jeff Berg is determined to put an end to this, especially in light of ICM New York-based literary *Überagent* Lynn Nesbit's defection to Mort Janklow, who does almost all of his movie business through CAA.

Trims and Ends: On the set of the Oliver Stone film *Born on the Fourth of July*, Tom Cruise has taken to playing director, calling "Action!" before each scene and "Cut!" afterward. . . . "Creative visualization," the technique that some athletes use to prepare themselves psychologically for a competition, is now sweeping the studios. Proponents of creative visualization include Columbia president Dawn Steel (whose cute toddler, by the way, has lately been receiving *weekly* gifts from Columbia producer Ray Stark) and producer Peter Guber, who each night thinks about what he wants to do the next day—I *will finally get Bonfire into production, I will finally get Bonfire into production*—so that his dreams can work for him.

Visualize me at Mortons Monday night, Peter. **D**



December 1986

BRATS

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March 1987

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September 1987

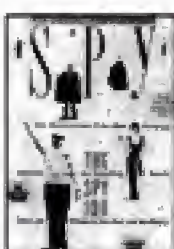
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October 1987

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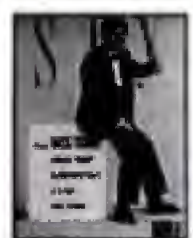
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QUEEN

FOR A TERM

What do the Met, the Smithsonian and Nancy Reagan's closet all have in common? (Clue: she got the good stuff)

BY CHRIS BLAZAKIS
AND JO STOCKTON

Not long before her reign as first lady ended, Nancy Reagan was called upon by the Council of Fashion Designers of America to accept their Lifetime Achievement Award at the expensive, glittery, backslapping black-tie affair the fashion elite throw for

themselves every year. It must have been, for her, a slightly uncomfortable evening. Mrs. Reagan, a woman who keeps an extensive diary of what she's worn when and in front of whom, was prevailed upon by her clothing advisers to wear the same red dress she had worn the week before at a fundraiser for her fledgling eponymous drug-treatment center in California, a clip of which was shown on the network news. Horrors! Not even the genuinely suave groveling of *New York Times* publisher Punch Sulzberger, her escort for the evening, or her slavish, sycophantic introduction by former journalist Barbara Walters ("She has served every day for eight long years the word *style*") could relieve the obvious strain of wearing the same thing twice—surely the nightmare of every fashion-mad martinet. Adding further strain was the venue itself, the Metropolitan Museum—one of the institutions used by Mrs. Reagan to empty her closets of largely unimportant, questionably acquired, now out-of-fashion designer outfits.

The Met, you see, was one of Nancy's

goodwill pickup services—an especially interesting part of her dress-borrowing-for-keeps scheme that went largely unreported during the brouhaha over it last fall. The so-called Museum Program, as conceived in 1981 by assorted aides under the auspices of Michael Deaver, her close personal friend and former PR ringmaster, was established to smooth over Nancy's troubling tendency to keep expensive dresses without paying for them. The scheme was simple: The gowns snatched up for free by Mrs. Reagan were supposed to be returned to the designers after she had finished wearing them. The designers would then donate the outfits to select museums, and the clothes would retroactively be represented as having been "made available for use" to her. The first lady was, she explained in various communiqués including a 1982 letter to critics of the program, merely trying to enrich public institutions with items of historical significance, generate support for her very favorite industry and give students of design something important to study.

At a CFDA awards dinner in 1982, Ann Keagy, then chairwoman of the fashion design department at the Parsons School, revealed the details of the program



as outlined in a telegram from Nancy Reagan. The clothes donated were to be "representative" of what Mrs. Reagan wore during her stay in the White House. And later, though the first lady promised not to borrow any more clothes from designers, she charitably offered to continue donating clothes to museums, even if it meant delving into her own *personal* wardrobe.

As it turned out, with precious few

exceptions the clothes were hardly "representative"—either of what Mrs. Reagan wore or even of what her special-friend couturiers did best. The Met, whose costume collection is arguably the finest in the world, wound up with a forgettable pantsuit by James Galanos, the California designer known primarily for his elaborate gowns, and a brown-and-gold frock by Hollywood designer Jean Louis. The Boston Museum got a red silk suit by David Hayes, worn—here comes the historical-significance part—by Mrs. Reagan while traveling to California on *Air Force One*. The Brooklyn Museum got a Bill Blass suit that Mrs. Reagan once wore—even greater historical significance this time—to the 1981 White House Easter Egg Roll. And museums in Oakland and Phoenix, apparently mistaken for Nancy Reagan fan clubs, got a historically significant Adolfo lounging outfit and a pair of "at home" pants the first lady actually wore *inside the White House*. One of the few *genuinely* significant museum-donated pieces put no crimp whatsoever in the first lady's style: she made sure that it was a gown she had multiple copies of back home.

Museum officials, although discreet, were not impressed with the majority of the 17 outfits that found permanent homes in 13 museums—that's 17 outfits from a 2,920-day administration. One terms the pieces "insignificant," another "terrible" and "embarrassing to the designer" and another, most diplomatic of all, "not representative of the designer's best work." A former curator of costume at the Brooklyn Museum goes so far as to declare the entire Museum Program "a gag... a terrible piece of chutzpah."

Furthermore, some of the designs were inconsistently registered—the Inaugural Ball and Gala gowns from 1981, donated to the Smithsonian, were recorded on the Smithsonian Institution Deeds of Gift by the first lady as having been "owned" by her. But months later, at the Office of Government Ethics, the same gowns were merely noted on the president's disclosure form as having been "made available for use" to Mrs. Reagan. It was, perhaps, this unorthodox method of cataloging that made relevant information on the first lady's donations to the Smithsonian so difficult for one inquirer to obtain: two months of research, some 50 telephone calls, a letter and a personal visit finally yielded the most basic documentation for

the gowns. So much for helping along future generations of young Adolfs.

But the first lady's designer lounge-and-egg-rolling-wear were not the only Reagan-era acquisitions worth institutionalizing. Harry Winston president Ronald Winston, with the support of the first lady's handlers, proposed establishing a state jewelry collection—a line of jewels to be passed down and used by future first ladies. The collection would serve the neat purpose of promoting the jeweler while conveniently doubling as an excuse for Mrs. Reagan's forgetting to return the Harry Winston diamond earrings and necklace (estimated value: \$480,000) she "borrowed" during her first 17 months in the White House. It was not until White House counsel Fred Fielding delivered a basic lesson in civics to the first lady (*Um . . . Mrs. President . . . state jewelry collections are not entirely in keeping with, um, democratic traditions . . .*) that this face-saving idea was dropped.

It didn't die, however, without a good fight from offspring Ronald Winston (who, it needn't be mentioned again, stood to gain *nothing whatsoever* from an official Harry Winston Memorial State Jewelry Collection). In an apparent attempt to defuse the meanspirited notion that the collection had been devised solely as a cover-up for Nancy Reagan's proclivity for keeping nice things that don't belong to her, the junior Winston claimed that three attempts had been made by the company to establish a set of Terra Nova crown jewels, including a pitch to former first lady Rosalynn Carter. That supposed offer comes as news both to Mrs. Carter's personal aide of nearly two decades and to a highly placed Winston employee, who responded, laughing, "Be real—we'd give [Rosalynn Carter] gold-plated peanuts."

Though the days of Mrs. Reagan's public-minded generosity are but a memory now, there is, fortunately, one final inspirational image we can keep: days after the scandal about her keeping hundreds of questionably acquired designer gowns broke in the press last October—a full three months before she was scheduled to leave the White House—she began packing up her furniture and sending it out to California. An obvious disdain for conventional padding materials reportedly prompted the former first lady to protect her wares by cushioning them with more than a few of her favorite "borrowed" designer gowns. **D**

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HIP OR SHINOLA

Hip isn't dead. It's just not quite as . . . hip anymore

BY ELLIS WEINER

If you know my mother (and do any of us ever *really* know my mother?), you know that she can be a source of endless—well, occasional—amusement, as, for example, the time she informed me, excitedly and in all seriousness, that Payola Picasso was designing jewelry for Van Cleef and Arpege.

Not bad. Note the instinctively shrewd sense of timing, the effective use of suspense, in the withholding of the final zinger until the very last syllable. But solecisms based on famous people's names, though hilarious and well worth remembering and repeating and taking credit for for the rest of our lives, are in the end rather brittle and superficial. However, it happens that my mother is also the source of one of the most devastating insights into contemporary society that I've heard since Frank Zappa's comment that the older you get, the more you realize life is like high school.

The time: several years ago. The place: my parents' apartment. The occasion: a free-ranging discussion of stuff. The subject of some young woman's boyfriend came up. My mother asked the equivalent of what-does-she-see-in-him, and I offered this or that possible attraction. Then I added, to seal the explanation and close the discussion, "Besides, he's hip."

"Hip?" she gasped. "Hip is shit!"

Naturally, I scoffed, and chucklingly corrected her, saying in effect, *Hip, my dear woman, far from being "shit," as you so colorfully yet, I think, ill-advisedly put it, is that essential intellectual, artistic and personal stance from which an informed, canny*

individual regards the bourgeois blab-blab et cetera of consumer capitalist yadda yadda Amerikan one-dimensional and so forth, power to the people. At the time, I believed this with every sinew of my fiber.

Lately, though, I've begun to wonder. The notion is absurd, of course, and hardly worth the breath it takes to express it, but . . . could hip possibly actually *be* shit?

Please, God, don't let it. That would prove my mother right concerning a thing about which, by definition, she should know nothing and about which I should, either by definition or brute experience or sheer luck, know a little something. Not that I'm suggesting I'm the hippest cat in town (I think that is an assessment best left to others), but I believe I can state without fear of contradiction that I am hipper than my mother. I think we all are. Let us state at, or fairly near, the outset: one's mother should not be remotely hip. Hip exists, to the extent that it does exist, precisely to mystify, offend and afford a corrective to people's mothers.

But then, that's the problem. Today many of *us* are people's mothers. Hipness, so thrilling and snappy and sexy and sharp when one was 18, has begun to seem a little . . . beside the point. In essence, hipness really is—let's just say this and get on with it—a critique of the dominant power structure and a repudiation of and substitution for its bourgeois values. The critique is not political but philosophical; the substitute values are not philosophical but aesthetic. (Pause while readers write letters to the editor citing Mailer, Kerouac, etc.) Hipness, as everyone knows, appeals to the alienated: the idealistic young, the persecuted black, the romantic artist.

Now, with the exception of the latter two categories, I have been all of these at one point or another. But if hip means seeing through all the bourgeois baloney and embracing an alternative (excuse the expression) life-style, I note with interest that, as I spit on my hands in preparation for pushing 40, I seem to be embracing the very bourgeois life-style the baloney of which I so mercilessly continue to see through. In place of my (middle-class white boy's) style of hip, then, I have acquired hip's domesticated bourgeois form: cynicism. Which at times extends, if only just a teensy little bit, to hipness itself.

Look, it could be worse. The triumphant and depressing fact is, many people of my age, rank and serial number now

openly sneer at everything hip has so nobly stood for. These people are either comfy insiders—champions or exploiters of the power structure—or simply too busy with work and family to care much about “values” anymore. In either case, the spleen, the organ of hipness, has become vestigial.

Nonetheless, there are those of us (from whose ranks I am forced to exclude my mother) who still value hipness, whatever it may be, who root for it and wish it well and hope it is still alive and wish nothing more than that, one day, it will find what it's looking for.

The grown-up enters this discussion as though returning to the dining room to find everyone laughing. He's a little paranoid. Is he, to the extent he sees merit in hip, “okay”? Not that he claims to be the hippest cat in town; but he doesn't mind admitting that he has his Miles Davis albums (somewhere), blew some weed and cut Soc. 101 and hated Nixon with the best of them, and so forth—was, in a word, hip enough. Now, with so little hipness in sight, he wonders: is hip

Hip exists precisely to mystify,

offend and afford a

corrective to people's mothers.

But today many of us are mothers

irrelevant and worthless, i.e., “shit”? Huey Lewis sings “It's hip to be square,” but isn't that like saying it's alive to be dead? The world appears to be a place where everything that hip has critiqued and rejected and mocked has triumphed. But come on—*has* it?

Take courage, grown-up. It has—which is all the more reason to nurture your residual sympathies for hip, no matter how tame or ambivalent. After all, who else is going to carry the torch? Not the preponderance of my generation, and certainly not that of the next one. People in their twenties today knew in their teens that they wanted to be lawyers, and ten-year-olds really do talk about wanting to make a lot of money. It's enough to make Huey Lewis (who plays golf) look like Miles Davis. **D**

SPY

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Happy Birthday, Joe — Joe.

Muffin — Here's to a hot summer and high numbers. — M.

ROBIN: HAPPY 30th BIRTHDAY from your doting sisters — Lynne, Jill and Rachel.

"Here are fruits, flowers, leaves and branches. And here is my heart which beats only for you." It's always springtime with you Meeps — Love, Weempe Mouse.

Fitzgerald cocktailed in Olive Coast khakis.

Spaceman Spiff, we say boo and then some.

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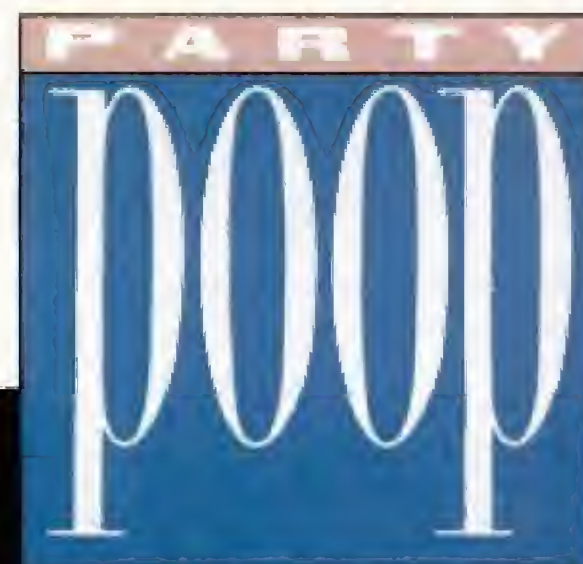
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At the New York City Ballet gala, socialite-who-thinks-that-being-that-thin-makes-her-look-like-a-ballerina Sharyn Mann goes for it with a new variation on the Swim.



Outside her dinner for Sir Richard Attenborough at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, party-loving lalapalooza Mrs. Michael Douglas daintily checks for dreaded VPL.



With Valentino exuding his hyperswanky Old World charm at her side, Pat Buckley demonstrates a favorite Litchfield County party trick: with noshing friends and acquaintances stationed around her, Pat opens wide and claps her hands, seal-fashion, practically inviting the crowd to toss their canapés her way.

At very, very rare fashion-model-clogged book party, well-oiled continental shopping-mall-grooming-school franchiser Johnny Casablancas takes a turn before the camera, for a change, clinging boyishly to his hypnotized date, Cindy Crawford, one of the many young women he regularly rents out to be photographed half naked for up to \$6,000 per day.





Race car champion—sunglasses pitchman Danny Sullivan (at the American Image Awards) and Satan impersonator—dirty-magazine publisher Bob Guccione (at a *Penthouse* party) pose for some prom photographs, solo.

At the Russian Ball: After a too, too long absence, SPY welcomes back its very, very favorite party couple — the mascara-loving Gertrude Swope and her marionettish but uncannily lifelike and supersuave escort, Walter Stane.



At a party for Martha Graham, Liza Minnelli and Bloomingdale's first lady Mrs. Marvin Traub take air-kissing to an apparently record-breaking extreme.



PANTHEON The thought on everyone's mind at the *Torch Song Trilogy* party at El Morocco: *If a bomb went off here tonight, the world of public-access cable TV would never be the same.* Left to right: publicist—swimwear designer—survivor Carmen D'Alessio, pink-haired fashion designer and perpetual mid-life-crisis survivor Zandra Rhodes, cable television hostess—survivor Nikki Haskell and singer—dancer—shut-in—tigress—survivor Joey Heatherton.

Jaunty ascot and motoring cap in place (nicely complementing the extremely tasteful baby-blue sharkskin slacks), miniature celebrity-wrangler and would-be English gentleman Swifty Lazar even accessorizes his trademark eyeglasses—here, leaving *Le Cirque*, he completes the *faux-viscount* look by brandishing a monocle.



Much as nineteenth-century seamen shipwrecked in primitive island cultures cut off from civilization commonly forgot that money existed back home, Karaoke headliner Joey Heatherton, out for a rare night of socializing at the opening of Red Zone and looking downy as ever, seems to be bartering a Tic Tac breath mint for a glass of wine.

Nightlife Decathlon '89 Update

Ironman hopeful Jay McInerney suffers a dramatic setback as he is caught by the flashbulb in the act of feeding (according to this year's revised rules, contestants seen nourishing themselves *in public* lose valuable Drinks Consumed points).



UN-BRITISH CROSSWORD ANSWERS

"It would be a shame if our materialistic society robbed even charity of all it implies by an unrelenting focus on the bottom line." This remark by an organizer of charity galas, who had been asked to explain why such a gala's lavish overhead should eat up almost all of its intake, has already been commented upon in SPY. It is such a solid-gold eighties statement, however, that it deserves to be celebrated further. Hence this puzzle.

Hence, also, these bottom-line questions:

- Do Americans who attend charity galas actually produce enough revenues in charity, taxes and pay-for-the-help to make up for what they cost everyone else by driving up the conceivability of prices, taking the bloom off middle-class normality, channeling funds to German car manufacturers and fostering lawyers?

- What would happen to galas if the wretched of the earth all expired due to lack of funds?

- Since there seems to be a growing body of opinion that \$155 billion deficits are not unhealthy for the economy—although, of course, they make it necessary to allocate as little public money as possible to the needy—then why can't charity galas run deficits?

I have no personal stake in these questions, since I am not wretched and don't own a tux. I don't do anything for the wretched unless they are thrust upon me, and the odds are that neither do you. It has always seemed to me that the best way of thrusting the wretched upon the rest of us (riots aside) is taxes, imposed by a government that is willing to represent people who are suffering and dying. Such a notion is, of course, utterly out of date. It just doesn't add up.

—R.B.

ACROSS

1. Hispanics minus His.
4. Dine rearranged ("out"), outside ("without") vest.
10. Ambassador rearranged ("crazy"), without *adv* (advantages, as in tennis).
13. Sickly is wan; T is for Treasury, as in T-bill.
15. Classic means "model," as in a classic case. A social stratum is a class. In charge "initially" is i.c.
17. Ave. is an abbreviation for avenue, or "way."
19. In France, the is le.
21. This is a country song title for which I haven't gotten around to writing a song. I am not in the mood right now.
27. To bury is to inter, and then you have half of Mimi (of *La Bohème*) backward, or "back." Whatever happened to Bohemia? Poor struggling artists. Garrets, all that. A garret in New York today is a big nut. There is a book out, *The Clustering of America*, by Michael J. Weiss, which breaks America down into 40 neighborhood life-

style types, or clusters. Of all these types, which do you think has the highest percentage of residents who have brokerage accounts? Blue Blood Estates? Money & Brains? Furs & Station Wagons? Urban Gold Coast? Pools & Patios? No, it's Bohemian Mix—"inner-city bohemian enclaves à la Greenwich Village." The author gives no indication that he finds this incongruous.

29, 30. The 3 is a reference to 3 Down.

DOWN

2. Georgian, minus one G (slang for \$1,000), rearranged ("dizzy"). Maybe Noriega can mock the U.S. government, but in this puzzle he is a pizza face. Can't the media refer to guys like Noriega by some term less truckling than *strongman*? If *kingpin* seems too pointed, how about *bigwig*, or *generalissimo*, or *scumleader*?

3. "Fellow feeling" is the definition. *Comp* ("free admission") plus *ass* (what 24, *bottomless*, is lacking), plus *ion* (a charged particle). What would you say if you were a mayor of Washington, D.C., and were found to have made several visits to a suspected drug dealer's hotel room? Here's what Mayor Marion Barry said: "I have a tendency to go to people rather than have them come to me. That's my sense of compassion." Mayor Barry, of course, is black, and he tends to accuse his critics of racism. This whole question—vide Al Sharpton, of course—of antiracism as the last refuge of a scoundrel is one that deserves a whole separate puzzle, but it won't be an easy one. (Certainly it won't be as easy as the movie *Mississippi Burning*, which is so full of shit!) Remember last issue we had an easy puzzle? That was frivolity. There are no easy puzzles. As you would know, if you had any compassion for the one who sets the puzzle (see 18, below).

16. This clue may paint too vivid a word-picture for some. But don't worry, it's just crossword code: *Coon* ("masked animal") wrapped around *MM* (the big letters in *Marilyn Monroe*), plus *man*, which is the sexist term for all of humanity. In 1942 Henry A. Wallace, a left-wing vice president (imagine that), said, "The century on which we are entering can be and must be the century of the common man." In 1956 Herbert Hoover, a non-reelected Republican, said, "We are in danger of developing

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a cult of the Common Man, which means a cult of mediocrity." No one talks about the common man anymore (although it has been argued that cheerful mediocrity is Ronald Reagan's genius). The idle-rich common man, until recently sort of a pasha. Hey, our bohemians have brokerage accounts, don't they? According to the marketing research on which the aforementioned *Clustering of America* is based, use of groin-irritation remedies in Hispanic Mix communities (Brooklyn's Bushwick, for instance) is quite high, whereas in Urban Gold Coast communities (Manhattan's Upper West Side, for instance) it is statistically nil. On these and many other, comparable grounds, this book concludes that there is no such thing as an average American. I can say this is bunk. I say there is an average American, and she is Whoopi Goldberg. No, I'm just kidding. Actually the average American is George Herbert Walker Bush, who brings together compassion and meanness and everything (including Hispanic Mix—remember the little brown ones) and who doesn't seem to irritate anyone's groin. What a country!

18. I have admitted, up front, that there is no such thing—so far as I know—as edge shoes. Maybe there will be, though. Call them edgies. At any rate, you could maybe feel a little charity for a cruciverbalist who has cruciverbalized himself into a corner. I have only recently learned that this is what professional crossword-makers (aside from postmodern ones such as myself) call themselves: cruciverbalists. It is a term that I am happy to appropriate, in a postmodern way, except that it makes me think uneasily of Christ. "Let this cup pass from me." "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do." When I say that this is a postmodern crossword puzzle, I don't know what I mean, of course, but that is not the whole point. The postmodern cruciverbalist can sort of stand back from what he is doing. He can break the worn-out laws and make a virtue of special pleading. Here again, we may think of Christ. But unlike many postmodernists, Christ put his body on the line, and he pleaded for others. He didn't raise any money for them, so far as I know (render unto Caesar and all that), but others have, in His name. Of course, that opens up another whole can of worms, bottom-line-wise. It would take a sharper accountant than I to determine whether all other Christian ministries of the eighties have managed to distribute, actually into the hands of the needy, a total equal to the amount Jim and Tammy Bakker stole plus the amount of taxes from which St. Patrick's Cathedral is exempted. Probably a wash, we might say, but that would be flip, and it might also make us think of Pontius Pilate.

22. *Reno, R.I.*, *r* (for *rights*), rearranged ("wrong"). The second *wrong* is the definition.

26. *T.R.* (for Teddy Roosevelt, the Rough Rider), plus *do* coming up. Maybe you think the Gipper is too nice a guy to have trod down on the downtrodden. Well, if you believe in Ronald Reagan, then there are easy puzzles. 3



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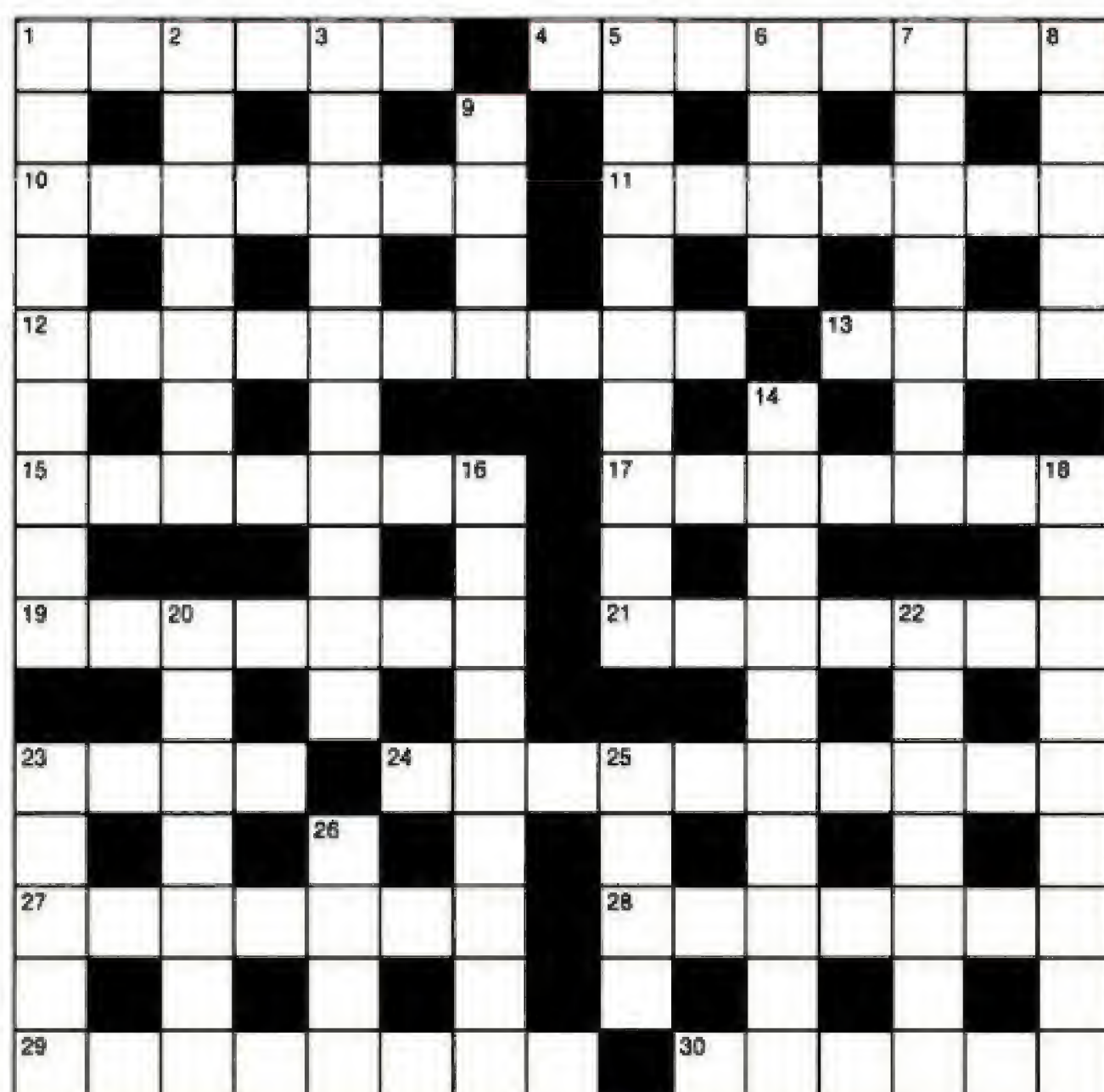
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THE UN-BRITISH Crossword Puzzle

BY ROY BLOUNT JR.



Charity and the Bottom Line



ACROSS

1. From Latinos in His absence, very bearish reactions. (6)
4. Dine out without essential part of three-piece suit? Bet money! (8)
10. How crazy ambassador, forsaking advantages, went to the Solidarity-With-the-Ill-Clad costume gala. (2,5)
11. Republican advice to the unemployed: Jog, bet a new roll. (3,1,3)
12. The ravagers who do things for our health. (10)
13. Sickly Treasury in destitution. (4)
15. Model social stratum in charge, initially. (7)
17. Dow Jones line is way ahead of anger. (7)
19. In France the fellow getting wed gets allowance for lower extremities. (7)
21. "Things Had a Way of _____ Out, Till I Spent One Out With You." (7)
23. Scorch British cleaning person. (4)
24. Abysmal, how you can wind up if you bet your ass. (10)
27. Meantime, bury back half of poor operatic Bohemian. (7)
28. Prohibition turns me around at saloon exit. (7)
29. With 30, what you draw (speaking Britishly) when you need diamonds, perhaps, or oozers of 3. (8,6)
30. See 29.

DOWN

1. Arctic Alp—odd, but workable. (9)
2. Dizzy Georgian loses \$1,000 to pizza-face Panamanian. (7)
3. Fellow feeling for free admission with what 24's lacking plus a bit that's charged. (10)
5. Wild thing on horse—Ghost of Christmas Future, for example. (9)
6. Consumes grub. (4)
7. Border town where Juanita dances. (7)
8. Red entry places one in obligation. (5)
9. From Tupelo, dig it, or somewhere in California. (4)
14. Like certain stocks, unlike Faust after he cut his deal. (10)
16. Masked animal hugging Marilyn Monroe's big ones leads all of humanity (sexist term) to one who's 17. (6,3)
18. What you wear to walk a fine line or dance on a border. (4,5) (There's really no such term; look up the answer, and we'll talk.)
20. Guggenheim receiver is restless reagent. (7)
22. Reno, R.I., right? Wrong, wrong. (2,5)
23. How to get to the top with cold leg. (5)
25. Endless topic: those others. (4)
26. Rough Rider, do up what the Gipper did down on the downtrodden. (4)

The answers to the Un-British Crossword appear on page 124.



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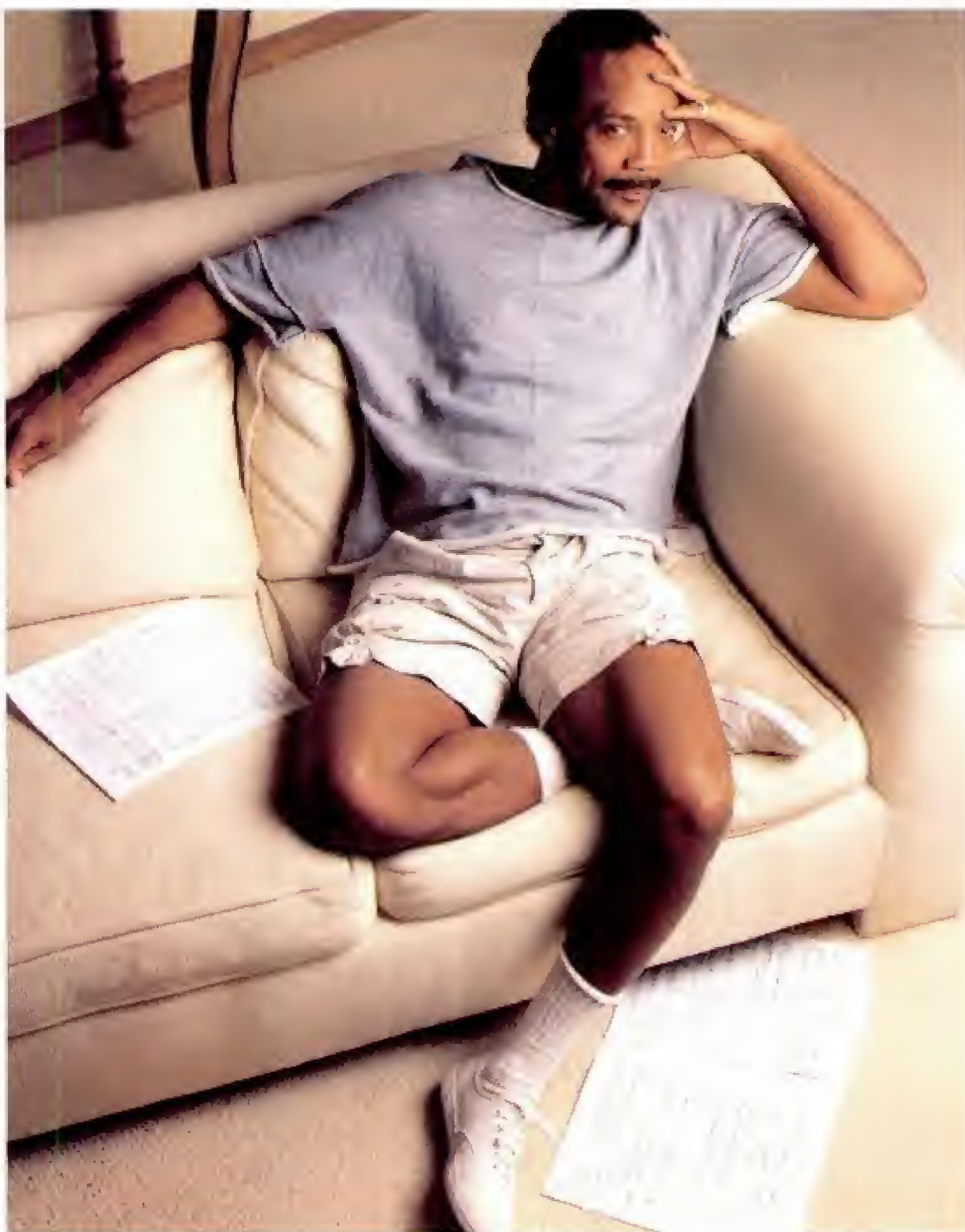
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